

# Prince ARTHUR

An Heroic



In Ten BOOKS

BY

RICHARD BLACKMORE, M.D.

AND

Fellow of the College of Physicians

The Third Edition Corrected.

To which is added, An INDEX, Explaining the Names  
of Countries, Cities, and Rivers, &c.

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T H

# P R E F A C E.

**T**O what ill purposes <sup>used,</sup>  
its true and genuine End <sup>by its verbal Con-</sup>  
fession, the Instruction of our <sup>Princes,</sup> and Re-  
gulation of our Manners; for which 'tis furnished with  
so many excellent Advantages. The Delicacy & its  
Strains, the Sweetness and Harmony of its Numbers,  
the lively and admirable manner of its <sup>Penning</sup> or its  
presentation, and the wonderful Force of its Eloquence,  
cannot but open the Passages to our Breasts, triumph over  
our Passions, and leave behind them very deep Impressions.  
Tis in the power of Poetry to insinuate into the utmost  
Recesses of the Mind, to touch any Spring that moves  
the Heart, to agitate the Soul with <sup>in its</sup> re-  
fection, and transform it into any Shape of Possibility it  
likes fit. Tis therefore no wonder that so wise a State, as  
that of Athens, should retain the Poets on the side of  
Religion and the Government. The Stage there was  
set up to teach the People the Scheme of their Religi-  
on, and those Modes of Worship the Government thought  
fit to encourage, to convey to them such Ideas of their  
Laws, and Divine Providence, as <sup>might</sup> engage their  
Minds to a Reverence of superior, invisible <sup>and</sup>  
and to <sup>obey</sup> and admire their Administra-  
tion. Affairs. The Poets were look'd on  
not only as the account of that extraor-  
inary and Heav'nly Imagination, wherewith they  
to be inspir'd, but likewise upon <sup>acc.</sup> of their  
Profession and Employment, their <sup>business</sup> being to re-  
present



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prefers Vice as the most odious, and Virtue as the most desirable thing in the world.

Tragedy, the ancient Poet originally gave us Lessons of pleasure and pain, of Passions, and of the Misery of Vice and Corruption. This was the great design of the Chorus. And the Representation of great and illustrious Characters gradually introduced, the pious, or their Generous Actions, and the different Event that attended them, was to deter Men from Vice and Impiety, and encourage them to be Generous and Virtuous, by shewing them the Vengeance that at last overtakes the one, and the Rewards and Praises that crown'd the other. The End of Comedy was the same, but pursued in another way. The business of Comedy being to render Vice ridiculous, to expose it to publick Derision and Contempt, and to make Men ashamed of vile and Sordid Actions.

Tragedy design'd to Scare Men, Comedy to Laugh them out of their Vices. And in the same manner Satyr is intended for the same End, the Promotion of Virtue, and exposing of Vice; which it pursues by sharp Reproach, and vehement and bitter Arrectives, or a Courtly, but not less cutting Raillery. The Odes of the Grecian Poet were chiefly design'd for the Praises of their Heroes and extraordinary Persons, to raise in Men an Admiration and Veneration of them.

But in all other kinds, Epick Poetry, as it is first in dignity, it mostly conduces to this End.

In



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In an Epick Poem, where Characters of the first Rank and Dignity, Illustr'd for their Birth or high Employment are introduc'd, the Fable, the Action, the particular Episodes are contriv'd and conducted, or at least ought to be, the Fortitude, Wisdom, Piety, Moderation, Generosity, or some or other Noble and Princely Virtues shall be recommended, with the highest Advantage, and their contrary Vices made as odious. To give Men right and just Conceptions of Religion and Virtue, to aid their Reason in restraining their Exorbitant Appetite and Impetuous Passions, and to bring their Lives under the Rules and Guidance of true Wisdom, and thereby to promote the publick Good of Mankind, is undoubtedly the End of the Poetry.

'Tis true indeed, that one End of Poetry is to give Men Pleasure and Delight; but this is but a subordinate, subaltern End, which is it self a Means to the greater, and ultimate one before mention'd. A Poet should employ all his Judgment and Skill, to exhaust all the Riches of his Fancy, and abound in Beautiful and Noble Expression, to divert and entertain others; but then he must be with this Prospect, that he may hereby engage their Attention, insinuate more easily into their Minds, and more effectually convey to them wise Instructions. 'Tis below the Dignity of a true Poet to make his Aim at any inferiour End. They are Men of little Genius, of mean and poor Design, that employ their Wit for no higher Purpose, than to please the Imagination of vain and wanton People.

I think upon these Poets, if they must be call'd Poets, who use their Wit as they manage it, is altogether unworthy, and justly reproach'd; but I am sure those others who are call'd Poets, who use all their Wit to the service of the publick, are not to be so justly reproach'd. I am sure those others who are call'd Poets, who use all their Wit to the service of the publick, are not to be so justly reproach'd.



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Religion, and to the Destruction of Virtue and good Manners in the World. There have been in all Ages such ill Men that have perverted the right Use of Poetry, but never so many, or so bold or malicious, as in ours. They seem engag'd in a general Confederacy to ruin the End of their own Art, to expose Religion and Virtue and bring Vice and Corruption of Manners into Esteem and Reputation. The Poets that write for the Stage, at least a great Part of 'em, seem deeply concern'd in this Conspiracy. These are the Champions that charge Religion with such desperate Resolution, and have given it so many deep and ghastly Wounds. The Stage was an Out-dork or Fort rais'd for the Protection and Security of the Temple; but the Poets that kept it, have revolted, and basely betray'd it, and what is worse, have turn'd all their Force, and discharg'd all their Artillery against the Place their Duty was to defend. If any Man thinks this an unjust Charge, I desire him to read any of our modern Comedies, and I believe he will soon be convinc'd of the Truth of what I have said.

The Man of Sense, and the Fine Gentleman in the Comedy, who as the chiefest Person in the  
 the  
 Esteem and Imitation of the Audience, is enrich'd with  
 all the Sense and Wit the Poet can bestow; this Extra-  
 ordinary Person you will find to be a Derider of  
 Religion, a great Admirer of Lucretius, not so much  
 for his Learning, as his Irreligion, a Person wholly  
 idle, dissolv'd in Luxury, abandon'd to his Pleasures,  
 a great Debaucher of Women, profuse and extravagant  
 in his Expences; and in short, this Finish'd Gentle-  
 man will appear a Finish'd Libertine.



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The Young Lady that must support the Character of a Virtuous, Well-manner'd Sensible Woman, the most perfect Creature that can be, and the very Flower of her Sex, this Accomplish'd Person entertains the Audience with confident Discourses, modest Repartees, and prophane Raillery. She is thoroughly instructed in Intrigues and Assignations, a great Scoffer at the prudent Reservedness and Modesty of the best of her Sex, She despises the wise Instructions of her Parents or Guardians, is disobedient to their Authority, and at last, without their Knowledge or Consent, marries her self to the Fine Gentleman abovementioned. And can any one imagine, but that our Young Ladies and Gentlemen are admirably instructed by such Patterns of Sense and Virtue? If a Clergy-man be introduced, as he often is, 'tis seldom for any other purpose, but to abuse him, to expose his very Character and Profession: He must be a Pimp, a Blockhead, a Hypocrite; some wretched Figure he must make, and almost ever be so managed, as to bring his very Order into Contempt. This indeed is a very common, but yet so gross an Abuse of Wit, as was never endur'd on a Publick Theater, at least in the ancient, primitive Times of Poetry, before its Purity and Simplicity became corrupted with the Inventions of after Ages. Poets then taught Men to reverence their Gods, and those who serv'd them. None had so little Regard for his Religion, as to expose it publickly, or if any had, their Governments were too wise to suffer the Worship of their Gods to be treated on the Stage with Contempt.

In our Comedies the Wives of Citizens are highly encourag'd to despise their Husbands, and to make great Friendship with some sick Venacious Gentleman



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the man and Man of Sense as is above describ'd. This is their Way of recommending Chastity and Fidelity and that Diligence and Frugality may be sufficiently expos'd; too the two Virtues that chiefly support the Being of any State, it deters Men from being Industrious and Wealthy, the Diligent, Thriving Citizen is made the most Wretched, Contemptible Thing in the World: And as the Alderman that makes the best Figure in the City, makes the worst on the Stage, so under the Character of a Justice of Peace, you have all the Prudence and Virtues of the Country most unmercifully insulted over.

And as these Characters are set up on purpose to ruin all Opinion and Esteem of Virtue, so the Conduct throughout, the Language, the Fable and Contrivance seem evidently design'd for the same Noble End. There are few Fine Concepts, few Strains of Wit, or extraordinary Pieces of Raillery, but are either immodest or irreligious, and very few Scenes but have some spiritul and envious Stroke at Sobriety and Good Manners, whence the Youth of the Nation have apparently receiv'd very bad Impressions. The universal Corruption of Manners and irreligious Disposition of Mind that infects the Kingdom, seems to have been in a great Measure deriv'd from the Stage, or has at least been highly promoted by it. And 'tis great Pity that those in whose Power it is, have not yet restrain'd the Licentiousness of it, and oblig'd the Writers to observe more Decorum. It were to be wish'd that Poets, as Preachers are in some Countries, were paid and licens'd by the State, and that none were suffer'd to write in Prejudice of Religion and the Government. but that all such Offenders,



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senders, as publick Enemies of Mankind should be silenc'd and duly punish'd. Sure some Effectual Care should be taken that these Men might not be suffer'd by Detaching our Youth, to help on the Destruction of a brave Nation.

Some of these Poets, to excuse their Guilt, alledge for themselves, that the Degeneracy of the Age makes their lewd way of Writing necessary; they pretend the Auditors will not be pleas'd, unless they are thus entertain'd from the Stage; and to please they say is the chief business of the Poet. But this is by no means a just Apology; 'tis not true, as was said before, that the Poet's chief business is to please. His chief business is to instruct, to make Mankind Wiser and Better; and in order to this, his Care should be to please and entertain the Audience with all the Wit and Art he is Master of. Aristotle and Horace, and all their Criticks and Commentators, all Men of Wit and Sense agree, that this is the End of Poetry. But they say 'tis their Profession to Write for the Stage; and that Poets must starve if they will not in this way humour the Audience. The Theater will be as unfrequented, as the Churches, and the Poet and the Parson equally neglected. Let the Poet then abandon his Profession, and take up some honest, lawful Calling, where joyning Industry to his great Wit, he may soon get above the Complaints of Poverty, so common among these ingenious Men, and be under no necessity of prostituting his Wit to any such vile Purposes as are here censur'd. This will be a course of Life more Profitable and Honourable to himself, and more useful to others. And there are among these Writers some, who think they might have risen to the highest Dignities in other Professions, had they employ'd their Wit in those Ways.



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*'Tis a mighty Dishonour and Reproach to any Man, that is capable of being useful to the World in any Liberal and Virtuous Profession, to lavish out his Life and Wit, in propagating Vice and Corruption of Manners, and in battering from the Stage the strongest Entrenchments and best Works of Religion and Virtue. Whoever makes this his Choice, when the other was in his Power, may be go off the Stage unpity'd, complaining of Neglect and Poverty, the just Punishments of his Irreligion and Folly.*

*'Tis no dishonour to be a true Poët, if indeed a Man be one ; that is, a noble Genius well cultivated, and employ'd in Writing in such a way, as reaches the End of his Art, and by discouraging Vice, promotes the Good of Mankind. But 'tis a mighty Dishonour and Shame, to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. Such a one is more hateful, as an ill Man, than valuable, as a good Poet. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being of the whole Creation.*

*Nor is this Abuse confin'd to the Stage; the same Strain runs thro' the other kinds of Poetry. What monstrous lewd and irreligious Books of Poems, as they are call'd, have been of late days publish'd, and what is the greater wonder, receiv'd in a Civiliz'd and Christian Kingdom, with Applause and Reputation? The sweetness of the Wit, makes the Poison go down with Pleasure, and the Coniagion spreads without Opposition. Young Gentlemen and Ladies are generally pleas'd and diverted with Poetry, more than by any other way of Writing ; but there are few Poems they can fix on, but they are like to pay too dear for their Entertainment. Their Fancies are like to be fill'd with impure Ideas,*



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and their Minds engag'd in hurtful Passions, which are the more lasting, by being convey'd in lively Expressions, and all the Address of an artful Poet.

For this End among others, I undertook the writing of this Poem, hoping I might be able to please and entertain, not only without hurting the Reader, but to his advantage. I was willing to make one Effort towards the rescuing the Muses out of the hands of these Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity. If I succeed not my self in this good Design, I hope at least I shall awaken the Courage and Compassion of some other brave Adventurers, that may more happily attempt this honorable Work.

To write an Epick Poem is a work of that Difficulty, that no one for near seventeen hundred years past has succeeded in it, and only those two great Wits Homer and Virgil before. That the modern Poets have been so unsuccessful, has not, I imagin, proceeded so much from want of Genius, as from their Ignorance of the Rules of writing such a Poem; or at least, from their want of attending to them. Tho' Aristotle's excellent Rules of Poetry were early publish'd, and soon after illustrated by the Comments of several Criticks, yet we do not find that our modern Writers were very careful to observe them. And indeed, as our modern Poets seem not to have attended to those incomparable Rules, so neither have they carefully consider'd the great Models that Homer and Virgil left them. Some Readers that are not vers'd in this matter, imagin every thing written in Heroick Verse, is an Heroick Poem; but these have not consider'd the Nature of such a Work, nor look'd into the Criticks, who have written



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on this Subject. I shall therefore give the Definition of an Epick or Heroick Poem, that those that have it not already, may ~~now~~ have a true Idea of its Nature.

An Epick Poem is a feign'd or devis'd Story of an Illustrious Action, related in Verse, in an Allegorical, Probable, Delightful and admirable manner, to cultivate the Mind with Instructions of Virtue. 'Tis a feign'd or devis'd Discourse; that is, a Fable; and so it agrees with Tragedy and Comedy. The word Fable at first signified indifferently a true or false Story, therefore Cicero for distinction, uses *Fictas Fabulas* in his Book de Finibus. But afterwards Custom obtain'd to use the word always for a feign'd Discourse. And in the first Ages, especially in the Eastern World, great use was made by Learned and Wise Men of these feign'd Discourses, Fables or Apologues, to teach the ruder and more unpolish'd Part of Mankind. Theologians, Philosophers, and great Law-givers, every where fell into this way of instructing and cultivating the People in the Knowledge of Religion, Natural Philosophy, and Moral and Political Virtues. So Thales, Orpheus, Solon, Homer, and the rest of the great Men in these Ages have done, and the famous Philosopher Socrates is by some affirm'd to be the Author of many of the Fables that pass under Æsop's name. Most of them made their Fables in Verse, but by the addition of Harmony and Numbers they might the better attain their End. Strabo and Plutarch greatly commend this way of teaching the People; and these Reasons may be given for the usefulness of it. Naked Philosophical Precepts and Doctrines are of themselves harsh and dry, hardly attended to, and ungratefully entertain'd. If the Hearers are rude and coarse, or very vicious, there is no hope of gaining them by a  
grave



grave and solemn I rise of  
 are civiliz'd Auditors  
 Man is natr.  
 and I, should do him Good; it may be, by  
 him; must give him Delight, and keep his  
 in a constant agreeable Agitation, else he will not  
 tend to the most useful Counsel and Instruction. It is  
 pleas'd already with the Notions and Habitudes,  
 soever false or vicious, that have the present Possession  
 of him, and must give him a great deal of Pleasure  
 and Entertainment to engage him to hear you, when  
 you would persuade him to the trouble of becoming  
 Wiser and Better. Now the Wise Men that  
 undertook to civilize and polish the barbarous World,  
 found this way of Fables especially in Verse, to be might-  
 ly Acceptable to the People: The Contrivance gave  
 them Delight, and the Novelty rais'd their Admirati-  
 on. They could learn them perfectly, and repeat them  
 often, by which means the Instructions of Virtue co-  
 vertly contain'd in them were inculcated on their  
 Minds.

And we find, that as after Orpheus, So-  
 lon, Homer, &c. Divine Poets, of the  
 Christians thought fit to use the same way of  
 Parables or Fables, under which they cou'd and disguis'd  
 his Heavenly Instructions.

The Action must be illustrious and Important; Il-  
 lustrous in respect of the Person, who is the Author of  
 it, who is always some Valiant, or Wise Pious  
 Prince or great Commander: But let his  
 what it will in other respects (for there  
 fitly the Hero should be a good or a wise Person, it is  
 always necessary he should have Courage; which sin-  
 gle Quality is sufficient to make the Hero. And the  
 Action



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Action is the Action of some Person, in respect of its Object and Person, and weighty Affair, which is the chief Person at gives the Denomination to the Poem. This Action must be one; when it ceases, the Poem is ended; and if it be revived and taken up again, 'tis a new Poem. Action is Motion; and if it ceases cannot be revived, as to be numerically the same. There are indeed many other Actions besides the Principal one, but they all depend on, and have relation to that which is Principal, in Unity of which, the Unity of the Poem consists or falls. If this principal Action be broken, the Poem is broken too, if there be any other Action coordinate and independent on this, the Poem is monstrous, and has as many Heads, as there are found independent Actions. The Narration therefore of many Actions successively of the great Person, or the History of his Life related in verse, is by no means an Heroick Poem, any one great Action being sufficient for that. It is which makes the Unity of the Action, is the regularity of one Poem, as an Episode to another, not on the same Subjects and Circumstances, but as it were Causes and Effects, as the Reader may discern that the former Episode is the following necessary, and the Connection between them is such, that they all unite and support each other, as the Members of the Body do, no Episode being out of its place, of a disproportion'd size, or that could be spared from its place without at least deforming the Whole. If this Episode be preserved and there appears none but what naturally and probably results from the principal Action, then the Action may be look'd on as one.

The



# The P R F A

The Poet must be a *stated* *cal man*  
 his Rule is best obse. *Divines*  
 is both a *Li* *to every*  
 that gives him satisfacti<sup>on</sup> *if he*  
 see. *er*; and he les another Mystical *T*  
 fical *may*, not hard to be discover'd in those *Rec*  
 that penetrate the matter deeper. *Vir*  
 happy in this Conduct, whose Poem all *no*  
 this double Sense, Homer has of *only* an *is*  
 rica Sense *out* the Literal, and therefore is not so  
 well accommodated to this Age, as he was net to that of  
 Augustus. But Ariosto and *a* *acer*, however  
 great *V*ns, not observing the *cious* Conduct of  
 Virgil, nor attending to any sober Rules, are hurried  
 on with a boundless, impetuous Fancy over Hill and  
 Dale, till they are both lost in a Wood of Allegories.  
 Allegories so wild, unnatural, and extravagant, as  
 greatly displease the Reader. This way of writing  
 mightily offends in *and*; and 'tis a wonder how  
 it came to please in any *There* is indzed a way of  
 writing purely Allegoric *is* when *V*ices and *Vir*  
 tues are introduc'd as *is*; the first as Furies, the  
 other as Divine *Per* *is* or *es*, *ick* still  
 obtains, and is *ugh* *acc* *ted* to the *pre*  
 sent Age. *on* the *Aug* *iently* discern'd,  
 and the Reader is by no mean *ap*os'd *on*, but sees it  
 immediately, to be an Allegory, and is both delighted  
 and instructed with it. The devis'd Story must be re-  
 lated in a probable manner; without thi *things*  
 will be harsh, unnatural, and monstrous *acter* *ne*  
 sequently most odious and offensive *o* *is* *nece*  
 Probability must be in the Action, the Conduct, the  
 Manners; and where *old* *ane* means *cannot*, Machines  
 are introduc'd to support it. Nothing is more necessary  
then



then Pro Rule in, *hastly to* *be*  
 An I it likewise be *delight*  
 mirable, *must*  
 Thoug' clear and noble Expression, Pur.  
 a just and due Proportion, Rela  
 tance between the Parts, and a beautiful and regular  
 Structure and Connection discernable in the Whole.  
 Without these it will not be capable of giving Delight;  
 ing Admiration. Admiration is the Formal  
 Subject of an Epick Poem; nothing is to be admitted  
 there, but as it is admirable; and by this it is dis-  
 criminated from other sorts of Poet. Every  
 kind endeavours to please and delight; but this only  
 attempts to please by astonishing and amazing the  
 Reader. In an Epick Poem every thing should appear  
 great and wonderful, the Thoughts cannot be too much  
 Elevated, the Episodes too Noble, the Expression too  
 Magnificent, nor the Action too Wonderful and  
 Surprising, if Probability is to be kept. No Riches of  
 Fancy, no Pomp of Eloquence can be laid out too  
 much on such Work when the Design is throughout  
 to raise our Admiration. Under the Action the  
 pure Admirable never arises. Virgil have introduced  
 the Gods and Heroes, where as Parties; and  
 the I cannot for a moment be essential and necessary to  
 an Epick Poem; yet it is evident, that interesting Hea-  
 ven and Hell in the matter, does mightily raise the  
 Subject, and makes the Action appear more wonderful.  
 The Poets had in this a great advantage, their  
 Theology is such, as would easily mix it self with  
 the Poem. From whence they received their greatest  
 Beauties. Homer indeed to raise his Subject by his  
 frequent Machines, seems to have debas'd his Religi-  
 on. Virgil's Conduct, in my Opinion, is more circ-



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al and *Ad* But *discon* *me* *and* *ke* have  
 scarce possible for *to* *make*  
 then *vanage*, of *intro* *over* *dur*, *li*  
*Reat*, *and* into the *Action*, *and* *refore* *seem* to  
 desp *in* *you* *ing* an Heroick Poem written *not* that  
*sho* *re* *Dignity* of those of the Pagans. They  
 think the Christian Religion is not so well accommo-  
 dated to this matter, as the Pagan was: and that if any  
 Attempt be made this way, Religion will suffer more,  
 than the Poem will gain by it. My Opinion has al-  
 ways differ'd from these Gentlemen's, I believe a Chri-  
 stian Poet has as great advantages as the Pagan had;  
 and that on Theology may en *Epick* Poem,  
 and raise the Subject without being *debas'd*. And  
 this indeed was a second Reason why I undertook this  
 Work, so full of Difficulty and Hazard. I was willing  
 to give an Instance wherein it might appear, that the  
 Assertion I have advanc'd, is actually true.

In the Definition *which* I have given of an Heroick  
 Poem, according to the *and* judgment of the best  
 Criticks, I have said, it *and* is to convey some In-  
 struction of Virtue. *On* this, I have discours'd at  
 large at the beginning. *But* *and* there is no  
 need of repeating it.

It is not *for* me to *ensure* *super* *Mens*  
 Performances of this Kind, *ever* will be at the  
 Pains to read the Commentaries of Aristotle, and Ho-  
 race's Rules of Poetry; or that will but carefully con-  
 sider Rapin, L'acier, and Bossu, those great Masters  
 among the French, and the Judicious Remarks of our  
 own excellent Critick Mr. Rymer. who seems to  
 have better consider'd these matters, and to *be* *seen*  
 farther into them, than any of the English Nation;  
 will be soon able to see wherein the Heroick Poems that



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have been published since Virgil by the Italian, French, and English. I have been defective, by not giving them with the Rules of Writing set down by those great Masters. Whether I have succeeded better, must be left to the determination of the Judge. — Read.

In this Work I have endeavour'd most to form myself on Virgil's Model, which I look on as the most judicious and perfect, and which is most easily accommodated to the present Age, supposing the Christian Religion in the place of the Pagan. I do not need any Apology for my imitation of Virgil in so many places of this Poem; for the same great Master has imitated Homer as frequently and closely; and I do not find that any of our Critics have condemn'd him for his doing so. Nor is it at all improbable, but that the Greek Poet himself imitated his Predecessors of the same Nation, tho' no doubt he wonderfully improv'd their Model. Homer, I believe, was not the first Writer of an Epick Poem. We find Aristotle in his Book of the Art of Poetry, makes mention of several, I suppose; before him: He tells us of an Epick Poem, intitled, The Little Ilias. and another, which he calls, The Epicurean; and censures them both for being too long, and too imperfect, and too distinct, and too independent.

The last of these Poems is likewise mention'd by the same Author in Euclid, by Athenæus and Pausanias. And it is likely that many more such Poems were written before Homer's time, who might be well suppos'd to have imitated them in what they had done well, as well as to have improv'd them in avoiding many of their Errors.

What Homer and Virgil have perform'd with Honour and universal Applause, I have attempted: What they have been able, I have been willing to do. If I have not succeeded, my disappointment will be the less,



## The P R

in that Poetry was been so far from being my Business  
a Profession, that it has impio- a small part of  
my time; and then, but as my Recreation, and the  
Entertainment of my idle hours. My this Attempt  
succeeds so far, as to excite some other Person that has  
a noble Genius, Leisure, and Application, to Honour  
his Country with a just Epick Poem, I shall think the  
Vacancies and Intervals that for about 20 years past,  
I have been from the Business of my Profession: which  
notwithstanding was then greater than at any time be-  
fore, have been very well employ'd.

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End of Civil Government. 8°.

*Notitia Monastica*, or a short History of the Religious Houses in Eng-  
land and Wales, &c. By Thomas Tanner, A. B. 8°.

The







# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK I.

**I** Sing the Briton, and his Righteous Arms,  
 Who tried to Suffrings, and the rude Alarms  
 Of bloody War, retook his Native Soil,  
 And long sustained a vast Heroick Toil,  
 Till kinder Fate invited his Return  
 To bless the Isle, that did his Absence mourn  
 To re-enthronè fair Liberty, and break  
 The Saxon Yoke, that gall'd *Britannia's* Neck.

Tell, sacred Muse, what made th' Infernal King  
 Use all his Arts, and all his Forces bring  
 The generous *Briton's* True ~~to~~ to oppose,  
 Afflict his Friends, and aid his cruel Foes  
 Tell, why the angry Pow'rs below, combine  
 To oppress a valiant Prince, and thwart his brave Design

Ambitious *Lucifer*, depos'd of ~~the~~  
 From Bliss Divine, and high Angelick ~~is~~  
 Sinks to the dark, unbottom'd Deep of Hell,  
 Where Sin, and Death, and endless Sorrow dwell:  
 Here plung'd in Flame, and tortur'd with Despair  
 He plots Revenge, and meditates new War.  
 His Thoughts on deep Designs th' Apostate spent,  
 When this Conjunction favour'd his Intent.  
 A spacious, dusky Plain lay vast and void,  
 Where yet Creating Power was ne'er employ'd



To fashion Ele. ~~of~~ Strike out Light;  
 The silent, lone ~~the~~ Works of ancient Night;  
 In th' Archives kept in Heav'n's Bright Towers;  
 A sacred old Decree, wherein the Ground  
 Was set distinctly out, from Ages past,  
 For a new World, on this unbounded War!  
 Here did th' Artificer Divine of late,  
 The World so long before mark'd out, create.  
 And gave it to the Man he newly made,  
 Where all things him, as he did Heav'n, obey  
 In Eden's Walks he made his blest Abod.,  
 All full of Joy, of Glory, full of God.  
 Nature with vast Profusion on him pours,  
 Unmeasur'd Bliss, from unexhausted Stores.

Th' Apostate raging at his own Defeat,  
 And envying this new Prince his happy Seat;  
 Labours to win him to his Side, to bear  
 Arms against Heav'n, and wage Confederate War.  
 Nor did his Arts in vain weak Man assail,  
 His false Seraphick Tongue, and Charms prevail.  
 Deluded Man from his high Station fell  
 Deserting Heav'n, to serve the Carrion Hell.  
 His fat ~~ful~~ *Adam* gain'd,  
~~the~~ *mighty* ~~Empire~~ *mountain'd*;  
 Till the blest Prince of Peace, Heav'n's Lord and Heir,  
 By Pious Tears, and charming Mercy's Prayer,  
 Drawn down from Heav'n, freed lost Mankind, and broke  
 The Power of Hell, and Sin's Tyrannick Yoke.  
 He makes proud *Lucifer* his Host disband,  
 And wrests the Scepter from th' Usurper's Hand.  
 The Prince of Darkness owns the Conquerour,  
 And yields his Empire to a mighty Row.



From Idols and their Priests the Nation  
 Celestial Light, and Truth divine succeed  
 Religion large Dominion soon obtain'd,  
 And daily Conquests, and fresh Laurels gain'd.  
 To Albion's Shore she early pass'd the Main,  
 And brought along her bright Ethereal Train:  
 From thence she chas'd Infernal Shades away,  
 And o'er the Isle, diffus'd a Heavenly Day.  
 The Prince Fell at her Appearance flies,  
 Spoil'd of his Altars, and his Votaries.  
 Confin'd to Barren Northern Lands he staid,  
 Till the fierce Saxon, *Albion* did invade:  
 Victorious *Ossa* who his Shrines adores  
 Rebuilt his Altars, and his Groves restores  
 Long abdicated Gods make *Albion* mourn,  
 At theirs, and their devouring Priests Return.  
 Th' Arch-Traytor's Rage hence against *Arthur* rose,  
 And all th' Infernal Powers his Arms oppose:  
 Conscious should he his glorious End acquire,  
 And force th' intruding Foe to retire.  
 Theirs, with the Saxon Empire must expire.  
 They must again forsake fair *Albion's* Land,  
 And leave Divine Religion to Command.

Scarce had the Britons left the *Neustrian* Coast,  
 Born with a prosperous Gale, scarce had they lost  
 The Tops of Spires, and rising Points of Land,  
 When *Lucifer*, who did observing stand  
 On the high Southern Promontory's Head,  
 O'er *Vesta's* Isle, the Seas beneath him spread  
 With sharp Angelick Ken, views far and wide,  
 And soon Prince *Arthur's* hateful Fleet descri'd.  
 The Heav'n's serenity smir'd, and every Sail  
 Fill'd its wide Bosom, with th' indulgent Gale.



Mercy, Deliverance, Pity, Hope displaid  
 Their Silver Wings, and glad attendance paid,  
 Sung on the Shrowds, or with the Streamers plac'd;  
 Rage flash'd, like Lightning, from th' Apostate's Eyes,  
 And Envy swell'd him to the vastest Size.

Then he to himself.

Was not to me in the fam'd Wars of Heav'n,  
 The chief Command of all the Forces giv'n,  
 Sent by Confederate Potentates to wage  
 Unheard of War, and all Heav'n's Pow'r engage  
 When I, to end with Honour the Campaign,  
 Drew my bright Troops out of the Etherial Plain;  
 And push'd on that great, last decisive Day,  
 With God-like Vigour for th' Imperial Sway.  
 In Lustre chief, in Danger and Command,  
 Did I proud *Michael's* Veteran Troops withstand.  
*Michael*, than whom a Braver Combatant,  
 For Skill and Strength the Foe could never van-  
 'Gainst fresh Battalions still pour'd on I stood,  
 Smeer'd with Celestial Dust, and Seraphs I lood  
 Had not our Mould been *Æther*, Pure and Fine,  
 Labour'd with Sare, anneel'd with Skill divine;  
 One Blow ~~with~~ *Mercur's* Path hath cloy'd,  
 'nd *Heav'n*, and the bright Race destroy'd.  
 With *Michael* pain'd with ghastly Wounds, at length  
 I clos'd ~~on~~ ~~and~~ ~~seal'd~~ him with Immortal Strength;  
 And down Heav'n's Precipice, headlong hurl'd  
 The great Arch-Angel, to th' Infernal World,  
 Had not swift *Uriel* trembling at the Sight,  
 That fill'd all Heav'n, with Horror and dire Fright,  
 Rush'd in, to save him from unequal Fight.  
 Their staggering Arm shrunk, and we had won  
 The Throne we fought for, But th' Almighty's Son



Brought strong Recruits, to reinforce their Host,  
 And win back what their General *Michael* left.  
 Tho' evermatcht, did I not firmly stand,  
 The chiefest Mark of his Revenging Hand?  
 Did I from Posts of greatest Danger run,  
 Or once his bright Triumphal Chariot shun?  
 Did I once shrink, when showers of poison'd Darts,  
 Dipt in Eternal Wrath, shot thro' our Hearts?  
 When ~~rain~~ Rocks of Heav'nly Chrytal flew,  
 Which the strong Arms of mighty Seraphs threw?  
 Did I not run and timely Help afford,  
 Where Storms of Fire, and loudest Thunder roar'd?  
 'Tis true, o'er-born with Force, at last I fell,  
 But got immortal Fame, tho' with it Hell.  
 Scarce was I vanquish'd and overthrow'n but late  
 By Power Almighty, and Eternal Fate.  
 Since that chief Lord, and Prince of Hell I've reign'd  
 And from the ~~Fee~~, his new-made World have gain'd.  
 And long maintain'd the Conquests I had won;  
 Now much lost back to his Almighty Son.  
 But faithfu! *Otha* has once more restor'd  
 This happy Isle to me its ancient Lord.  
 Have I been thus for great Achievements ~~paid~~  
 My Deeds throughout all Heav'n and Hell proclaim'd?  
 And shall this British, despicable Wight,  
 Me and my Priests, force to a second Fight  
 Raze my Temples, and in Triumph bear,  
 Thro' shouting Throngs, the Spoils high in the Air  
 Who then to me will Hymns of Praise return,  
 Who on my Altars Odorous Incense burn?  
 If I chastise not this vain *Briton's* Pride  
 That does insulting on the Ocean rid  
 If I secure not my new-conquer'd Seat,  
 And all his wild, ambitious Arms defeat.



This having said, to Heav'n he mounts upright,  
 Then to the Northern Pole directs his Flight :  
 All fir'd with Rage, and full of anxious Care,  
 With his swift Wings, he cuts the yielding Air  
 As when the Sun pours from his Orb of Light,  
 A glorious Deluge, on the Face of Night ;  
 His golden Rays shot from the Rosy East,  
 Reach in a Moment, the remotest West,  
 And smiling on the Mountains Heads are seen,  
 Th' immense Expansion past, that lies between.  
 The Prince of Darkness now, once Prince of Light,  
 With equal Swiftness takes his Airy Flight,  
 And the vast interval of Seas, and Isles,  
 Wild Desarts, spacious Forrests, snowy Hills,  
 Past in a Moment, does on *Fææ* Light,  
 Of *Lapland Alpes*, chief for amazing Height ;  
 Where *Thor* resides. who heretofore by *Lo*  
 The Sovereign Rule o'er Winds and Tempests go.  
 Here in strong Prisons bound with heavy Chains,  
 His howling, savage Subjects he restrains,  
 And in Eternal Din, and uproar reigns.  
 In close Apartments round his Desert Court,  
 Three Princes are confin'd of different sort.  
 One boundless Stores, and Treasures infinite  
 Of various ~~sorts~~ *sorts*, and Exhalations, fit  
 To engender Winds, or Snow, Hail, or Rain,  
 In Subterranean Magazines remain.  
 Here in wedg'd Winds, young yelping Monsters try  
 Their Wings, and sporting round the Prisons fly.  
 Here whistling East-winds prove their shriller Notes,  
 And the hoarse South-winds, strain their hollow Throats.  
 Boreas the fiercest and most turbulent,  
 Of the mad Race, raves in his Dungeon pent.



At th' Adamantine Door vast Hills are thrown,  
And Erupt Rocks of Ice, pil'd sevenfold on.  
Capricious Whirlwinds, of more Force than Sound,  
In everlasting Eddys turning round,  
Grow Giddy, Furious and Extravagant,  
And strive to break from their close Den's restraint.  
When *Thor* unlocks their Prisons, out they fly,  
A lawless Rout, and with their Hellish Cry  
Out-howl the hideous Monsters of the Seas,  
Or savage Rarings of the Wilderness.  
Some range the Flats, and scour the Champien Land,  
Or roll in tottering heaps the Desert Sand.  
Some to the lofty Woods direct their Course,  
And with an uncontroul'd, impetuous Force  
Overturn opposing Structures in their haste,  
Tear up tall Pines, and lay the Forest waste.  
Some to the Ocean with like Speed resort,  
And in loud Tempests on the Billows sport.  
Embroider the waists, and in wild Outrages  
Turn up to Heav'n, the bottom of the Seas.  
But hush'd at *Thor's* Command they all obey,  
And to their ancient Prisons haste away.

To him, thus *Lucifer*: Great Prince, on the  
Fate has bestow'd the Empire of the Sea,  
All there concern'd, invoke thy Deity.  
The Merchants pray to thee to fill their Sails,  
Enrich thy Priests, and purchase prosperous Gales.  
I too thy Suppliant, ask thy powerfull Aid,  
A haughty Prince, designing to invade  
My faithful Subject *Oeta*, and beguile  
Me of my Hopes of fair *Britannia's* Isle  
Sails with a numerous Fleet, with Men and Arms,  
And *Oeta* trembles at his proud Alarms.



Let him in furious Hurricanes be tost,  
 Be sunk, or wreckt, or on the Ocean lost,  
 Beat him at least, from his intended Coast,  
 Make him thy Vengeance feel, thy Power regard,  
 And be whatever thou ask'st, thy Reward.

Great Prince, Then *Thor* reply'd,  
 Who rul'st the Realms of Hell with Sovereign Sway,  
 Whom all th' Infernal Thrones, and Pow'rs obey  
 In own Obedience to thy high Command,  
 Who putt'st this Scepter first into my Hand.  
 Thou led'st in Heav'n our bright Battalions on,  
 And bravely did'st attempt th' Almighty's Throne;  
 I saw thy mighty Deeds, and kept my Post  
 Close by thee, till that Glorious Day was lost.  
 Thy faded Splendor, and illustrious Scars,  
 From ghastly Wounds receiv'd in those just Wars.  
 I view with Reverence, 'tis true subdu'd  
 Headlong we fell from Heav'n's high Towers, pursu'd  
 With Whirlwinds, and loud Thunder, down to Hell,  
 And Storms of Fire beat on us as we fell.  
 Yet after that, thou led'st us to invade  
 This Globous World, which we our Conquest made.  
 And my Election Patroniz'd by thee,  
 This great Command and Province fell to me.

Then by him their heavy Gates unbarr'd,  
 Which loud on mighty Iron Hinges jarr'd,  
 Out-railing *Eurus*, and loud *Boreas* fly,  
 And wit' Outrageous Tempests fill the Sky.  
 They bend their Course strait to the British Coast  
 And on those Seas lay out their Anger most.  
 Their furious Wings the swelling Surges beat,  
 And rouse old Ocean from his peaceful Seat.



The raging Seas in high ridg'd Mountains rise,  
And cast their angry Foam against the Skies.  
Then gape so deep, that Day Light Hell invades,  
And shoots grey Dawning thro' th' affrighted Shades.  
Low-bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light,  
And o'er the Britons spread a Noon Day Night.  
Exploded Thunder tears th' Embowel'd Sky,  
And Sulphurous Flames a dismal Day supply.  
The Dire Convulsions, for a certain Space  
Distorted Nature, wresting from it's Place  
This Globe, set to the Sun's more oblique View,  
And wrench'd the Poles some Leagues yet more askew.  
Horror, Confusion, uproar, Strife and fear  
In all their wild amazing Shapes appear.  
Mean time old Chaos joyful at the Sight,  
Look'd and smil'd horrible on older Night,  
Hoping that Nature, their grand Foe would crack  
With universal Ruin, and her Wreck  
Would give them all their lost Dominions back.  
The Sailor's Clamour, and enormous Cries,  
The Crack of Masts, mixt with th' outrageous Noise  
Of Storms and Thunder, rending all the Air,  
Form the last Scene of Horror and Despair.

When the Just Arthur fill'd with Grief and Dread  
And Pale Confusion deeply sigh'd, and said,  
O righteous Heav'n, why hast thou rang'd this Day  
Against me all thy Terrors in Array  
Arm'd in my Cause thy Temples to restore,  
And give that Aid thy sacred Priests implore.  
If thou such fierce Destruction dost dispence,  
To punish some unpardn'd old Offence,  
On me let all thy fiery Darts be spent,  
Let not my Crime involve the innocent.



Whelm o'er my guilty Head these raging Seas  
 And let this Sacrifice thy Wrath appease,  
 But let the British Youth return in Peace.  
 That said, his Ship unmasted, without Guide,  
 Driv'n by the Winds and Seas impetuous Tyde,  
 The Sight of all the scatter'd Navy lost,  
 Strikes on the Quicksand of an unknown Coast.

Meantime bright ~~Uriel~~, Heav'n's high Favourite,  
 Left the celestial Palaces of Light,  
 Sent by supream Command, and down he flies;  
 Let by a Golden Sun-beam thro' the Skies.  
 Meekness divine, serene and Heav'nly Grace,  
 And fresh immortal Youth shone on his Face.  
 God-like his Form, his Looks so charming mild  
 That where he came, all ravish'd Nature smil'd.  
 He strait alights on lost ~~Gobelin's~~ Head,  
 Which wonder'd at the Heav'n about it shad.  
 From the bright Cherubim, who touch'd his Lyre,  
 Fam'd for its Sweetness in the Heav'nly Quire.  
 Th' enchanted Winds straightway their Fury laid,  
 Grew wondrous still, and strict Attention paid.  
 Aerial Demons ~~that~~ by twilight stray  
 Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play,  
 Spread their brown Wings; and fly in Clouds away  
 The Day returns, the Heav'n no longer scov'l,  
 And fierce Sea-Monsters charm'd forget howl.  
 The Winds retreat, and leave the peaceful Waves;  
 To rest their Wings, and sleep in ~~Lapland~~ ~~Cave~~  
 Soft Zephirs only stay to fan the Woods,  
 And play in gentle Gales along the Floods.  
 The Ocean smiles to see the Tempest fled,  
 New lays his Waves, and smooths his ruffled Bed.



All things thus in light, great *Arthur* gave Command;  
 To his *Sir Ship*, stuck in the barren Sand,  
 And his Boats to make the neighbouring Land  
 The by a Creek not far, a peace of Sea,  
 Where flying Waves by furious Tempests beat  
 Find from the fierce Pursuit a safe Retreat.  
 Free from th' outrageous Clamours of the Deep,  
 They rest secure, and unmolested sleep  
 Stretched smooth beneath the shady Trees and Rocks,  
 Which guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks.  
 Here smaller Vessels may securely ride,  
 And all the assaults of a angry Storms deride.  
 Here they arriv'd, and Heav'n they first ador'd,  
 Which gave the Aid, their earnest Cries implor'd:  
 Which sav'd them from the Winds, Waves, Rocks, and Storms,  
 Deaths of so many, and such hideous Forms.  
 Then for their parted Friends, with humble Prayer,  
 They ask Heav'n's Pity, and indulgent Care.  
 Now *Arthur* from the Rock, views far and wide  
 The Seas beneath, if thence might be descri'd  
 The Friends he lately lost, but views in vain,  
 No Friend appears on all the Desert Main.

Return'd he thus began:  
 Too dark th' Eternal's ways are, too profound,  
 For the most sharp-craved Wit to sound.  
 Clouds black, as those that rise the sacred Fence  
 Of his high Throne, surround his Providence;  
 Whose walks are trackless, and on every Hand  
 About her Paths, shades and thick Darkness stand.  
 Her ways are so perplex, so wide her steps,  
 Such turns and windings, and such frightful leaps;



Such Gulphs, and interposing Rocks above,  
 There such Ascents, such dreadful Downfalls here,  
 That Reason straight affrighted stops her pace,  
 And runs off, and quits th' unequal Chase  
 Almighty's Councils are so high and steep,  
 Immense, & boundless, without Bottom deep;  
 Angels am'g from their high Thrones of Bliss  
 Trembling look down on this profound Abyss.  
 Sometimes he seems to start his own Intent,  
 Stop and do at his long design'd event;  
 Yet which way ~~he~~ he steers, his end's attain'd,  
 By unconc'ed means, with greater Wonder gain'd  
 Sometimes his high Permission, leave oppress'd  
 The Men most like him, and that serve him best:  
 But still their Sufferings and severer Fate,  
 Prepare them for some glorious, future state.  
 Invited by sad Britain's Prayers, and Tears,  
 To save her State; and ease her deadly Fears,  
 We arm'd, depos'd Religion to enthrone,  
 To enlarge the Christian Empire, not our own.  
 We arm'd ones, to restore in Hell's Despight,  
 To Heav'n its Worship, and to Men their Right.  
 Resume your ~~son~~ then, it can't be true,  
 That Heav'n's Revenge, should Heav'n's own Cause pursue.  
 These Fears are not in Displeasure meant,  
 Heav'n is too Just, and you too Innocent:  
 Success and Triumph will our Arms attend,  
 And these rough Ways lead to a glorious End.  
 With Pleasure we hereafter shall relate  
 These sufferings, which will greater Joys create.

He said, and all his anxious Cares suppress'd,  
 And kept conceal'd his trouble in his Breast.



s comp<sup>l</sup>l, 'twixt Pleasur<sup>e</sup> and Despair,  
 serene, he bids them all repair  
 Th<sup>e</sup> exhausted with much toil and care.  
 Of IV<sup>th</sup> id Fruits part of their Naval Store,  
 VV<sup>h</sup> them from their Ship they brought ashore;  
 Th<sup>e</sup> many kinds repos'd, beneath the shade  
 Of well foread Trees, a grateful Meal they made  
 Rich VVine of *Evrgandy*, and choice Champaign,  
 Relieve<sup>d</sup> Tell, they sup'd on the main.

But what more cheer'd them, than their Me<sup>d</sup> VVine.  
 VVas w<sup>h</sup> Instruction, and Discourse Divi<sup>n</sup>,  
 From God-like Arthur's Mouth, by Heav'n inspir'd;  
 VVhich all their Breasts with sacred Passions fir'd.  
 Great were his Thoughts, strong and sublime his Sent<sup>ts</sup>  
 Of Heav'n's Decrees, Foreknowledge, Providence:  
 He reason'd deep of Heav'n's mysterious Ends,  
 And made stern Justice, and fair Mercy Friends.  
 How high he soar'd, how noble was his Flight,  
 Speaking of Truth divine, and VVisdom infinite!  
 He opens all the Magazines above,  
 Of boundless Goodness and Eternal Love,  
 From these rich Stores of Heav'n, these  
 Or everlasting Joy and Grace, he brings  
 Ambrosial Food, and rich Nectarean Wine,  
 Which cheer pure Souls, and nourish Life Divine.  
 He then compar'd th<sup>e</sup> transient, mortal state,  
 To th<sup>e</sup> fierce Tempest they escap'd so late,  
 VVhich oft<sup>n</sup> is the great and god<sup>d</sup> Man's Fate.  
 If God-like Men for Heav'n embark, stand  
 Their Course direct, to make the blissful Land;  
 Str<sup>ike</sup> it Hell the bloody signal gives to Arm,  
 Cain's cruel Offspring, takes the dire Alarm;



And potent Fiends by Sea their Forces joyn  
 To obstruct their way, and break their Traile design  
 All with consummate Malice, furious Rage,  
 Against the adventurous Voyagers engage.

Though all the Sky they rouse outrageous Storms,  
 And Death's hands threatening in a thousand Forms,  
 Clouds chaord with loud Destruction drown the Sea,  
 And airy Demons in wild Whirlwinds play,  
 Thick Thunderclaps, and Lightning's vivid glare  
 Disturb the Skie, and trouble all the Air;  
 Outrage, and Noise, Clamour, Thunder, Reine  
 Through the Dimensions of th' unquie Main.  
 The labring Bark with Heavenly Treasure fraught,  
 Now almost sunk, now up in Tempests caught,  
 Near Sands and Rocks, rides on the dark Abyss,  
 Long beaten off from the bright Coasts of Bliss.  
 At last Calm Day succeeds this stormy Night,  
 And the glad Voyagers find in their fight,  
 In Realms of Peace, and the blest Shores of Light.  
 Here they arrive, and find a safe Retreat,  
 And all their Pain, and Labours past forget.

There was a Ward by which Nature made  
 In the hard rock, and cover'd with the made,  
 Of these things, that they could not invade.  
 His pious Briton's peace reires,  
 To cure Praises up, and pure Deires.  
 Here rapt'rous Converse he with Heav'n maintains,  
 And aided by Devotion's soft strains,  
 Combates Almighty Power, and Conquest gains.  
 Devotion, that oft binds Almighty's Arms,  
 And with her Prayers and Tears, her powerful charms,  
 Of all its Thunder, his right hand disarms.



Grave      Quick Heav'n's lofty Chryst' l Walls,  
 If th' Gates fly open, when she calls.  
 Of IV.      Goddess of Divine Address,  
 VVhose      mighty's Presence free Access  
 Th'      can sentenc'd Criminals deprive,  
         Arrest, and bid the Rebel live.  
         did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay,  
         Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day,  
         contentious War's forgotten Strife  
 and calls back to the Dead, departed Life.  
 Charmed by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their  
 And the cruel Fire laid down its burning Force.  
 Such is *Devotion's* Power, which *Arthur* knew,  
 And when distress'd still to this Refuge flew.  
 Much to his Conduct he, much to his Arms,  
 But more he trusted to *Devotion's* Charms.  
 Of Triumph and Success he rarely fail'd,  
 For those on Earth, and these in Heav'n prevail'd

Now in the silent, shady Cave retir'd,  
 He with her sacred Fury lay inspir'd.  
 The Prince being thus entranc'd, a Heavenly Light he  
 Sees smiling thro' the VVoods with silent Light,  
 The Trees Admire the Glory on them shed,  
 And seem'd to start, and dumbly bow their Head,  
 When fresh arriv'd on Earth, with Heavenly Commands,  
 Great *Raphael's* Glorious Form by *Arthur* stands.  
 Celestial Sweetness, Mild and Gentle Grace,  
 Ineffable, fate on his blooming Face.  
 Cheeks such Beauty shew'd, such Peace and Joy his Eyes  
 From full Bliss, fresh Youth, and Strength immortal shew'd.  
 The purest piece of Heav'n's Etherial Blue,  
 In a rich Mantle, from his Shoulders flew.



Celestial Linnen, finely Spun and Wove  
 On Looms divine, by all the Skill above,  
 Bleach'd on the Empyrean Plains till white as Snow  
 Was the long Robe which to his Feet did flow.  
 Mortal Gold, illustrious as the Morn,  
 And shining Gems by high Arch Angels worn,  
 With precious Pearl from Heav'n's bright Eastern  
 Adorn'd the shining Garments that he wore.  
 A Purple Girdle, from the Moon and Sky  
 As round his starry vesture tye,  
 Thus he appear'd, and with the Light he gave  
 And in his Ray, I'd all the Cave.

Then thus he spake, Hail mine and Heav'n's kind  
 Hither I come, drawn by my powerful Prayer.  
 Now Righteous Prince, th' Almighty does approve,  
 Your Faith and adhesion, and unshaken Love.  
 Your Great Wife lodg'd in his secret Breast,  
 Conduct your Wishes, and your Course molest.  
 No still pursue your great and just intent,  
 No Force or Arts shall your Design prevent,  
 Propitious Heav'n decrees your wish'd Event.  
 And on these happy ev'ls are throw,  
 And as you expect the British Orbs  
 And Nations on the Ocean lost  
 All arriv'd safe to your Arms and Coast,  
 A more impetuous Tempest beaten back,  
 At Sea Men and Ships sav'd from the threat'ning Wreck.  
 Are cast on Heel's Land, and your Foes,  
 Who hate your Cause, and your just Arms Oppose.  
 But fear not Heel's Strength, though now your Foe,  
 By Heav'n's curse, he will not long be so.  
 Go then direct to his Court, for here,  
 A Glorious Work demands your pious Care.



That with outstretch'd Wings he soars upright,  
 Though the Winds and Empire takes his flight,  
 Through Clouds, and by the Planets flies  
 Crystal Mountains of the Skies.

Asing through the Starry Spheres,  
 He in his Place appears:  
 He, and with him Arthur's fears  
 Lords return, and in their Hearts  
 Joy, his Views and Looks impart  
 Language does their Fears abate  
 And with them hopes their troubled Spirits ease

Mean in the Infernal Thrones and Powers resort  
 At their great Monarch's Summons to his Court.  
 There they in Council meet, and there debate  
 Important matters, high Affairs of State.  
 Their Prince with Pride extended, mounts his Throne,  
 Of polish'd Gold, whence horrid splendor shone:  
 And mingled with the Shades tremendous Light,  
 More dreadful thus, as Fires which come by Night  
 In sad Magnificence, and dismal State,  
 He sits, and round th' infernal Orders  
 Then *Lucifer* began

Immortal Potentates, ambitious Lords,  
 The British Youth's ambitious train  
 A weighty Subject for your high debate:  
 Who seeks the Ruin of your Power and State.  
 You all have heard how with a mighty Force  
 Embark'd, he straight for Albion sail'd his  
 To attack, our Votary,  
 And make our Priests from our new shores fly.  
 I watch'd, and aid'd by the Power of War,  
 I flew'd the Miscreant another Shore.



His fleet beat back, and haught' purpose crost,  
 He wanders, Shipwreckt on the *Americ* Coast,  
 Where faithful *Hoel* does the Scepter hold,  
 Mighty in Arms, and in our Service bold.  
 Spirits *Devine*, high Peers of Hell suggest,  
 By what *su* Plagues he may be more distressed  
 His *K* mind, and his Sect oppress.

That said, a Fury crawl'd from out her Cenn  
 The bloody Minister of Death and Hell.  
 A monstrous ~~see~~ a foul and hideous sight  
 Which did all Eyes with horrid Looks affright.  
~~Long~~ gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders run  
 This dark Courts with their loud hissing tongue  
 And each and Claws were Iron and her Breath,  
 Her Tegubterranean Lamps, gave present Death.  
~~Flame~~ words char Hell's, ~~that~~ her bloody Eyes,  
 A ~~Fire~~ and word Eternally she cries.  
 No certain Shape, no Feature regular,  
 Limbs distinct in this odious Fiend appear  
 Her squalid, bloated Belly did arise,  
 Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size:  
 Disended vast ~~er~~ mighty Flood.  
 Of ~~flav~~ and constant ~~the~~ Blood.  
~~And~~ our part fell down,  
 And in a waggish wallowing on the Ground.  
~~After~~ so deform'd, fierce as this,  
 self a Hell, ne'er saw this dark Abyss.  
~~our~~ till now the ugliest ~~man~~ deem'd  
 Stretch out ~~a~~ as Figure seem'd.  
 Envy and ~~H~~, and ~~W~~ blush'd to see,  
 Tremble ~~Ec~~ips'd by such Deformity.  
 Her Feav'ish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,  
 Not of the impious, but the *Just* and *Good*.



Calms whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,  
 Nor can the exhausted World her Wrath assuage.

Thus the Fury *Persecution* spurs:  
 I, Prince of Hell, will undertake  
 This glorious Work, I quickly will inspire  
 Hell with my <sup>TO</sup> ungovernable Fire:  
~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~he~~ shall my Will Obey,  
~~The~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~this~~ Briton, now his ~~own~~ Prey.  
 Nor by me rais'd his illustrious Name,  
 And *Direstia* got immortal Fame.  
 I their rude, <sup>And</sup> ~~And~~ Cruelty refin'd,  
 And stamp'd my perfect Image on their Mind.  
 My flames and Love's course mixture did destroy  
 And purg'd off soft Compassion's base alloy;  
 I form'd and disciplin'd their untaught Harts  
 And rais'd their fierceness to a perfect State:  
 Where shame, and all reflecting Sense is lost,  
 And Hell can purer Strains of Malice boast.  
 Inexorable they all Cries withstood,  
 Ravish'd with Slaughter, and regall'd with Blood.  
 Hard marble Rocks might with more easiness  
 And Fire and Plague learn to repent  
 Than Christian Kings <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
 And taught by me, in Blood and S  
 With pious Rage and fierce destruc  
 I first inspir'd their Wits, and did <sup>reveal</sup>  
 The mystery, how deep <sup>Revenge</sup> ~~Revenge~~ <sup>take</sup>  
 And slay the Servants for the <sup>sake</sup> ~~Ma~~  
 bloody Wrath might with D  
 And sacred Zeal with Cruelty combine.  
 By the unknown way they understood,  
 To atone the Christian's God with Christian Blood



By me they shook off Fear's and Love's Restraints;  
 And on God's Altars burnt his slaughter'd Saints.  
 I made them call, that all Remorse might cease,  
 Murder Compassion, Deviation Peace.  
 Whilst my infernal Heats their Breasts inspir'd;  
 To the vile Sect their own mad Zeal acquird,  
 Wider Destruction, and more fatal Harms,  
 Then all your Scythian, or your Gothick Arm  
 And Rome, proud Rome herself in it owe to me  
 Her present State, and future Dignity.  
 The greatest Gen. this, I ever could find,  
 And to receive my image best inclin'd.  
 I will her Mind inspire, and to her Heart  
 Immortal hate, to Ab-l's Race impart.  
 These Breasts she emulates with her Infant Jaws,  
 I file her Teeth, and shape her tender Claws:  
 I Nurse her on the horrid Alps high Tops,  
 And feed her eager with Cerberian Sops  
 Dyr Tartarean Gall, and Hemlock Juice,  
 Which in her Veins will noble Blood produce.  
 Fierce Tygers, Dragons, Wolves about her stay,  
 They grin, and in and bite, and snarling play.  
 I to her Jaws their infants never Born;  
 She feeds on Blood, and blood are torn  
 The limbs are joyce to see  
 She sole Food, and ing. Cruelty.  
 Her wide Breast, and most capacious Soul,  
 I then Torrents of black Poison pour  
 She drinks the livid Flood thro' her Veins  
 Mad Fury, distraction reigns.  
 I'll lead her to the Rocks her Strength full grown,  
 Fi her h. Set in the imperial Town,  
 And give her Sarlet, and a threefold Crown.



No Blood will then her mighty Thirst allwage,  
 No Ravage cloy her *Antichristian* Rage.  
 Her's stee'd Sons that never can relent,  
 From the great *Cain* shall prove their high Descent:  
 Their Deeds of strange infernal Cruelty,  
 Shall show their Race worthy of Him and me.  
 Lay-Bigots, I with Time and Labour wrought,  
 Some inward Crucgings still against me fought:  
 'Twas hard to raise their hate to a degree,  
 From struggling Nature, and all Pity free.  
 But these Church-Zealots, of a truer Breed,  
 Are form'd with Eale, and scarce my Labour need:  
 Their forward Genius without teaching grows,  
 And all my hopes, and ev'n my Wish out-does.  
 How often shall thy Glorious Sons, O Rome,  
 With *Martyr* Flames enlighten *Christendom*  
 How often shall they, to deify their God,  
 Lift up in Prayer, their Hands all full of Blood:  
 The wasted World shall feel their loud Alarms,  
 Their blest Massacres, and their hallowed Arms:  
 As if their high intent were to Efface  
 All Foot-steps left of *Abel's* hateful Race  
 Bloody Tribunals, Rapine, Fire and Sworn,  
 Desolation, daily Sport afford.  
 Mankind they shall wish such dire Plagues  
 As will their Church a noly Desert n  
 Such is my Zeal to serve th' Infernal St.  
 And shall this *British* Prince escape th' Hate?  
 Forbid it Hell, and here she made rule,  
 The Lords in Council gave a loud  
 The Prince of Darkness leaping from his place  
 Did in his Arms, his darling Fiend embrace.  
 Her Anger then rose higher, and all Hell  
 Uneasie seem'd, she grew so terrible.



She strait contracts her vast dilated Size,  
 And thro' Hell's dusky Void, she upward flies.  
 As when rich Towns, great Cost and Art employ  
 In Fire-works, to exprese their pulick Joy,  
 For some great Victory won by Land or Sea,  
 Or on some Prince's Coronation Day;  
 The flaming Rockets hizzing fly by Night,  
 And fill the Sky with unknown Noise and Light:  
 The Spheres amazed stand, or move slowly on,  
 And wonders how the day returns so soon,  
 And what new Stars are brighter than their own.  
 So does the Fiend, her Snakes all hissing rise,  
 Through the thick haggair'd Air, and as she flies,  
 Leaves tracks of Light, cast from her fiery Eyes.  
 And now arriv'd on the grey Coasts of Day,  
 Direct to Hoel's Court she takes her way:  
 Where she alighted when the Sun had hurl'd  
 His glorious Orb hence, to th' other World.  
 'Twas then when all things look'd, as if old Night  
 Had Nature cruell'd, and seiz'd her ancient Right.  
 Whilst Silence, Shades, and Lights around create  
 Sad solemn Pomp to express her Death-like state.  
 Winds                      Id Beasts, lye in their Dens at rest,  
 No                      No                      nor those the Seas molest.  
 In                      ping Future                      their Prey, the Dove  
 Cease her Cooing, and                      ages to love.  
 The Jocond Fairies dance their silent round,  
 And with dark Circles mark the trampled ground.  
 Tartarean Fossils, in the Mountains Heads,  
 Or lightly soep, along the dewy Meads:  
 Ghosts sea, their Tombs hid Murders to reveal,  
 Or Treasures which themselves did once conceal.



Visions thro' th' Air, and caseless *Phantoms* stray,  
Or round Mens troubled Heads while sleeping play.

The *Fury* *Atmen's* Reverend Shape assumes,  
*Odin's* High-Priest, and so to *Hoel* comes.  
For the Priests Form is fittest to engage  
Princes in Blood, and move destructive Rage.  
Thus chang'd the *Fiend*, such is her Craft, appears,  
And thus began, just *Hoel*, all those years,  
I liv'd, I did with studious-Care employ,  
How best I might the *Christian* Crew destroy.  
I thy great Soul in this blest Cause engag'd,  
Inspir'd with Heats Divine, not yet asswag'd.  
I quit *Elysian* Pleasures to impart,  
What does with greater Joy extend my Heart;  
And will do thine; *Arthur*, curst be that *Nine*,  
Designing Empire, and insatious Fame  
Embark'd with Arms, fair *Albion* to invade  
But by just Heav'n, is thy cheap Captive made.  
Pursu'd by Thunder, and in Tempests tost,  
At last he's Shipwreckt on this happy Coast.  
With his sad *Friends* he wanders up and down,  
Naked, perplext, deserted, and undone.  
But yet just Heav'n decrees him greater Harm,  
But saves that Glory for your Zealous Arm.  
To take his Life must be your pious Care,  
And with the Gods divided Honour share.  
Thus you their En'my, and your own remove,  
Secure your Peace, and please the Pow'rs above.  
To *Christians* this can be no Injury,  
That call for Torments, and are pleas'd to Dye.  
They all seem fond, to wear a *Martyr's* Crown,  
And meet the Flames, with greater of their own.



No Rights, no Rules of Justice you invade,  
For *Ruin's* their Profession, *Death* their Trade.  
Go then, and grace the *Briton*, that comes on  
To meet you, and receive the *Martyr's* Crown.  
Remove this Pillar of the Church, and all,  
The supported Roof, will crack and fall.  
Take this *Defender* of their Faith away,  
The passive Rabble, tamely will Obey.  
Their Lives in Sport you may at leisure take,  
They quickly fall, that no Resistance make.  
The Gods into your Hands have cast your Foe,  
To take his Life will please Heav'n, him, and you,

That said, she breath'd her Soul into his Breast,  
And her wild Fury all his Veins possess.  
Infernal Flames Rage in his poison'd Blood,  
And his swollen Heart Boils with th' impetuous Flood.  
The Fiend her Shape of thickned Air dissolves,  
And disappears, *Hoel* surpriz'd revolves.  
The welcome message in his Mind, and strait  
Commands his Lords and Guards should on him wait;  
On the first Shooting of the tender Day;  
So eager did he seem to seize the Prey.

Now was the Eastern Sky dy'd Purple spread;  
For fair *Aurora's* radiant Feet to tread:  
She mounts serene, and with mild dawning Light,  
Smiles on the lowring, dusky Face of Night;  
That to victorious Day yields up his Seat,  
Whilst her black Forces silently Retreat.  
As when a *Lion* at the Fall of Day,  
Rous'd with fierce Hunger up to Hunt his Prey,  
Stretches his Limbs out, Yawns, and tries his Paws,  
And for sure Death prepares his cruel Jaws.



He stands, and rolls about his angry Eyes,  
 Lashing his Sides to make his Fury rise :  
 Then scowrs the Hills, ranges the Forrests o'er,  
 And thunders thro' the Desert with his hideous Roar.  
 The *Winds* all hush'd sit trembling on the Trees,  
 And scarcely whisper out a gentle Breeze.  
*Wolves* dare not Howl, but grinning softly creep,  
 And *Leopards* stretcht out, feign themselves asleep.  
 Th' affrighted *Herd*s close in their Covert ly,  
 And to escape his Rage, with Terror dy.  
 Thus *Hoel*, with infernal Rage possest,  
 With fierce desire speeds to the bloody Feast :  
 A deadly Storm does on his Forehead lowr,  
 Himself his Rage, *Arthur* his Hopes devour.  
 Breathing out *Death* he march'd, but at mid-day,  
 He stands by Heav'n arrested in his way.

The Air serene, a black thick Cloud appear'd,  
 And as it hover'd o'er their Heads, were heard  
 Celestial *Flutes*, and *Härps* divinely strung,  
 With *Hymns*, and *Hallelujahs*, Set and Sung  
 By the best Masters of the Quire above,  
 With Bliss transported, and inspir'd with Love.  
 Whilst *Hoel* and his Friends pleas'd, and amaz'd,  
 Listen'd, and on the Scene descending gaz'd :  
 The broken Cloud, pours out pure Floods of Light,  
 Show'rs of Celestial Rays transcendent bright,  
 And Storms of Splendor, dazling Mortal Sight.  
 Th' illustrious *Tempest* does on *Hoel* beat,  
 Who falls astonish'd, headlong from his Seat ;  
 Confounded with unsufferable Day,  
 Groveling in *Glory* on the shining Way,  
 And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd, he lay.



"I was then, a soft, still Heav'nly Voice, which broke  
 From out the Cloud, to trembling *Hoel* spoke.  
 'Gainst me, what Fury did thy Arms engage ?  
 What mov'd thee with inexorable Rage,  
 Vain Man, to persecute my Saints and Me ?  
 In vain thou seek'st to baffle Heav'n's Decree.  
 Vain is thy Force, and impotent thy Hate,  
 Too weak thy Arms, to stem the Tyde of Fate :  
 The Torrent bears thy faint Resistance down,  
 Retire, or in Eternal Ruin Drown.

Then *Hoel* thus, O tell me, who thou art,  
 Great Spirit, and thy Will to me impart :  
 Tell me if Error has my Feet misled,  
 What safer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The Voice reply'd :  
 I am the *Christian's* God, whom you pursue ;  
 Go meet my Servant *Arthur*, he shall shew  
 At large, what thou hast to believe, what do.  
 The Scene here disappear'd, his Lords came round,  
 And rais'd reviving *Hoel* from the Ground :  
 Who marches on, the *British* Prince to find,  
 And act not what himself, but Heav'n design'd.  
 With anxious Thoughts the Vision he revolves,  
 A id to Obey Heav'n's high Command resolves ;  
 Whilst to his Lords the Vision he relates,  
 They find themselves advanc'd to *Conda's* Gates.

*Arthur* mean time, to whom great *Raphael's* word,  
 Unshaken Hopes, and Courage did afford ;  
 Proceeded on his Way, but sent before  
 Embassadors to *Hoel*, to explore



His temper, and the Genius of his Court,  
 That he ; just steps might take by their Report.  
 He chose out to discharge this weighty Trust,  
*Valiane Pollandor*, *Roderick* the Just ;  
 And faithful *Galbut*, Friends that in distress,  
 ( A thing unknown to Courts ) their Love express.  
 Soon after *Hoel* had his entrance-made,  
 At the same City they arriv'd, and staid  
 But little, for th' admission which they pray'd  
 Then *Hoel* first the *Britons* thus address,  
 Let no sad Thought your pious Prince molest :  
 A Message sent from Heav'n preventing yours,  
 To me great Joy, Safety to him procures.  
 Friendship and Love, fill my enlighten'd Mind,  
 From Hatred purg'd, from Treachery refin'd.  
 Return, and let your Valiant Leader know,  
 His *God* has to a *Friend*, transform'd his *Foe* :  
 Tell him he's safe from all intended Harms,  
 And that I hast, t' Embrace him in my Arms.

With Regal Bounty, he to all presents  
 Rich Swords, and various splendid Ornaments.  
 To *Arthur* sends a *Chariot*, dazzling Bright,  
 Which to the Sun return'd, redoubled Light :  
 And *Horses* of th' *Iberian* Noble Race,  
 That right Descent from the swift *Eurus* trace ;  
 Bold, Gen'rous, Sprightly, as th' Illustrious Breed,  
 Which in th' *Etherial*, blue Enclosures Feed :  
 That thro' Heav'n's Wast, with the *Sun's* Chariot play,  
 And govern *Time*, by carrying round the Day.  
 Their Furniture of Gold, their Bridles Gold,  
 And Golden Bits, their champing Mouths did hold.  
 They hast, and all their Diligence employ,  
 To fill Just *Arthur's* Mind, with Peace and Joy.



To him returning they impart at large,  
 The kind, endearing Things they had in Charge;  
 As when his Sons to *Jacob* did relate,  
 That *Joseph* liv'd, and liv'd in Regal State;  
 Telling of all his Riches, Power, Renown,  
 Egypt's Support, and Prop to *Pharoah's* Crown:  
 Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure Roll  
 Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul;  
 He sinks beneath the pressure of his Joy,  
 And *Joseph's* Life, does almost his destroy:  
 Then Doubts and Fears, his Joys high Tyde oppose,  
 From which Contention fiercer Tempests rose.  
 While his cross Passions fight with equal Power,  
 Each triumphs in his turn, as Conquerour;  
 The *Patriarch* in this Distraction lost,  
 Is in each Storm with equal Danger tost.  
 But when the Chariots and rich Train he saw,  
 He did from thence fresh Life and Vigour draw;  
 His Breast from all contending Passions freed.  
 Calm Joy, and unmolested Peace succeed.  
 Enough the *Patriarch* was heard to Cry,  
 I'll hast to *Joseph's* Arms, and in them Dye.  
 So when Just *Arthur* heard the Message first,  
 His wavering Mind with Fears and wise Distrust,  
 And rising Tydes of suddain Joy was tost,  
 Uncertain which strong Passion press'd him most.  
 But when he saw the Presents *Hoel* sent,  
 His Doubts suppress'd, he grew more Confident:  
 And his calm Mind eas'd of his anxious Cares,  
 To embrace his new, and generous Friend prepares.

And now advancing Night the Sky invades,  
 While close pursu'd by the Victorious Shades,



The Rayes which faintly from the Ground recoil,  
On the green Fields, let fall their pearly spoil.  
When *Arthur* to his secret Joys retires,  
Where his exhaling Soul to Heav'n aspires,  
In sacred *Anhelations*, and inflam'd *Desires*.  
Fixt *Contemplation* feeds his Hope and Love,  
With rapt'rous Preludes to the Joys above.  
His ravish'd Eyes view the unmeasur'd Bliss,  
In the next Life enjoy'd, believ'd in this.  
So *David* often pass'd the silent Night,  
And in his Transports felt sublime Delight,  
Surpassing all that mighty Monarchs have,  
Which his own Crown, and all his Triumphs gave.  
While baser Birds the humble Valley love,  
And sing contented with their little Grove;  
The *Eagle's* generous Pride does nobly rise  
To Heav'n, and thence does this lew World despise.  
Scorning a Vulgar Bough, he thinks he sees  
Woods in the Clouds, and hanging Groves of Trees:  
Thither he hasts, and leaves th' ignoble Brood,  
That aim no higher, to their Shrubs and Wood.  
If to his Prey he stoops, ashamed he flies  
Back to his airy Dwelling in the Skies;  
Where in the Clouds he hides his Royal Head,  
Safe from the Snares, which watchful Fowlers spread.  
So Men of courser Mould, and baser Birth,  
Pleas'd with the Dust lye grov'ling on the Earth:  
For Food their Souls all foul and bloated, seek  
The Damps and Steams, which from its Bowels reek.  
While Men *divinely* Born, still upwards move,  
And scorn this *World*, that courts in vain their Love.  
In Flames of Zeal, and Pangs of pure Desire,  
These to the Seas of *Light* and *Peace* aspire;



Where they converse with the blest *Minds* above,  
 And wonder what on Earth invites Men's Love.  
 This Molehill Earth has lost its former Charms,  
 Molehill for Bulk, and Stings wherewith it swarms.  
 With Wonder they observe how Mortals Pride,  
 Can into Kingdoms this small Heap divide.  
 How one t' enlarge the Empire he has got,  
 Invades the Borders of his Neighbour's Spot  
 How this proud Monarch of a Turf, is vext  
 With restless cares, to dispossess the next.  
 As Heav'n's vast *Globes* which fill the World with Light,  
 Seem little *Balls* to distant Mortals sight,  
 That in the most capacious *Planets*, we  
 No room for States and large Dominions see :  
 So these more noble Minds advanc'd so high,  
 Believe the same of us, who from the Sky,  
 The low-hung *Earth's* contracted Body spy.  
 They keep above free from the fatal Nets,  
 Which for unwary Feet the Tempter sets.  
 Free from the Earth's dark Smoke, and endless Noise,  
 They dwell in Peace, and feed on Heavenly Joys.  
 Such Pleasure *Arthur* while retir'd, enjoy'd,  
 And wish'd he ever might be thus employ'd.

And now the radiant Gates of th' Eastern-Sky,  
 Unbar'd by bright *Aurora*, open fly :  
 Strait issues out the *Sun* with mighty Force,  
 As Giants do, prepar'd to run his Course.  
 The joyful *Britons* all things ready make,  
 And their new Friend to meet, their Journey take.  
 Scarce had the Sun his glitt'ring Chariot driv'n,  
 Up the steep Brow, and sharp Ascent of Heav'n,  
 When the glad Princes did each other meet,  
 And *Hoel* thus did first the Stranger greet.



As a faint Traveller in *Arabian Sands*,  
Scorcht with the Burning Sun-beams, panting stands,  
Views the dry Defart with despairing Eyes,  
And for the Springs, and distant Rivers sighs.  
As *Sailers* long for Land, Heav'n's Aid implore,  
And with their greedy Wishes graip the Shore ;  
When beaten from the hospitable Coast,  
And in loud Storms upon the Ocean tost ;  
Where Ruin in so many Shapes appears,  
They scarcely can attend to all their Fears.  
I've wish'd to see you with the like Desire,  
The *Oracle* of whom I must enquire,  
The way to *Peace* and Everlasting *Bliss*,  
Which lost in Night, and unknown Paths, I miss.  
When first I set out with a hostile Mind,  
And Evils which I dread to name, design'd ;  
The Powers that guard your sacred Life, alarm'd,  
Soon interpos'd, and my wild Hand disarm'd.  
Kind Heav'n that both our Safeties did design,  
Turn'd from your Head the Blow, the Guilt from mine,  
For on the way a Glory dreadfull Bright,  
Around me shone, and with excessive Light,  
As they do Stars, the weaker Sun-beams drown'd ;  
I, as transfixt, fell Headlong to the Ground.  
'Twas then a wondrous Heav'nly *Voice* I heard,  
The words were these, but no blest Face appear'd :  
'Gainst me what Fury does thy Arms engage ?  
What moves thee with inexorable Rage,  
Vain Man, to persecute my Saints and me ?  
In vain thou striv'st to baffle Heav'n's Decree.  
Vain is thy Force, and Impotent thy Hate,  
Too weak thy Arms to stem the Tide of Fate :



The Torrent bears thy faint Resistance down,  
 Retire, or in eternal Ruin drown.  
 I straight cry'd out, O tell me who thou art,  
 Great Spirit, and thy Will to me impart:  
 Tell me if Errour has my Feet misled,  
 What safer Paths I may hereafter tread.

The Voice reply'd:

I am the *Christians God*, whom you pursue,  
 Go find my Servant *Arthur*, he shall shew  
 At large, what thou hast to believe, what do.

Prince *Arthur* paus'd a while, then Silence broke,  
 And Friendly thus th' *Armoric* King bespoke.  
 Th' Eternal's Providence I must adore,  
 Which has compell'd me to th' *Armoric* Shore:  
 That I might here, serve such a glorious End,  
 And to the Christian Cause gain such a Friend.  
 Goodness Divine, King *Hoel* does invite  
 By Miracles, t' enjoy Celestial Light.  
 Cast on your Coasts, with Pleasure I will stay,  
 To aid and guide you in your Heav'nly way.  
 To whom th' *Armoric* Monarch thus Reply'd;  
 While we to *Nannetum* together ride;  
 Instruct, O Pious Prince, my willing Mind,  
 It is a task your God has you design'd.  
 Unfold his Heav'nly Will, and let me know,  
 What *Worship* to him, what *Belief*, I owe.  
 To whom the Prince, this favour first I ask,  
 Before I undertake the pious Task:  
 That you'll dispatch your Servants to the Coast,  
 To seek my Friends out, in the Tempest lost:  
 And if by chance cast on th' *Armoric* Shore,  
 They wander up and down, distress'd and poor,



Four angry Subjects, may not them annoy,  
Nor with devouring Flames, their Ships destroy.  
This Friendship shewn, I'll with a chearful Mind,  
Attempt the Task by you, and Heav'n enjoyn'd.  
When the past Night did with her dusky Train  
Advance, o'er-shadowing all th' *Aerial* Plain;  
A sudden Transport did my Soul engage,  
And all my Limbs shook with the sacred Rage.  
Straight caught up from the Body, through the Skies  
To the third Heav'n; my ravish'd Soul did rise:  
Where Things ineffable I saw, and heard  
Divine *Instruction*, which my Mind prepar'd  
To aid you in your Heav'nly Way, and shew  
What *Worship* to th' *Eternal Mind* is due.  
Straight *Hoel* to the Shores his Servants sent,  
Who might the Harms, that *Arthur* fear'd, prevent.  
Who might the hapless *Britons* kindly treat,  
And safe conduct them to his Royal Seat.  
Such Love the King to *Arthur's* Friends exprest,  
Who now prepar'd to obey the King's Request.



# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK II.

**A**ttentive *Hœl's* Eyes on *Arthur's* Face  
 Were fixt, who thus began with God-like grace  
 Before th' unshaken Pillars of the Earth  
 Were Reer'd, before prolifick *Nature's* Birth,  
 Before the Register of *Time* begun,  
 Or Heav'n's bright Forces throng'd about the Sun,  
 Was a wild *Void*, that no set bounds restrain'd,  
 Where Silence, Night, and Desolation reign'd.  
 Where yet no glimmering track of Light appear'd,  
 No Discord yet, or Harmony was heard.  
 From Ages past lay in th' *Eternal's* Mind,  
 A finish'd Model of a *World*, design'd  
 To be Erected by Almighty Hands,  
 Where now this Round, capacious Fabrick stands.  
 The deep Foundations laid, in Heav'n they said  
 A strange new *World* was making, Fame soon spread  
 The tydings through the Palaces of Bliss,  
 To see a work so wonderful as this ;  
 Millions of *Angels* to Heav'n's Turrets fly,  
 And on the Crystal Terras of the Sky,  
 Stood in bright Throngs, and on *Creation* gaz'd,  
 And at the Sight were ravish'd, and amaz'd.

*Almighty* Vigour strove through all the Void,  
 And such prolifick Influence employ'd,



That ancient, barren *Night* did pregnant grow,  
 And quicken'd with the *World* in Embrio.  
 The struggling Seeds of unshap'd Matter ly,  
 Contending in her Womb for Victory.  
 No Order, Form, or Parts distinct and clear,  
 Did in the Crude Conception, yet appear.  
 Thick *Darkness* did the unripe *Light* Embrace,  
 Which faintly glanc'd on *Chaos* shady Face.  
 The unfiedg'd *Fire* has no bright Wings to rise,  
 But scarce distinguish'd, with the *Water* lies.  
 It's sprightly, ruddy Youth not yet attain'd,  
 The glittering Seeds, Mother of *Fire*, remain'd  
 Like Golden Sands, thick scatter'd on the Shore,  
 Of the wild Deep, and shone in burning Oar.  
 In glowing Heaps the *Stars* lay dusky bright,  
 Rude and unpolish'd Balls of unwrought Light.  
 The *Spheres* pil'd up about their *Poles* were Furl'd,  
 Design'd the Swadling Bands of th' Infant World.  
 The Sky dispers'd, lay in *Ethereal* Oar,  
 And azure Veins, betray'd th' *Empyreal* Store.  
 The watry Treasures in th' unfashion'd Birth,  
 Lay in the rough Embraces of the Earth  
 But at the great Command will Thaw, and throw  
 The Dross off, and like melted Metals flow.  
 Besides vast numbers of loose Atoms stray,  
 And in the restless Deep of *Chaos* play.  
 In dark Encounters they for Empire strive,  
 And gain what *Chance*, and wild *Confusion* give:  
 Which jointly here possess the Sov'rain Sway,  
 Pleas'd with those Subjects most, that least Obey.  
 Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,  
 And Strife and Uproar fill the noisy Space.  
 Tumult and Mis-rule please at *Chaos* Court,  
 And everlasting Wars his Throne Support.



Troops and with *Heat* have here a Battel won,  
 But *Mist* and *Sold* the Victor soon dethrone.  
 Here heavier Seeds rush on in numerous Swarms,  
 And crush their Lighter Foes, with pond'rous Arms.  
 The light trait Command with equal Pride,  
 And on mad Whirlwinds in mad Triumph ride.  
 None long submits to a Superiour Power,  
 Each yields, and in his turn is Conquerour.  
 If some grown mild from fierce Contention cease,  
 And with calm Neighbours court a separate Peace;  
 If Truce they make, and in kind Leagues combine,  
 Their short Embraces some rude Shocks disjoyn.  
 Th' Eternal's Voice compos'd these Atoms jars,  
 And jostling Elements intestine Wars.  
 He sets imprison'd *Heat* and *Vigour* free,  
 And suits and ranges Natures that agree.  
 He through the *Mass* a mighty Ferment spread,  
 And where it came mis-shap'd Confusion fled,  
 Dark *Chaos* now throws off his gloomy Face,  
 Puts on fresh Beauty, and a Heav'nly Grace.  
 Th' Almighty *Spoke*, and straight the sprightly *Light*  
 With lovely Looks broke from the Abyss of Night;  
 On Golden Wings it mounts, and in its way  
 Its Smiles diffuse new Morn, and unripe Day.  
 Aloft vast spreading Sheets of *Ether* rise,  
 Matter for *Sph'ars*, and pure transparent Skies.  
 The *Sky* which for its Compass scarce finds room,  
 Spun thin, and wove on Nature's finest Loom:  
 The new-born World in its soft Bosom wraps,  
 And all around its Starry Mantle laps.  
 The *Sun's* vast *Globe* which till the Birth of Day,  
 All Rough and Cloudy in wild *Chaos* lay;  
 Well wrought and polish'd is advanc'd on high,  
 The vagrant Beams which stray'd about the Sky,



Now becken'd by *Creating Power* obey,  
 And the bright Forces hither halt away.  
 Then hovering on the Spungy Globe they wait,  
 And round their new appointed Mansion fate.  
 The thirsty *Orb* drinks in the liquid Beams,  
 And now but one vast Sea of Glory seems :  
 It self a Heav'n with dazzling Lustre bright,  
 Pours out pure Floods of overflowing Light.  
 Here as in Furnaces of boiling Gold,  
 Stars dipt come back, full as their *Orbs* can hold  
 Of glitt'ring Light, here too the *Moon* all drown'd,  
 Does with the Golden Metal fill her Round.  
 Sometimes all dipt, it but in part adorns  
 Her Face, and shines with Blunt, refulgent Horns.  
 Th' Ætherial Plain now cultivated bears,  
 A shining Harvest of illustrious Stars  
 Which at a distance seem small Lights, but near  
 Capacious *Realms*, and glorious *Worlds* appear.  
 The *Spheres* spread forth their Bosoms, now reft  
 And Belly out, like Sails swollen big with Wind.  
 The *Air* beat out, and purified does lye,  
 A Crystal deep between the Earth and Sky.  
 Through this thin Void the Sun's indulgent Beams,  
 Flow gently on the Earth in Golden Streams ;  
 Which kindly steal away the Watry Store,  
 And rob the Earth, but to enrich it more.  
 The *Earth* with its own Burden tir'd, and press'd  
 Down with it's weight, lies in the midst at rest.  
 A Deep broke up, *God* calls the Waters, they  
 Feel the Command, and with quick Flight Obey.  
 In mighty Heaps the foaming Deluge flows,  
 High Liquid Walls and curling Ridges shows.  
 Some Waters with smooth and gentle Tyde,  
 On the Earth's plain and level Surface Glide :



The sporting *Lion* paws the wanton *Bar*,  
*Wolves* seek the *Wood*, the *Laws* the time *kill*.  
 The Crested *Snake* draws thro' the flowry *Elain*,  
 The shining *Volumens* of his *Spiral Train*.  
*Leviathan* in th' *Open* takes his *Place*,  
 Prince of the *Waters*, and the *Finny Race*:  
 Rolling amidst the *Waves*, he takes his *Sport*,  
 As a great *Sea God* in his watry *Court*.  
 Swimming to Land he drives high *Seas* before,  
 Like a great *Island* floating near the *Shore*.  
 In wanton *Pastime* he sucks in with *Ease*,  
 Then sports against the *Skies* th' exhausted *Seas*.  
 Like some prodigious *Water-Engine*, made  
 To play on *Heav'n*, if *Fires* should *Heav'n* invade.  
 So fair, so rich a *Paradise* as this,  
 Almighty *Power* call'd from the dark *Abyss*.

To keep the *Birth-Day* of the *World*, the *Spring*  
 Does all her *Joys* and fragrant *Riches* bring.  
*Nature* appearing in her brightest *Dress*,  
 Does all her *Sweets* and *Heav'nly Charms* express  
 The *Speaks* in tuneful *Measures* Roll above;  
 And *Heav'n's* bright *Orbs* in beauteous *Order* move.  
 The smiling *Earth* discovers perfect *Joy*,  
 Where nothing noxious can its *Peace* annoy.  
 The *Air's* so soft, such balmy *Odours* fly,  
 So sweet the *Fruits*, so pure and mild the *Sky*,  
 The *Blissful State's* too great to be express'd,  
 By all the *Pleasures* of the wanton *East*,  
 By th' *Arab's* *Sweets*, from *Zephirs* tender *Wings*  
 Gently shook off, or what the *Merchant* brings  
 Of *Forreign Luxury* with tedious *Toil*,  
 From *Asia's Coast*, or soft *Campania's Soil*.



Others that meet a Steep abrupt Descent ;  
Run down in floods more loud and turbulent,  
At last they flow from the high Precipice,  
And fall into the dark Abyss ;  
Till the Deluge with its liquid Store,  
Fills up Deep, and crowns the ambient Shore.  
Now then call Heads the rising Mountains show,  
And wide-mouth'd Vallies sink themselves as low  
The Earth as yet all bare and naked lay,  
For Heav'n's Command th' imprisoned Spirits stay.  
God spake, and straight a lovely Spring appears,  
And every Field fresh, verdant Clothing wears.  
Green Herbs adorn the Hills aspiring Heads,  
And smiling Flowers enrich th' enamell'd Meads.  
Trees starting up, lifted their Heads so high,  
They met the Clouds descending from the Sky.  
Some ranged in beauteous Order, Stately stood,  
Others press'd close, and throng'd into a Wood.  
Some where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,  
Transparent Oams, and Oereus Juices Sweat.  
The fragrant Balsome-Tree, distills around,  
Her healing Riches, on the neighbouring Ground.  
The humble Jess'mine, breaths Perfumes abroad,  
And wanton Zephyrs bear the balmy Load.  
Pure Crystal Rivers through the Meadows flow,  
Their flowry Banks smile on them, as they go :  
Their watry Train in Snaky Windings slides,  
And in their Streams the scaly Nation glides.  
Birds glad to try their Wings rise from the Earth,  
And with their Songs they celebrate their Birth.  
Beasts in their various Kinds all Mild, and tame,  
Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.  
The Bleating Flocks wander on every Hill,  
And lowing Herds the Ecchoing Vallies fill.



Says Labour Nature stood,  
 God view'd his Creatures, and pronounc'd them Good.  
 But still there wanted one who might adore  
 His Creations, and Heav'n's Gifts explore.  
 With the himself, and his great Author,  
 Obey his Law, and Rule as God below.  
 Then Man was made, the Author fram'd and wrought  
 The nobler Mould, with more Concern and Thought.  
 His Mind made up of pure Etherial Air,  
 Came from the Hands Divine all bright and Fair;  
 And lodg'd in Clay, did at its Entrance give  
 So quick a touch, as made that Clay to live:  
 And both <sup>rest</sup>ed with such wondrous Art,  
 In part he's Angel, Animal in part.  
 In whom the Bounds of both the Worlds are seen,  
 Where Earth does terminate, and Heav'n begin.  
 One part, like sprightly Flâmes, will upward move,  
 Kin to the blest, unbody'd Minds above;  
 The other, only shap'd and quicken'd Earth,  
 From moulded Dust receives its humble Birth;  
 Yet Life Divine and high Perfection gains,  
 Ennobled by the Guest it entertains.  
 His Form erect, and Cherub-like his Face,  
 Where Sweetness temper'd Stern and Manly Grace.  
 Mild to be lov'd, and awful to be fear'd,  
 He, like some new discover'd God, appear'd.  
 Then did th' Almighty to his Bosom give,  
 To bless him perfectly, his Consort Eve;  
 Of a more soft and nicely temper'd Mould,  
 Her strokes was tender, his more strong and bold.  
 Sweetness that ravish'd, milder than the Morn,  
 And perfect Beauty did her Looks adorn.  
 She like a Goddess, with the Heav'nly Charms  
 Of blushing Innocence, comes to his Arms.



What Joys Divine did on the Fa'v'rit wait,  
 These happy Hours that knew his Native State!  
 His *Work* thus finish'd, and *Creation* done,  
 Th' *Almighty* rests on *Eternal Throne*.  
 Strait the loud *Sb's* and *Acclamations* giv'n,  
 Shook the high *roofs* and jarring *Gates* of Heav'  
 There stood an *Alabaster Mount* at *none*,  
 In the *Air* 's *blime*, from the *Imperial Throne*  
*Remov'd* at distance, and between them lay  
 All pav'd with Stars, a broad, frequented way.  
 Hither for great *Assemblies* they repair,  
 From all the *Regions* of th' *Etherial Air*.  
 Here they in perfect *Love* and *Peace* debate,  
 Th' affairs which most affect their sacred State.  
 Hither the *Princes* of the *Heav'nly Court*,  
 Follow'd with *Throngs* unnumber'd, now resort:  
 There met, a solemn *Jubilee* they Vote,  
 In Honour of the *Wonders* lately wrought.  
 Straight a *Procession* publick was enjoyn'd,  
 And thus perform'd t' adore th' *Eternal Mind*.

*Trumpets* march'd first, and chiefly that whose *Sound*,  
 Shall strike *Convulsions* thro' the trembling ground;  
 Break their dark *Prisons* down, and call away  
 Th' awaken'd *Dead*, on the great *Judgment Day*.  
 Next *Heav'nly Viols*, soft harmonious *Flutes*,  
 Resounding *Dulcimers*, and tuneful *Lutes*  
 And *Harps* like that which hangs the glitt'ring *Pride*,  
 As *Poets* feign, of young *Apollo's* side.  
 With perfect *Skill* here chosen *Cherubs* play,  
 And Celebrate th' *Almighty's* *Resting Day*.  
 Then the blest *Voices* came with *Hymns* of *Praise*,  
 Angelick *Musick*, sweet *Melodious Lays*.



Thus all the Saints in high Raptures sing,  
 Around the Throne of their Eternal King.  
 Now the first Rank of Potentates and Peers,  
 Mighty *Angels*, and high Thrones *seers*.  
 Crowns *instant*, massy Glory made,  
 Adorn'd with *Gems*, and *Flowers* which never fade,  
 And *Greens* of Heav'nly growth all wreath'd between,  
 Are on the Heads of this bright Order seen:  
 Fresh *Greens* and *Flowers*, such as their Gardens bring,  
 Blest with mild Rays, and Everlasting Spring.  
 Vials of *Incense* in their Hands they bear,  
 And the sweet Clouds in Wheels roll up the Air:  
 Odours not to be told, fan'd from them fly,  
 And wondrous Fragrancy Perfumes the Sky.  
 Each had his *Lyre*, which from his Shoulders hung,  
 With Golden Wire, like radiant Sun-beams, strung.  
 Such was their Splendour, with such Grace they trod,  
 In Looks and Motion each appear'd a God.  
 Higher thick Crowds of vulgar *Angels* made,  
 And to admire this glorious Order staid,  
 And, as they pass'd humble Obeisance paid.  
 Then lower Ranks in long Procession pass'd,  
 With Crowns and Badges of Distinction grac'd;  
 And all so Splendid, all so Rich and Gay,  
 That Heav'n before, ne'er saw so bright a Day.  
 Unfading *Kisses* of a Heav'nly Red,  
 On the bright Pavement were profusely spread:  
*Elysian* *Jess'mine*, and blest *Am'rant* lay,  
 In od'rous heaps along the Milky way.  
 The *Fountains* all, such Cost was then bestow'd,  
 With unexhausted Springs of *Nectar* flow'd.  
 And now advanc'd before th' Imperial Throne,  
 Which lofty with excessive Brightness shone,

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They from th' unequal Lustre of the Light,  
 Protected with spread Wings, their dazzled Sight  
 In prostrate Adoration down they fell,  
 Opprest with Glory — supportable :  
 Entranc'd, Transferr'd, Ravish'd, there they lie  
 And with blest *Alleluja's* fill the Sky.  
 In Songs Sublime they praise th' *Eternal Mind*,  
 His Work from all the Ages past design'd,  
 His *Greatness, Wisdom, Empire* unconfined,  
 His *Justice*, that no Force or Prayer can move,  
 His spotless *Truth*, and everlasting *Love*.  
 They Sing th' *Eternal Son's* Immortal Praise,  
 And to an equal height the sacred *Spirit* raise.  
 Then all arising from the sacred Quire,  
 Overflowing with unbounded Joys, retire  
 To the blest Shades of the Celestial Bowers,  
 Where oft they choose to pass their happy Hours.  
 Their Hunger here delicious *Banquets* met,  
 With vast Profusion on rich Tables set,  
*Banquets* Divine, not such as Mortals Eat.  
 High Dishes in long Pomp and Order stood,  
 Fill'd with choice Fruits, rare Meats, all Angels Food.  
*Ambrosial* Juices, sweet *Nectar* — Wine,  
 Ravish'd th' *Taste*, and made their Faces shine.  
 The *Sons of God* thus cheer'd, dissolve in Joy,  
 Whilst his high Praises their blest Tongues employ.  
 In Joys and Triumphs so the Day they spend,  
 Such Mirth and Show the Festival attend.  
 Then, when the Ev'ning came, or what instead  
 Of Evening there, does in its turn succeed :  
 Glorious *Illuminations* made on high,  
 By all the *Constellations* of the Sky,  
 In bright Degrees, and shining Orders plac'd,  
 Spectators charm'd, and the blest Dwellers grac'd.



The Nighting Air rare Fireworks flew,  
 The Celestial Youth with Shouting threw.  
 Comets fly up with their red sweeping Train,  
 Then fall in starry Showers, and glittering Rain.  
 In the Center Thousand Meteors blazing hung,  
 Which in Heav'n's gilded Battlements were hung.  
 Here furious flying Dragons utt'ring came,  
 Here harmless Fires play in a lambent Flame.  
 Such universal Joy in Heav'n they shew'd,  
 And in such hallow'd Mirth the day conclude.  
 In such Delights they pass their time above,  
 And so shall we, if like them, we Obey and Love.

In all the Joys that happy Minds attain,  
 Still Adam first began to live and reign.  
 He to fair Eden's Paradise resorts,  
 Where every Sense its proper Pleasure courts.  
 The joyful Spring by soft Favonius fann'd,  
 Diffus'd her Riches with a wanton Hand.  
 From new-blown Flowers luxurious Odours fly,  
 And Heavenly Landscapes meet his ravish'd Eye:  
 The swining Branches weave him shady Bowers,  
 And Hony-Dews fall in delicious Showers.  
 Birds with their Songs their Sovereign salute,  
 From Borghs which bend beneath their Golden Fruit.  
 Pure Streams to him their Crystal Waters bring,  
 And the glad Fish leap up, to see their King.  
 The harmless Beasts their humble Homage paid,  
 And the sole Monarch of the World obey'd.  
 Uninterrupted Peace his Mind possess'd,  
 And Joys unutterable fill'd his Breast.  
 He view'd his great Creator's glorious Face,  
 Clearly reflected from a fair Nature's Glass:



On her bright *Forn* he saw th' Impressions *sa*  
 Of *Wisdom* Infinite, and *Pow'r* Divine,  
 When all things, as free Emanations flow,  
 As Streams their Birth to their Fountain owe.  
 Which binds fast Nature's vast unshaken Frame,  
 Lest it dissolve to Nothing, whence it came.  
 Whilst in his Thoughts the pleasing Objects move,  
 He feels his Breast all fir'd with Heavenly Love.  
 His Eyes thus fixt, the great Seducer's Skill,  
 Could not engage his Thoughts, or move his Will.  
 A day serene smil'd on his God-like Mind,  
 Free from black Clouds, and undisturb'd with Wind  
 No Guilt, no Frown from Heav'n disturbs his Soul  
 Calm as deep Rivers in still Evenings roll.  
 No Storms of *Passion*, such as us-molest,  
 Annoys the Peaceful Region of his Breast.  
 No boiling *Lust* swell'd the o'erflowing Blood,  
 To bear down Reason with th' impetuous Flood.  
 His spotless Mind knew yet no other-Fire,  
 Then those pure Flames, which heavenly *Minds* inspire.  
 O happy-Man ! above description blest,  
 Had he maintain'd the Station he possess'd.  
 Upon the *Cystal River's* flowry side,  
 Which winding in slow Meanders glide,  
 As loath to leave the blissful Place, there stood  
 A Tree that rose above th' *Hesperian* Wood,  
 Its Fruit seem'd pleasant, but forbidden Food.  
 For he who with enormous Bounty pour'd  
 On Man, fresh Pleasures in incessant Showers ;  
 That nothing can disturb his flowing Joys,  
 Unless Variety suspends his Choice :  
 Bids him not Eat the fatal Fruit, to prove  
 His due *Obedience*, and his constant *Love*.



Through *Apostacy* for high Crimes displac'd,  
Which evil, by fierce *Almighty* Vengeance chas'd,  
Threw down the unfathom'd Precipice he fell  
Condemn'd to the fiery Gulph of Hell:  
With Rage and Envy sees Man's happy State,  
Whence he for ever lost had fall'n so late.  
Himself urg'd with infernal Spight,  
And dire Revenge, makes Pain his delight:  
That he from Heav'n might this fair Province gain,  
That Sin and Death might wider Sway attain,  
And he his baleful Empire might extend,  
Conceal'd beneath the specious Air of *Friend*,  
He does so: 'gan the fatal Tree commend;  
As his whole Worth transcends the greatest price,  
The Power and Beauty of his Paradise.  
Pleasing to Taste, but much more to the Mind,  
Which chose that Eat, should boundless Knowledge find:  
Then points up to the fair forbidden Meat,  
Bids him be Wise, and boldly take and Eat.  
He tempts him with the flatt'ring Hopes of Bliss,  
Great as his God's, and lasting too, as his.  
The gaudy Scene of Glory charm'd his Eye,  
And his proud Thoughts at God-like Greatness fly.  
The bright *Illusion* turn'd his giddy Head;  
And with vast Hopes his vain Ambition fed.  
Thus gazing at the Glory of a God,  
The Precipice was hid on which he trod.  
The splendid *Phantome* now advances nigh,  
And in his reach appears *Divinity*:  
Which straight he grasps at, and to hold the more,  
Empties his Hand of what it held before.  
But sooner might he grasp unbody'd Minds,  
And with clos'd Arms clasp'd in the raging Winds.



The glorious Shadow from his Hands does slide,  
 Mocks his Embraces, and defeats his Pride.  
 He Eat, but did no other Pleasures find,  
 Than the sad *Terrors* of a guilty Mind.  
 His cheated Hopes can no new *Knowledge* boast,  
 But of the *Ill* he feels, and *Good* he lost.

Thus fell lost Man, straight troubled *Nature* moan'd,  
 And shaking, with a strong Convulsion groan'd:  
 Ev'n *Paradise* look'd Sad, the *Herds* repin'd,  
 And lofty *Cedars* shook without a Wind.  
 The *Roses* fade, the Golden *Apples* turn'd  
 Pallid, and all the Sick *Creation* mourn'd.  
 To the thick Trees in vain fall'n *Adam* made,  
 To hide his blacker *Guilt* beneath their Shade:  
 Close Trees may so their well mixt Branches spread,  
 That Sun-beams cannot pierce their shady Head;  
 But *God's* clear Eye needs not so gross a Ray,  
 His Glory sheds a more illustrious Day.  
 But had he been from his bright Eye conceal'd,  
 The crying *Guilt* had to his Ear reveal'd  
*Apostate Man*; that Voice to Heav'n does rise  
 Loud, as the Thunder-claps for which it cries.  
 What a black Train of *Woes* and hideous *Fears*,  
 Headed by one bold Crime, to Man appears!  
 The Serpent's Venom spreads through all his Veins,  
 And *Sin's* Contagion unresisted reigns.  
 A Death-like *Damp* shoots through his poison'd Blood,  
 And fear's cold Chains arrest the beating Flood.  
 A dreadful Face of Things confounds his Eye,  
 He cannot stay secure, nor can he fly.  
 Black Thoughts of *Vengeance* seize his guilty Heart,  
 And *Conscience* wounds him, with her poison'd Dart.



Amidst the Trees he starts at every Noise,  
Grows Pale, and thinks he hears th' *Almighty's* Voice.  
The trembling Branches make him tremble more,  
New feeling, than the Fig-leaves, which he wore.

Man's Soul, by this rude Shock from's *Center* driv'n,  
Stands so a-saunt, and so remote from Heav'n,  
Tis scarcely warm'd by its weak, Oblique Ray,  
And has at best but a Cold, darksome Day.  
Fall'n from its bright *Ethereal* Seat on high,  
Down to the lowest Regions of the Sky,  
It feels th' attractive *Earth's* Magnetick Force,  
And round this low-hung Ball directs its Course.  
As when a *Planet*, once all fair and bright,  
Sickens, and shines with Pale and faded Light;  
By some fierce *Storm* bred in its wide Bowels rent,  
As Clouds are by the Thunder in 'em pent.  
The mighty Orb disjoynted cracks, and all  
The broken Parts in Noisy Ruin fall.  
The hideous, burning *Hull* does floating lie,  
And with the wondrous Wreck affrights the Sky.  
Sometimes it blazes with a dismal Light,  
And then grown dim, seems lost and drown'd in Night.  
Then sinking does the Starry Sky forsake,  
Contented some inferiour Seat to take :  
Where Heav'n new moulds the Heap, and from th' *Abyss*,  
Calls forth perhaps a *Moon*, or *Earth*, like this.  
So Man seduc'd by the *Impostor* fell,  
From Heav'n's bright Coasts, to the black Verge of *Hell*.  
There he his Lustre lost, and God-like Grace,  
Shews the sad Ruins of a Heav'nly Face.  
Where *Peace* dwelt undisturb'd, and smiling Light,  
*Confusion* now, *Chaos* and horrid *Night*.



Black, frowning *Clouds*, and murmuring *Thunder* roll,  
 O'er the vex'd *Region* of his guilty *Soul*.  
 Fierce, driving *Storms*, and bleak *Tempestuous Wind*,  
 Beat on the wastful *Desart* of his *Mind*.  
*Revenge*, *Despair*, *Grief*, *Jealousie*, and *Fear*,  
 Have in their *Turn*, supreme *Dominion* here.  
*Reason* dethron'd, must the *Commands* obey  
 Of this wild *Rout*, that holds the *Sovereign Sway*.

Mean time, th' *Almighty* does his *Summons* send,  
 Thro' *Heav'n* for all his *Angels* to attend.  
 High in the midst of the *Ethelial Skies*,  
 A Mount of rocky *Diamond* did rise ;  
 Insuperably steep, and too sublime  
 For the tir'd *Wings* of *Cherubims* to climb.  
 O'er-looking *Heav'n's* wide *Vales* and spacious *Plains*  
 It stands, and unmolested *Peace* maintains.  
 Here the *Almighty's* bright *Tribunal* stands,  
 Hence his *Decrees* are sent, and high *Commands*.  
 Hence he gives *Laws* to all the *Worlds* below,  
 And hence eternal *Right* and *Justice* flow.  
 Hence *Punishments* proceed, and just *Rewards*,  
 Hence *Orders* come to all th' *Angelick Guards*,  
 To keep the *Peace* of *Heav'n*, and next secure  
 On *Earth* th' afflicted, from th' *Oppressor's Power*.  
 And now the *Thrones* and *Powers* the *Vally* fill,  
 And stand adoring round the sacred *Hill*.  
*Adam's Rebellion* they had newly heard,  
 And *God's* fierce *Wrath* in dreadful *Signs* appear'd.  
*Lightnings* and *Thunder*: issue from his *Throne*,  
*Lightning* scarce heard of, *Thunder* seldom known.  
*Tremendous Murmurs*, and a mighty *Sound*  
 Of wondrous *Ruine* from the *Hill* rebound.



T' express incens'd *Omnipotence*, conspire  
*Whirlwinds*, thick *Darkness* and consuming *Fire*,  
 United *Terrors*, which with *Fury* broke  
 From the blest Mount, whence thus th' *Almighty* spoke.

The *Man* I made, and with my *Image* grac'd,  
 And next to our Angelick Order plac'd,  
 Revelting to th' Apostate Prince of *Heli*,  
 Against my Throne has yielded to Rebel,  
 The *Death* I threaten'd, now I must inflict;  
 So *Justice* bids, nor is its Rule too strict.  
 You're here from all the Regions of the Sky,  
 To hear the Rebel doom'd, and see him Die.

He spake, and thro' all Heav'n a Terror strook,  
 The *Spheres*, and all the Frame of Nature shook.  
 The *Man* grew pale, the *Sun* all Dim appear'd,  
 And all the *Sons of God* stood Mute, and fear'd.  
 Th' *Almighty* his Vindictive Arm makes bare,  
 Stretch'd out his Hand, and did for *Death* prepare.  
*Mercy* shriek'd out, and trembling on her Face,  
 Down, and did with Tears his Feet Embrace,  
 Sprising Divine, in Heav'n the most lov'd,  
 By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd.  
 Her Looks so moving, such Celestial Grace,  
 So mild, and sweet an Air dwell on her Face,  
 So tender and engaging all her Charms,  
 That oft th' *Almighty's* Fury she disarms.  
 Her Language melts *Omnipotence*, Arrests  
 His Hand, and thence his Vengeful Lightning wrests.

Then thus she spake:  
 Shall the successful, fly *Impostor* boast,  
 That by his Power the new *Creation's* lost?



Shall he thus Triumph in his impious Deed,  
 And all our Hopes defeat from *Adam's* Seed?  
 Must this fair *Race* be lost, so lately made,  
 And Hell made Bold your Empire to invade?  
*Adam* ha. sinn'd, and Heav'n's high Grace abus'd,  
 But sinn'd betray'd, and by Hell's Fraud seduc'd.  
 Can't *Wisdom* Infinite, Expedients find,  
 To punish *Guilt*, and yet preserve Mankind?  
*Compassion*, with stern *Justice* mixt, will draw  
 Honour to Heav'n's just Government, and Awe  
 All from offending the Establish'd Law.

At this, th' Eternal Son rose from his Place,  
 The bright Effulgence of his *Father's* Face,  
 His fair and express Image, full of Grace.  
 In whom Divine, Substantial Glory dwelt,  
 And who Almighty Life and Vigour felt.  
 Th' Essential *Wisdom*, th' Everlasting *Word*,  
 The Universal Heir, and Sovereign Lord.  
 And thus he Silence broke, mine be the Task  
 To do what Justice and Compassion ask.  
 To Rescue *Man*, my Self will *Man* become,  
 Assuming Substance from a *Virgin's* Womb.  
 A willing *Sacrifice*, I'll Death Embrace,  
 Justice t' Atonement, and Ransom *Adam's* Race.

The *Father* straight assented, *Mercy* smil'd,  
 To see the *Serpent* of his Prey beguil'd:  
*Justice* well pleas'd, accepts the offer'd Price,  
 And Heav'n's aton'd by its own *Sacrifice*.  
 The Heav'n's with loud rebounding Shouts did ring,  
 And the glad Angels in new Anthems sing,  
 The *Intercessor*, and mysterious King.



The rolling Years their Circles fill apace,  
And well-breath'd Time runs its appointed Race :  
Till it brought on the Hour when all should see,  
The Son make good to Man, his blest Decree.

That our expected Hope might be enjoy'd,  
*Divinity* appears with Man alloy'd.  
His native Glory darts destructive Light,  
And bright Oppression pours on Mortals Sight :  
He therefore draws a humane Veil between,  
That temper'd Lustre might not Kill, when seen.  
Here two Extreams of Distance infinite,  
In one ineffable, mysterious Knot unite :  
*God* lives conceal'd, within a Mould of Clay,  
And does in Dust himself, and's Glory lay.  
He that in all th' expanded Skies wants room,  
Lies now encompass'd with a Virgin's Womb.  
*Immensity* is wrapt in Swadling Bands,  
The Prince by whom the World's wide Fabrick stands,  
Supported in his Mother's Arms we see ;  
And vast *Eternity* begins to be.

leaves his starry Seat, and glitt'ring Crown,  
And lays his dazzling Robes of Glory down :  
Then in an humble travelling Dress is seen,  
Seeking, as unknown Strangers do, an Inn.  
Lord of the World, to whom proud Monarchs owe  
Their Crowns and Scepters, he that dees bestow  
Honours and Wealth profusely on the Great,  
Can't for his own Repose, find out a Seat,  
But must from Men, to kinder Beasts, Retreat.  
No other Court receives the new-born King,  
Who to debase himself, did choose to bring,  
No other Pomp, but naked Innocence ;  
Nothing for Ornament, or for Defence.



He that the Wants of all the World supplies,  
Himself oppress'd with Pain and Hunger, Cries.  
He Man's Assistance asks in vain, to whom  
For Aid and Comfort all th' afflicted come.  
*Angels* that did the Royal *Stranger* know,  
The greatest Signs of Joy and Triumph show:  
The out-Guards of their Camp saw marching round,  
Celestial Splendor rising from the Ground;  
And gave th' Alarm, the shining Squadrons fly  
To th' Out-lines, and the Frontiers of the Sky:  
To see the wond'rous *Mediator* Born,  
Whom they adore, though stupid *Hebrews* scorn.  
Some with spread Wings shoot swiftly thro' the Air,  
And to the Shepherds first the Tydings bear,  
That a great *Shepherd* was at *Beth'lem* Born,  
Whose Deeds and Triumphs should that Name Adorn.  
The Angels Sing, obdurate Men are mute,  
Nor will their Saviour, and their King salute.

Yet some few famous Sages come from far,  
Conducted by a brighter Morning Star,  
Left all the Wealth and Wonders of the East,  
To see a greater *Sun* and *God*, rise in the West.  
To find the Prince to *Herod* they resort;  
For where should Kings be found, but in a Court  
But the directing Star that led their Way,  
Stands still, and points down with a streaming Ray,  
To a mean Stable where the Stranger lay.  
Where they with humble Adoration View,  
The Infant *Intercessor*, known to few:  
Whom they present with Odoriferous Gums,  
Choice Spices, and *Arabia's* rich Perfumes.



The Son of Righteousness begins to rise,  
And streaks with radiant Lines the Purple Skies.  
Here did he from his healing Wings display,  
The tender Dawn of *Everlasting Day*.  
Pale Terror thro' the Courts of Darkness flew,  
And Hell's far Regions double Sorrow shew.  
Th' infernal Spirits wandring in the Air,  
As Thunder-struck, in Anger and Despair,  
With Shreeks and hideous Yellings fly the Sight,  
And the keen Horrour of the Heav'nly Light.  
Like obscene Birds of Night, they haste away  
And shut in Clefts and Caves the Rising Day.  
The Prince of *Darkness* now begins to fear,  
The Dissolution of his Empire's near.  
Th' ambiguous *Oracles* with Fear struck Dumb,  
Proclaim'd by Silence, the *Messiah* come.

Troubled and Sad th' Infernal Counsel fate,  
Thoughtful how best t' avert th' impending Fate.  
Various Projections, deep Designs were laid,  
How best the dreaded Foe they might invade.  
They first the Fury *Jealousie* dispatch,  
To Herod's Court who might Occasion watch,  
To kindle strong Suspicions in his Breast,  
That th' Infant from him should his Scepter wrest.  
She did so well perform her Hellish Part,  
*Herod* soon yielded to her subtil Art.  
For while the Sages leave their Eastern home,  
And to admire the wondrous Infant come  
*Herod*, afraid his Ravish'd Crown to lose,  
The Royal Infant's hated Life pursues.  
What to pale Tyrants dreadful won't appear,  
When Love and Innocence can move their Fear?



'Tis true,  
A King, he is, whose *Empire's* vast extent,  
Shall pass all Bounds, and last when Time is spent:  
Submissive Monarchs shall their Scepters lay  
Before his Feet, and his Just Laws obey.  
Kingdoms oppress'd shall his strong Aids invoke,  
And thrust their Necks beneath his gentle Yoke.  
The *Roman* Eagles shall the Conqueror own,  
And *Cæsar* court him to ascend his Throne:  
Admir'd by all, he shall in Triumph go  
Where fruitful *Nile*, or fam'd *Hydaspes* flow,  
Uncheckt by *Africk* Heats, or *Scythian* Snow.  
Nations invited by his Fame, shall come,  
More then e'er made their Court to conquering *Rome*,  
In splendid Embassies to sue for Peace,  
And Worlds unknown his Empire shall encrease.  
The Earth shall banish'd *Justice* now regain,  
And *Love* and *Truth* attend the happy Reign.  
Soft *Peace* and *Joy* the chearful Earth shall Crown,  
And Savage Beasts shall lay their Fierceness down.  
The *Lion*, *Wolf*, and *Lamb*, no more their Prey,  
And little Infants shall promiscuous play:  
The years in Golden Harness smiling pass,  
And keeping beauteous Order run their Race.  
Nor shall his Kingdom cease, or Subjects die,  
For when Time finds its empty Channel dry,  
And all its disappearing Streams shall sleep,  
Lost and ingulph'd in vast Duration's Deep:  
Then shall this King his full Dominion gain,  
And in Eternal Peace, and Triumph Reign.  
But 'tis not Worldly Empire he design'd,  
His Scepter is his *Grace*, his Throne the *Mind*.



Kings unmolested may their Scepters sway,  
And Peaceful Subjects without Strife obey.  
They may unrivall'd, and unenvy'd reign,  
And all their Pomp, and Regal State maintain.  
The great Redeemer has his Court unseen,  
And reigns in *Light*, and Heav'nly *Love* within.

But from the false *Usurper's* Cruelty,  
Officious Angels, warn their Prince to fly.  
He and his happy Parents leave their Home,  
And all to *Egypt's* safer Borders come,  
*Egypt*, tho' for its Monsters famous grown,  
Is now by treach'rous *Palestine* out-done.  
For here they find a more secure Abode,  
*Egypt* once *Jacob* sav'd, and now his God.  
The wandering God returns, the Tyrant dead,  
To rich *Judea's* Soil from whence he fled.  
Where he begins his Kingdom to assert,  
And his mirac'lous Vertue to exert.  
The *Blind* receiv'd their Sighs, their Feet the *Lame*,  
And the *Dumb* spake to celebrate his Fame.  
Loud *Storms* and *Winds* were hush'd at his Command,  
And fierce wild *Beasts* did tame and harmless stand.  
The wandering *Dead* arise, and hasty come.  
Obsequious to his Call, from out their Tomb.  
With fresh-created Fish and Loaves, he fed  
Th' admiring Crowd, that lay around him spread.  
To the *Decr'pit* he new Force appoints;  
And with strong *Nerves* new-brac'd their wither'd Joynts.  
His Breath oft cool'd fierce *Fevers* raging Flames,  
And his sole Word the deadly *Poyson* tames.  
Round him in Crowds the sick and feeble throng,  
The sick grow easie, and the feeble strong.



Fresh healing Vertue he diffus'd around,  
 And dying Men rose leaping from the Ground  
 The Languishing reviv'd, th' Afflicted cheer'd  
 Took healthful Looks, and smil'd when he appear'd.  
*Demons* at his Command vex'd Men forsake  
 And to th' Infernal Caves, and burning Lake  
 Their hasty Flight, with piercing Screeches take.

Such *Miracles* did his high Office prove,  
 And Universal Admiration move,  
 Of all the chiefest was his wondrous *Love*.  
 He whom rebellious Men might justly fear,  
 In all his chosen Terrors would appear,  
 With Military Pomp, and Trumpets sound,  
 His shining Host of Cherubs pour'd around;  
 Arm'd with keen Lightning, and the sharpest Sword,  
 That all his Magazines of Wrath afford;  
 To lay all *Warr* before him, and Efface  
 All Footsteps of Apostate *Adam's* Race,  
 He, unexampled *Love*! Attempts to win  
 Man from the Curse of *Death*, and Curse of *Sin*,  
 With Pity, more than that of Mothers Hearts,  
 With *Mercy's* Charms, and *Love's* persuasive Arts.  
 His high Design was with his Heav'nly Light,  
 To chase away th' Impenetrable Night,  
 That cover'd this lost World, and re-inspire  
 Man's frozen Breast, with fresh Celestial Fire.  
 Th' *Almighty's* faded Image to repair,  
 That its bright Lines might shine distinct and fair.  
 To raise laps'd Minds to that high State of *Love*,  
 Of *Light* and *Bliss*, the Blest enjoy above.  
 To pull all bold Usurping Passions down,  
 And settle Reason in its ancient Throne.



To break Sins heavy Chains, its Slaves release,  
And fix 'twixt Earth and Heav'n a lasting Peace.

The *Jews* amus'd with Worldly Empire's Charms,  
Hoping some Monarch with Victorious Arms,  
With *Roman* Pomp and Grandeur would arise,  
The great *Redeemer's*, humble State despise.  
Inspir'd from Hell, his Message they refuse,  
Deride his Person, and his Deeds accuse.  
He that Supplies on all in want bestow'd,  
Feasting with Miracles the hungry Crowd:  
Finds from th' obdurate *Hebrew* no relief,  
But with the twelve Companions of his Grief,  
He walk'd on his Eternal Purpose bent,  
Scattering his Heav'nly Gifts where'er he went.  
Yet did unwelcom through their Regions stray,  
From those ungrateful Cities thrust away,  
Whence he had *Devils* and *Diseases* cast,  
Him, and his proffer'd Heav'n, they from them chas'd.  
At last his spotless *Innocence* traduc'd,  
He stands before the *Roman* Throne accus'd.  
On *Cæsar's* King, *Pilate* in Judgment sits,  
Condemns him, yet his Innocence acquits.  
To please th' inexorable *Jews* he sheds  
Blood, and Heav'n's dreadful Curses on their Heads:  
That done, he wash'd his guilty Hands in vain,  
The Blood he spilt, alone could purge that Stain.

No Form of Cruelty his Foes omit,  
They give sharp *Stripes*, and on his *Face* they spit;  
Which now adoring Angels blush to see,  
Not for its Splendor, but Deformity.  
To please united Cruelty and Scorn,  
On's wounded *Head*, they fix a Crown of *Thorn*:



They dress him in a Purple *Robe*, that gone,  
 His Blood with richer Purple dyes his own.  
 A *Reed* his Hand must for a Scepter sway,  
 Which with a Rod of Ir'n shall that Contempt repay:  
 They bow in Scorn before him; whilst he fate  
 A Pageant Prince, the mockery of State.  
 What various Shapes of Cruelty are shewn,  
 Under, and on his *Cross* he's made to groan:  
 And yet he bears a heavier Load within,  
 The pressure of the World's united Sin.  
 Stretcht on the curst *Tree* his Body hangs,  
 Groaning its Life away in dying Pangs.  
 Forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n, his Breath  
 He wastes in the Pains of lingering Death:  
 Whilst on his *Soul* the blackest Horrors dwell,  
 That feels the Pains, without the Guilt of Hell.  
 The barb'rous *H. brews* for whose sake he dy'd,  
 Stand by, and see their Sov'raign *Crucify'd*,  
 Without the slight Compassion of a Tear,  
 Scarce in the Crowd, does one sad Face appear.  
 Their Insolence dares mock his dying Moans,  
 Sport with his Torments, and deride his Groans.  
 Though solid Rocks touch'd with Compassion rent,  
 The more obdurate *Jew* does not relent.

For *Man* he dies, that Heav'n may be aton'd,  
 He dies, the *Universe* afflicted groan'd;  
 Heav'n's everlasting Frame shook with the Fright,  
 And the scar'd *Sun* shrunk back, and hid his Light.  
 Thro' th' Earth's dark Vaults a shiv'ring Horror fled,  
 That whilst Convuls'd threw up th' awaken'd Dead  
 Thin pallid *Ghosts* come sweeping o'er the Grass,  
 And howling Wolves glare on them as they pass.



Hoarse Thunder rolls in Subterranean Caves,  
*Chaos* to hearken stills his raging Waves.  
Ev'n *Hell* gap'd horrible, such was the fright,  
And thro' the Chasm let thro' prodigious *Night* :  
*Night* that extinguish'd the Meridian Ray,  
And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.  
Sad Moans were heard, Shreeks, Howlings, Midnight Cries,  
And Globes of Fire hung blazing in the Skies.  
A fierce Convulsion thro' the *Temple* went,  
The Pillars trembled, and the *Veil* was rent.  
The *Heav'n's* and *Earth* both suffer'd when he dy'd,  
As *Nature's* Self, were with him Crucify'd.  
Down by their Sides the silent *Angels* laid  
Their Golden Harps, and neither sung nor play'd ;  
Their drooping Wings, and Looks dejected show  
Sadness, as much, as those blest Realms can know.

Thrice the swift Sun, his radiant Chariot drove  
O'er the blue Hills, and out-stretch'd Plains above :  
As oft the Moon had shot her paler Light,  
In Silver Threads thro' the brown Vell of Night :  
When the *Reviving Saviour* leaves his Tomb,  
And, as new-born, breaks from the Earth's dark Womb ;  
The Chains of Death shook off, he from the Ground,  
Dress'd with new Force, *Anteus* like, rebound :  
He comes in Triumph from the Conquer'd Grave,  
And this blest proof of *Resurrection* gave.  
Oft to his mournful Friends their Lord appear'd,  
And their sad Minds with Heav'nly Pleasures cheer'd :  
He then the Plan of his wise Kingdom laid,  
Who should submit, and who should be obey'd.  
To these he gave a Power to loose, and bind,  
And with fixt Bounds that Sacred Power confin'd :



He set the Rights his Subjects should enjoy,  
Which Princes must Protect, but not Annoy.  
And by wise Laws fixt all things that relate,  
To the Support of his new-founded State.

That done, pursu'd by their admiring Eyes,  
Born on a shining Cloud he did arise,  
In Heav'nly Pomp Triumphant thro the Skies.  
The Clouds dividing in Obsequious haste,  
Smil'd, gilded by his Glory, as he pass'd.  
Great *Mihcael*, *Raphael*, and the rest that boast,  
The chief Commands in the Celestial Host,  
Great Princes, Thrones, and high *Seraphick* States,  
With splendid Equipage pour'd from the Gates;  
Sublime in high Celestial Chariots rode,  
Far out of Heav'n, to meet th' ascending God.  
The Pow'rs and high Dominions with their Train,  
Shone glorious bright on th' *Etherial* Plain.  
On a fair Hill that the wide Vale commands,  
The numberless Angelick Army stands,  
Drawn up in shining Lines, and Warlike Bands.  
The Trumpets all salute him passing by,  
And in th' Air display'd the Banners fly.  
~~And now~~ arriv'd at Heav'n's *Eternal* Gate,  
Attended with his long Triumphant State,  
The blest Inhabitants due Honours give,  
And all in Arms, their conquering Prince receive.  
Dispos'd in glorious Ranks each Order Shines,  
And all the way the bright Militia Lines.  
On's *Chariot* Wheels the thronging Cherubs hang,  
With whose loud Shouts the Heav'n's high Arches rang.  
Thus did he to th' *Eternal's* Palace ride,  
The Guards stood to their Arms on either Side:



Entering he took his Place, and brightly shone  
 On the Right Hand, of his great *Father's* Throne :  
 Where he shall our great *Intercessor* stay,  
 Till the last Summons to the Judgment Day.

He ceas'd, and *Hoel* in his Arms embrac'd,  
 His God-like Friend, and cry'd, I am highly grac'd  
 With this Divine Discourse, what Thanks to you,  
 Illustrious Prince, what Thanks to Heav'n are due ?  
 Blest *Peace* came wafted on the raging Waves,  
 And your late Wreck, me and my Kingdom saves.  
 Kind Heav'n for me hath call'd forth Joy and Light,  
 From those fierce Storms, and that outrageous Night,  
 That forc'd your Vessels on th' *Armorick* Shore,  
 Your Loss I mourn, but Heav'n's Designs adore.  
 Long have I stray'd in gloomy Darkness lost,  
 Deep Gulphs, thick Woods, and trackless Mountains crost,  
 In endless Mazes, and in endless Night,  
 Without a Glimpse of Day, or Ray of Light.  
 The Gates of *Light* thrown open, you display  
 The first reviving Beams of Heav'nly Day :  
 Which darts across the Shades in shining Streaks,  
 And on my Mind in tender Dawning breaks.  
 How much I wish to see this Light Divine,  
 Rise to its Noon, and in full splendor shine ?  
 You've open'd Heav'n's Eternal Springs, whence flow  
 Those sacred Rivulets, which you bestow  
 On the parch'd Region of this barren Breast,  
 Now with pure Streams of Living Waters blest.  
 I drink them in with Joy, but thirst for more,  
 And for this thankful, still more Aid implore.

He ceas'd, the Prince who to oblige him strove,  
 Thus spake, all Seasons offer'd I'll improve,  
 To give more *Light*, and kindle greater Love.





My Toil and Sufferings, when review'd, will please,  
Caus'd by the stormy Winds and angry Seas,  
If I can thus assist your Heav'nly Course,  
Thro' gloomy Night, thick Mists, and Tempests force,  
Thro' all the Snares of Hell, till you attain  
Th' Eternal Haven, where blest *Spirits* Reign.  
Now to the Foot of Heav'n's steep Precipice,  
Ready to plunge into the deep Abyss,  
The Red-fac'd *Sun*, had roll'd the sinking Day,  
Shooting along the Plains a level Ray.  
The loving *Turtle* to his Airy Nest,  
Flies with his moaning Mate, to Coe, and rest.  
The timorous *Hare* steals from the Brakes to feed,  
And from the Yoke the lab'ring *Ox* is freed.  
With strutting Teats the *Herds* come lowing home,  
And *Beasts* of Prey o'er Hills and Forrests roam.  
And now the Princes, that had pass'd the Day  
In various talke, to *Conda* came, to stay  
Till the appearance of the Morning Ray.



# Prince Arthur.

## B. O O K III.

**N**OW the Victorious *Sun* the *Night* invades,  
 Chasing from Hill to Hill, the flying Shades:  
 Up rose the Princes, and were soon prepar'd  
 To take their Way, attended with their Guard.  
 In the same Chariot friendly they abide,  
 Maintaining pleasing Converse, as they ride.  
 The *British-Captains*, and th' *Armorick Train*,  
 On either Side their generous Courser's rein.  
 They past not far, when *Hoel* thus addrest,  
 With pleasing Looks, his Pious, British Guest:  
 Your lofty Subject now, brave Prince, resume,  
 How shall your *Lord* from Heav'n to Judgment come,  
 What follows, what precedes the general Doom?

The *Briton* then began:  
 Before the Son of *God* appears on high,  
 Prodigious Signs are seen thro' all the Sky.  
 New-lighted *Comets* shake their fiery Hair,  
 Or trail their flaming Trains along the Air.  
 Vast circling Flakes of Fire the World amaze,  
 And intermixt, prodigious *Meteors* blaze.  
 The Sky shines terrible with Lightning's Flame;  
 And Thunder shakes the Universal Frame:  
 Th' impetuous Roar, o'erturns Heav'n's lofty Towers,  
 And Starry Fragments fall in burning Showers.



Rent Clouds, pour Seas of raging *Sulphur* down,  
 Whose livid Flames th' extinguish'd Sun-beams drew,  
 Cross the red Air the flaming Torrents fly,  
 Gushing from all the fiery Springs on high.  
 The melting *Orbs*, and Firmaments conspire,  
 To make up one Tempestuous Sea of Fire.  
 The glowing *Spheres* dissolve with Heat, and all  
 In mighty Floods of liquid Crystal fall.  
 The lofty Diques gape wide, which stood around,  
 And from the dark Abyss did Nature bound;  
*Chaos* comes pouring thro' the hideous Crack,  
 And Nature's Ruines, and th' amazing Wreck  
 Of burning Worlds, lie floating on his Waves;  
 Scarce its high Bank th' Emphyreal Region saves.  
 Heav'n's spacious *Balls* are on each other hur'd,  
 Ruin with Ruin crush'd, and *World* o'erturn'd with *World*.  
 Confusion, Noise, and Horrour fill the Air,  
 The Earth, loud Cries, Destruction, and Despair.  
 Fierce Storms of raging Vapours, which aspire,  
 Mixt with hot Steams, from subterranean Fire,  
 That Lakes of Sulphur, burning all beneath,  
 That kindled *Naphtha*, and hot Metals Breath;  
 The Earth's grip'd Bowels with Convulsions rack,  
 And with loud Noise their trembling Prisons crack.  
 Imprison'd Thunder roars for wider room,  
 Proclaiming loud the World's approaching Doom.  
 The *Globe* distorted, burst, disjoynted, rent,  
 Gives to the burning Exhalations vent:  
 Thro' gaping Clefts, the flaming Tempest flies,  
 And Hurricanes of Fire confound the Skies.  
 Great Cities, Mountains, Rocks, and shatter'd Hills,  
 Vast abrupt Tracks of Land, and sinking Isles,  
 Sap'd by the Flame, which underneath destroys;  
 Fall down with mighty Cracks, and dreadful Noise;

Prodigious



Prodigious Ruine filling all the Caves,  
And dashing high the subterranean Waves.  
*Ætna, Vesuvius,* and the fiery kind,  
Their Flames within blown up with stormy Wind  
With dire Concussions, and loud Roar complain  
Of deadly Gripes, and fierce consuming Pain.  
The labring Mounts belch drossy Vomit out,  
And throw their melted Bowels round about.  
Broad Sheets of Flame, Pillars of Pitchy Smoak,  
And glowing Stones, the airy Region choak.  
Down their scorcht Sides metallick Torrents flow,  
And form a dismal, flaming Sea below :  
The fiery Deluge rolls along the Ground,  
Dreadful for Colour, horrible for Sound.  
Huge Stones, and vast unmelted Cakes of Oar,  
The thick, unwieldy Tide encumber more.  
~~He~~ in Triumph, smear'd with Smoak and Blood,  
Rides cross the Ridge of the tremendous Flood.  
It burns new Channels riding o'er the Plain,  
And turns o'er Cities with its pond'rous Train.  
Down to the Deep it rolls its massy Waves,  
Out-roars the Ocean, and its Waters braves :  
Plung'd in the Seas it unextinguish'd lies,  
And o'er the Waves the glowing Wedges rise.  
The affrighted Seas the burning Horror fly,  
And the bare Shores beneath the Deluge fry.  
Into the Air th' exhaling Ocean goes,  
Where Waters slept, a Lake of Sulphur glows  
All the hot Seeds, and hidden Stores of Fire,  
From subterranean Prisons freed, conspire  
With their bright Arms to lay all Nature waste,  
And to the general Conflagration haste.  
A fiery Chaos Reigns with lawless Power,  
And unresisted Flames the World devour.



These Signs first giv'n, amidst the Starry Spheres,  
 With all the Pomp of Heav'n the *Judge* appears.  
 Before his Chariot-Wheels, that roll on high,  
 Whirlwinds, and Clouds discharging Thunder fly,  
 And curling Lightnings run along the Sky.  
 Immortal *Thrones*, pour'd out from Heav'n's bright Gates,  
 Dominions, *Bowers*, *Seraphic* Potentates,  
 Crown'd *Saints*, and *Martyrs* rang'd in glorious Rows,  
 Attend his Chariot, and his State compose.  
 The dazzling Pomp stretches across the Sky,  
 From utmost East to West, and passing by  
 The Heavenly Orbs, comes on descending flow,  
 Into the Airy Region here below.  
 O'er all the Sky, Heav'n's mighty Army shines,  
 And here it halts in deep embattel'd Lines.  
 In bright Celestial Armour-clad, they stand,  
 Their Swords of temper'd Flame drawn in their Hand:  
 They mark a *Camp* of spacious Circuit out,  
 And cast up Crystal Ramparts round about.  
 On some fit Eminence, they raise on high  
 Their Lord's August Pavilion in the Sky:  
 His bright, sublime *Tribunal* here they place,  
 On which he sits, with awful, God-like Grace.  
 Such Flames of Fire, wheeling in Clouds of Smoak,  
 Issue from thence, as from Mount *Sinai* broke.  
 Array'd with Majesty, and cloath'd with Light,  
 He Glory darts too fierce for Angels Sight.  
 In *Hallelujahs* they his Greatness sing.  
 And the *Shook* Spheres, with loud *Hosannas* ring.  
 Thus on the Throne, the Saviour sits prepar'd,  
 To judge the World, to punish and reward.



And now th' unnumber'd Armies stand,  
 Grasping revenging Firebrands in the Hand,  
 And only wait their Leader's high command.  
 The Signal for a general Shout shall take  
 A round, greater than Armies make  
 In going to battel, or was heard in Rome,  
 When conquering *Cæsar* came in Triumph home.  
 Their furious Arms devouring Tempests throw  
 On all the guilty, trembling World below.  
 They pour down mighty, fiery *Cataracts*,  
 Flaming *Bitumen*, and *Sulphureous* Lakes;  
 Red Showers of fiery Arrows hilling fly,  
 And flashing Lightning flames around the Sky.  
 Fires from above, combin'd with Fires below,  
 O'er all the Earth in ruddy Torrents flow.  
 Vengeance Divine, wastes Nature's burning Store,  
 And drowns the Earth in Fire, all drown'd in Guilt before.  
 The Heat dissolves the Fabrick of the World,  
 The broken parts fall down, confus'dly hurl'd.  
*Chaos* restor'd does in wild Triumph reign,  
 And ruin'd Worlds his hideous Throne sustain.

Some great *Archangel* now springs forth on high,  
 And with the loudest Trumpet of the Sky,  
 Summons th' astonish'd, gazing World to come,  
 To Judgment and the Universal Doom.  
 The dreadful Noise shakes Heav'n's Etherial Mounds  
 And in loud Ecchoes from the Spheres rebounds:  
 Ecchoes terrible, and piercing shrill,  
 That the low World with dire Amazement fill.  
 The guilty *Fiends* shriek out at these Alarms,  
 That in the Air fly thick in murmuring Swarms:



Their Prince himself  
 But spreads his  
 They sink  
 Or into  
 They find <sup>Clear</sup> <sup>now</sup> arriv'd at last,  
 Their bold Rebellions past  
 That shall Torments they shall be restrain'd  
 And lie on flaming Billows chain'd.  
 When He no more its Prisoners shall release,  
 And Sin's empire must for ever cease.

No less the dreadful Sound, and awful Sight,  
 Found proud Tyrants, and their Guards affright.  
 What Horror now distracts each guilty Soul,  
 In their sad Breasts, what storms of Vengeance roll!  
 How will they bear this dismal Scene of Woe,  
 Where they will stay secure, or whither go!  
 Tenour, Distraction, Anguish, fierce Despair  
 Drink up their Vitals, and their Heart-strings tear.  
 Ten Thousand poison'd Darts strike thro' their Reins,  
 And wound them with unsufferable Pains.  
 The Vulture bred within their Bowels gnaws,  
 Conscience gins them with her Harpy's Claws.  
 Wounds, such Pangs must now be born,  
 Or a long Death, the sad Fortorn.  
 What strange Confusion in their Looks appears,  
 What wild Amazement, Guilt and deadly Fears!  
 What howling Lamentation, what dire Cries,  
 What dismal Shrieks, and Yellings fill the Skies!

Besides, the Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground,  
 The startled Dead awaken at the Sound:  
 The Grave resigns its ancient Spoils, and all  
 Death's Adamantine Prisons burst, and fall.



Twelve Gates of Orient ~~Peaks~~ unshake stand,  
 Shut, - and unbarr'd by the Almighty's Hand.  
 A steepy Gulph is plac'd beneath the Walls,  
 And down as low as Hell's Abyss, it falls.  
 Lest Hostile Fiends should leave their burning Lake,  
 And bold Excursions to these Regions make.  
 The Air's Serene, and fit for happy Minds,  
 Secure from Thunder, and th' Assaults of Winds.  
 No Clouds, but those of curling Incense rise,  
 By playing Zephyrs ~~to~~ about the Skies;  
 That with their gentle Breath sweet Odours blow,  
 Which from Blest Woods, and Heav'nly Garden flow.  
 No noxious Damps, the Region's so sublime,  
 From Hell's Infernal Caves, can hither Climb.  
 No foul terrestrial Steams pollute the Air,  
 No Breaths ascend, but those of Praise and Prayer.  
 Essential Glory, from th' Almighty's Face,  
 With its resplendent Efflux, lights the Place.  
 All Heav'n's fair Orbs, thinn'd and beat out in Light,  
 Would not spread out a Day, so pure and bright,  
 As that, the Saints illustrious Order sits,  
 Fre the encircling Glory round their Heads.  
 The vanquish'd Sun would there seem Dark, his Light  
 Whence our course Day proceeds, would there make Night  
 So Glorious are the Dwellings of the Saints,  
 Out-done by nothing, but th' Inhabitants.

On lofty Thrones the Heav'nly Princes sit,  
 In Robes as white as new-fall'n Snow, and writ  
 In Golden Characters, their Foreheads bear  
 Their Saviour's Name, their Breasts his Image wear.  
 Immortal Vigour shines on ev'ry Face,  
 They look with Mild, but with Majestick Grace



Thick Beams of Light stream out from ev'ry Head,  
Each Saint does his own Heav'n about him spread,  
His radiant Feet, on pointed Glory tread. }

Safe on the Shore with Pleasure they behold,  
How the thick Waves are on each other rowl'd.  
What Dangers of a strange amazing Shape,  
What fatal Rocks, they scarcely did escape.  
They hear the Winds grow loud and turbulent,  
See Clouds wolv'n big, with Thunder in 'em pent,  
With which the lowering Sky is over-cast,  
Hang down upon the Seas which they have past  
Viewing these Waves themselves did once endure,  
They stand surpriz'd, as if not yet secure.  
Aim'd at all the Glory they possess,  
Wonder almost suspends their Happiness.  
They on so sweet, and rich a Climate thrown,  
Forget their Dangers, now for ever gone.  
Th' Almighty they enjoy, at whose Right-hand  
Fulness of Joy, and Life Eternal stand.  
Down from his Throne, as Light does from the Sun,  
Rivers of fresh Delight for ever run.  
With ravish'd Eyes they drink in Heavenly Beams,  
Which from his Face flow down in Glorious Streams.  
They gaze so on the Beatifick Sight,  
Till they become all Intellectual Light:  
So long they his substantial Brightness view,  
Till they all grow Divine, and God-like too.  
So quick they feel the mighty Influx come,  
The most voracious, thirsty Souls want room:  
They widen and extend themselves, to hold  
These Floods of Joys, which to their Breasts are roll'd;  
Till they a vast, unmeasur'd Bliss possess,  
And strive beneath th' unweildy Happiness.



If but a Glimpse of Heaven, whose Glory shines  
 Thro' the thick Clouds in weak, refracted Beams  
 Can please so much, what Joys have those above,  
 Where perfect Knowledge, kindles perfect Love?  
 Transports Ineffable their Minds employ,  
 Delug'd in Glory, lost in Tides of Joy.

Here Innocence will all its Lustre show,  
 The mournful Looks thrown off, it wore below  
 Sorrows for ever banish hence, repair  
 To the low, guilty Regions of the Air.  
 There no black Clouds of Discontent appear,  
 Which spread themselves o'er these dark Vallies here.  
 No Groans are heard, no Tears fall down the Face,  
 To interrupt the Joy, of this blest Place.  
 No crossing Arms, or sad dejected Eyes  
 Seek out the secret Corners of the Skies.  
 If Course, Terrestrial Pleasures, court the Sense  
 With such strong Charms, the few can make defence;  
 When backward Nature's forc'd by Wit, and Art,  
 All her delicious Treasures to impart.  
 When the short Days in all Delights are spent,  
 Which soft, luxurious Asia can invent:  
 What are the Nobler Pleasures, which transport  
 The blest, that reign in this Celestial Court?  
 Which no Decay, or Intermision know,  
 Debas'd, when liken'd to the best below.  
 The Clouds all broke, the Tempest chas'd away,  
 The smiling Skies disclose a chearful Day.  
 They've chang'd the Desert's dry and barren Sand  
 For all the Riches of a fruitful Land.  
 Where with Immortal Food they're ever fed,  
 And drink pure Pleasures at the Fountain's Head.



Lament, Distress, and Grief, are banish'd hence,  
The sad Companions once, of Innocence.  
No dying *Martyrs* Flames, or private Cries  
Of *Innocents* oppress'd, disturb the Skies.

Here our Delights are mixt with base Allay,  
We have at best but a Tempestuous Day:  
Our Sweets are still attended with a Sting,  
And great Enjoyments, greater Sorrows bring.  
Delights, those Beautiful Illusions, play  
Around us, and, when grasp'd, they glide away.  
Here tempting Joys, our fond Embraces fly,  
Choice, Foreign Flow'rs, they only Blow, and Dye.  
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,  
But, like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretel.  
Pure unmixt Pleasures on us never flow'd,  
But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.  
But those above, see no-unlovely Day,  
Their Joys no-mixture know, nor fear Decay.  
In those black Realms they know no-thoughtful Care,  
Ever to Triumph is th' Employment there.  
There's no Vicissitude of Day, and Night,  
No Years, or Ages, measure Heav'n's Delight;  
Time has quite finish'd, and gone thro' its Round,  
It did their Grief, but can't their Pleasure Bound.  
Its Streams here disembogu'd for ever ly,  
Lost in th' Abyss of Immortality.  
They no sad Fears of future Sorrows know,  
Completely Happy, and for ever so.  
For Ever!  
We strive in vain to hold this Boundless Space,  
Too wide and vast, for Mortals to Embrace.  
Our Arms may calsp the Earth with greater Eaie,  
And spread themselves a-shore to all the Seas.

When



When Ages have their widest Circle run,  
 Heav'n wears not, still its Joys are but begun.  
 The Hero's here forget their toil and pain,  
 And in Eternal Peace, and Triumph reign.

No more the Scoffer mocks their pious Care,  
 As Native Dulness, and ungrounded Fear.  
 How different Fate he and the Impious kind,  
 Chain'd in the dark infernal Prisons, find.  
 Near the wild Deep where restless Atoms fight,  
 And th' unfrequented Coasts of ancient Night,  
 Where Nature ne'er on Pregnant Matter sate,  
 To ha' warm Life, and its straight Bounds dilate:  
 There stands the vast, unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,  
 Where Sin and Death, in all their Terrors dwell.  
 Beyond the Verge of Day, these Regions lie,  
 As low and black, as Heav'n is bright and high.  
 Horror, and Night hang dismal o'er the place,  
 And grizly Forms fill all the gloomy space.  
 Dead Seas of pond'rous Darkness lie around,  
 And the sad Realms, from Light's grey Frontiers bound.  
 Darkness which blunts the sharpest pointed Ray,  
 And unannoy'd, repels th' Invading Day.  
 The sluggish Air is choak'd with foultry Gleams,  
 With poisonous Damps, and suffocating Steams;  
 Which from wide Lakes of boiling Sulphur rise,  
 Laden with Groans, and Everlasting Cries.  
 No such malignant Breaths, such deadly Reeks,  
 The delving Miner that hid Treasure seeks,  
 E'er let out from a subterranean Cell,  
 As those which break from the black Mouth of Hell.  
 A fiery Sea burns fiercely all beneath,  
 Blown up, and kindled by th' Almighty's Breath.



flaming Heaps the livid *Ocean* rolls,  
And scaling Waves involve despairing Souls.  
The boiling Floods terrific Colours shew,  
Some deeply Red, and others faintly Blue.  
These with the Shades contend, but can't dispel  
The Darkness which surrounds the burning Cell:  
Or if they do, they dart pale, dismal Light,  
Worse than the Horrors of the blackest Night.  
The scobled *Whirlpool* belches Burnings out,  
And throws red Seas of Sulphur round about.  
Columns of *Smoke*, with spiral Flames of *Fire*  
Inwreath'd, from wide-mouth'd Furnaces aspire.  
Hence the black *Region* is annoy'd with Fumes,  
Stench, Reeks, and Flame, which kills, but not consumes.  
So when a *Mount*, rich with metalick Seeds,  
In its rich Sides a secret Burning feeds:  
Soultring within, it casts up Pitchy Smoke,  
And the dead Air ascending Vapours choak.  
In mighty Floods the wide *Volcano* throw  
Their melted Treasures out, and overflow  
With glowing Torrents, all the Neighb'ring Ground,  
Which lies beneath a burning Deluge drown'd.  
Thro' all the Air the liquid Riches fly,  
And Floods of Fire dash thick against the Sky.

All *Hope* for ever banish'd flies this Place,  
And fixt *Despair* sits Pale on ev'ry Face.  
Grief, Anguish, Terrou, Shame, Confusion here,  
In Forms more terrible than Death, appear.  
Here hateful *Sin* throws off its flatt'ring Charms,  
And shews a Monster in the Sinner's Arms.  
It now no more can please awaken'd Eyes,  
Stript of stoll'n Beauties, and the fair Disguise



Of promis'd *Good*, it does it self disclose  
 Its hideous Shape, and ghastly Visage shows.  
 Th' affrighted Sinner seeing, fain would fly  
 Th' Embraces of such foul Deformity :  
 He would forget their past Endearments now,  
 And from the Monster strives in haste to go :  
 But will not be ; those Friends on Earth must dwell  
 For ever, sad Companions too, in Hell.

This fiery Gulph, was as their just reward,  
 For *Lucifer*, and his black Host prepar'd,  
 Where now the *Friends*, once fairest Sons of Light,  
 Lie pluck'd in Flame, chain'd in Eternal Night,  
 These wretched Minds, once pure and free from Stain,  
 In the Palaces of Heav'n did reign.  
 Array'd with dazzling Brightness, there they dwelt  
 Blest with their great *Creator's* light, and felt  
 The beaming Influx breaking from his Face,  
 And shar'd the Pleasures of that Blissful Place.  
 Till with the task of blest Obedience tir'd,  
 They to th' *Eternal's* Sacred Throne aspir'd.  
 Incens'd with such Ambitious Aims, their Lord  
 Strikes thro' the Rebels with his flaming Sword.  
 Headlong he casts them from the Seats above,  
 No longer now, the Creatures of his Love.  
 Flaming, and Thunder-struck, the Traytors fell,  
 And sink down to the fiery Jaws of Hell.  
 As when strong-rising Flames resistance find,  
 Beat downwards, by a fierce, impetuous Wind :  
 The liquid Pyramids, with labour bend  
 Their tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend.  
 So did these *Beings* of a Heavenly Race,  
 Fall from the Regions of their Native Place ;



Still working us, they sunk in Pair and Toil,  
 For downwards thrown, their Natures still recoil.  
 So difficult 's an *Angel's* Fall, and thus—  
 Sinking's to them, what rising is to us.

But who has Strength to oppose th' *Almighty's* Hand,  
 Who can against his deadly Terrours stand?  
 He with a single Word, an angry Frown,  
 Summon'd this Host, and cast them headlong down.  
 Confounded, and amaz'd they sink, and all  
 Heav'n's Plagues, and Wrath, pursu'd them in their Fall.  
 Here they must lie far from the Coasts of Bliss,  
 Chain'd in the Dungeons of the dark Abyss:  
 Where now they feel what *Guilty's* Demerits are,  
 Weltring in Fire, and tortur'd with Despair.  
 How much they curse the sad Exchange, black Night,  
 And endless Death, for Heav'nly Joy and Light.  
 Sunk deep in liquid Fire they lift their Eyes,  
 Red both with Heat and Anguish, to the Skies:  
 Then rave aloud, to think what Joys they've lost,  
 To think how dear their bold Rebellion cost.  
 Nor is the change of these two Dwellings such,  
 So great, but they themselves, are chang'd as much.  
 See how deform'd they are, to what before,  
 Stript of the Glory that in Heav'n they wore;  
 How much they look too like their guilty Stat;  
 How foul, and how unlike themselves of late.  
 Such fatal Changes one bold Crime can make,  
 Heav'n's lost, nay more left for a burning Lake.

Man's Crime th' Infernal Gates did open lay,  
 And rais'd, and pav'd, a broad and easie Way;  
 Leading a-cross the Gulph from Earth to Hell;  
 Where now, lost Men, with impious Spirits dwell.



A Way that's throng'd with mighty Crowds of those,  
 That for *Delight* and *Ease*, this Passage chose.  
 In Sports and Mirth they journey on, and find  
 All the Delights which please a *Vicious* Mind.  
 The Way's so wondrous smooth, so prone and broad,  
 They rather fall, than travel down this Road.  
 But how surprizing is their Journey's End,  
 To what dire Seats does this smooth Passage tend?  
 Down to th' Infernal Gulph they sporting glide,  
 Born on enchanting Pleasure's wanton Tide.  
 A sad exchange they meet, outrageous Seas  
 Of Sulphurous Fire, for Luxury and Ease.  
 In Dar'ning chain'd, on flaming Billows tost,  
 Too late they find themselves for ever lost;  
 Hopelss they rave, and curse the easy Way,  
 That did their Feet to these sad Realms betray.

Hither the *Damnd*, the final Sentence past,  
 With *Cherubs* bright, revenging Swords are chas'd  
 Purs'd with everlasting Wrath, they take  
 Their woful Refuge, in the burning Lake.  
 Transfixt on unextinguish'd Fire they lie,  
 Burn without waste, without expiring die.  
 Those Agonies, those Terrors here they know,  
 That from a self-revenging *Conscience* flow.  
 Grip'd with the sad Remembrance of their Sin,  
 They feel the *Stygian* Viper gnaw within.  
 With dally Stings, th' *Almighty* wounds their Hearts,  
 And in their Breasts sticks deep his fiery Darts.  
 Along their Veins tempestuous Vengeance rolls,  
 Pouring Despair, and Horror on their Souls.  
 Who can with everlasting Burnings dwell,  
 And bear the Guilt, and Punishment of Hell?



What Strength or Courage can support the Load,  
Of Wrath, inflicted by th' Almighty God ?

Hear how the *Damn'd* devout'd with Plagues, begin  
To curse aloud their Judge, *Themselves, their Sin.*  
Supported with their Anguish, Grief, and Shame,  
They gnash their Teeth, and bite the raging Flame.  
Then sink in deep Despair, such Sighs they breath,  
Such dismal Groans, which but to hear, is Death.  
A secret Fire their Breasts, like *Aetna*, feed,  
And like that too, do their own Thunder breed.  
Their Hellish Nature its own Punishment,  
Is a worse Plague, than Furies can invent.  
Their *Lusts* like Vultures, tear their inward parts,  
And never-ceasing Torments, rend their Hearts.  
Their vicious Appetites, not yet destroy'd,  
Still crave the Pleasures, they on Earth enjoy'd  
Though those are gone, the fierce, untam'd Desire  
Remains, and burns worse than their Lake of Fire.  
But what's the most afflicting Plague of Hell,  
With all these Woes, they must for ever dwell.  
*For Ever !* Fatal State, for *Ever !* who  
Can bear the Doom of *Everlasting Woe* ?  
What deadly Pangs, what fierce Convulsions rend  
Their Breasts, who know their Pains shall never end ?  
How the despairing *Damn'd* cry out, Is this  
The Place we chose, instead of Heav'nly Bliss,  
Is this black Prison, these tormenting Chains,  
This Lake of Fire, and these Eternal Pains,  
The dismal Repompence our Crimes afford,  
And must we thus curst, tortur'd, and abhorr'd,  
In these consuming Flames, these Torrents ly,  
To all the Ages of *Eternity* ?



Curst be the fatal *Crimes*, which we obey'd,  
 Which stole our Hearts, and have our Lives betray'd.  
 Curst be the transient false *Delights* that shew'd  
 The Charms, which we so greedily pursu'd;  
 Till down the steepy Precipice, we fell  
 Into this deep Abyss of *Death*, and *Hell*;  
 Curst be the treacherous *Jays*, that leave us now  
 Dcom'd to Despair, lost in Eternal Woe.

He ended, *Hoel* highly pleas'd, express'd  
 The grateful Sense, which fill'd his joyful Breast.  
 Methinks he cry'd, I view th' infernal Caves,  
 And see the *Damn'd* float on the raging Waves  
 In the dire Lake, where flaming Brimstone rolls,  
 And hear the dismal Groans of tortur'd Souls:  
 Then looking up, I see the Fiest above,  
 Dissolv'd in Raptures of Eternal Love.  
 I seem to view their bright, triumphant Throngs,  
 And hear their *Harps*, and sweet Harmonious Songs  
 Then he the *Orator* various questions asks,  
 Who with great Joy performs the pious Tasks,  
 He teaches sacred *Myst'ries* yet behind,  
 And stamps the *Christian* Image on his Mind.



# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK IV.

In *Divine* Discourse, on things sublime,  
 The Royal Pair with Pleasure pass'd their Time.  
 The day wears, the Sun-beam faintly bound,  
 And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground.  
 Advanc'd, the rising Eminence they gain,  
 Which gave full prospect o'er the fertile Plain,  
 Where the Imperial Seat of *Heaven* stands,  
 And all the Soil and Towns around, commands.  
 Fair *Liger* the *Armoric* Region's Pride,  
 Does thro' the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,  
 And rolls his Silver Volumes by its side.  
 Here the *Nannatian* Heroes did of old,  
 For Arms and Wisdom fam'd, the Scepter hold.  
*Arthur* the Structure's height, and Pomp admires,  
 The lofty Walls, strong Towers, and glitt'ring Spires.  
 He views the rich and fruitful Region round,  
 Where wanton *Nature* fate in Pleasure crown'd.  
 Scattering with lavish Bounty on the Soil,  
 Riches and Jeys, without the Owner's Toil.

To Martial Sports by thirst of Honour led,  
 The active Youth o'er all the Fields are spread.  
 Some of robust Limbs advance their Fame  
 In wrestling Rings, the fam'd *Olympick* Game.



Some rein their manag'd Steeds with Manly grace,  
 Some swift in *running*, strain to win the Race.  
 Some hurling pond'rous *Balls* their Fellows brave,  
 Some twang the *Bow*, and some the *Colours* wave.  
 But all desert their Games, and Warlike sport,  
 And round the Kings, run shouting to the Court.  
 Which was an ancient, stately *Pile*, that stood  
 On the sweet Banks of *Liger's* peaceful Flood.  
 Alighted here, th' *Armoric* Prince express'd,  
 All signs of welcom to his Royal Guest.  
 He leads him to a fair and spacious Room,  
 Hung with rich Pieces, from the finest Loom:  
 Rare Workmanship, where fam'd *Sydonian* Art  
 Did all her Force, and happy Strokes impart.  
 Each piece fresh Pleasure, and new Wonder feeds,  
 Fill'd with th' *Armoric* King's Heroick Deeds:  
 Their great Exploits in single Combate done;  
 The Towns they conquer'd, and the Fields they won.  
 Pleas'd with the Skill, and Story, *Arthur* stands,  
 And much of this, and much of that, demands

Mean time, within a *Supper* they prepare,  
 With great Magnificence, and Regal Fare.  
 Strong, brawny Servants sweat, and panting strode,  
 O'er-burden'd with the *Meats* unweildy Load.  
 The Iv'ry *Tables* groan beneath the weight,  
 Of high pil'd *Dishes*, all of massy Plate,  
 In decent Order set, and Princely State.  
 All things appear, which curious search can find,  
 Or in the *Finny*, or the *Feather'd* Kind:  
 Which *Hills*, or ransack'd *Forests* can impart,  
 Profusely heap'd, set off with costly Art.  
 Of polish'd Gold capacious *Goblets* shine,  
 With sparkling *Stones* enrich'd, and sparkling *Wine*.

Delicious



Delicious . . . and with fresh *Laurel* stood  
 lofty Pyramids, a golden Wood.  
 great Lights in silver Sconces plac'd on high,  
 nine round the Room, and more than Day supply  
 both fate, the *Brigions* take their place,  
 to the th' *Armorick* Captains grace.

careful highly pleas'd; they sit, and eat,  
 with the Art they praise; and now the Meat.  
 Instruments, some Strung, and some of Wind,  
 heard, in sweet melodious Consort join'd,  
 by Hoboy, and the sweet-mo'nd Flute,  
 lightly Violin, and warbling Lute;  
 With the sonorous Viol, mingling sound,  
 Soft Ayres, and Heav'nly Harmony compound.

But that which *Arthur* with most pleasure heard,  
 Were noble Strains, by *Mopas* sung the Bard,  
 Who to his Harp in lofty Verse began;  
 And thro' the secret Maze of Nature ran.  
 He the great Spirit sung, that all things fill'd,  
 That the tumultuous Waves of *Chaos* still'd.  
 Whose Noe dispos'd the jarring Seeds to Peace,  
 And made the Wars of hostile *Atomes* cease.  
 All Beings we in fruitful Nature find,  
 Led from the great *Eternal* Mind;  
 Streams of his unexhausted Spring of Power,  
 And cherish'd with his Influence, endure.  
 He spread the pure *Cerulean* Fields on high,  
 And Arch'd the Chambers of the Vaulted Sky:  
 Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,  
 Adorn'd with Globes, that reel, as drunk with Light.  
 His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,  
 He turn'd their Orbs, and posin'd all the Stars.



He fill'd the *Sun's* vast Lamp with Golde  
 And bid the silver *Moon* adorn the Night.  
 He spread the Airy Ocean without Shores,  
 Where *Birds* are wafted with their feather'd Oars.  
 Then sung the Bard how the light *Vapours* rise  
 From the warm Earth, and Cloud the smiling Ski  
 He sung how some, chill'd in their Airy flight,  
 Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night.  
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Steams  
 On the reflected *Points* of boundin' Beams:  
 Till chill'd with Cold, ~~and~~ shade the *Ethereal* Plain,  
 Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain.  
 How some, whose parts a slight Contexture form,  
 Sink hovering thro' the Air, in fleecy Snow.  
 How part is spun in finer Threads, and clings  
 Entangled in the *Glass* the *lacy* Strings.  
 How others stamp to *Stones* ~~which~~ rushing sound  
 Fall from their *Crystal* Quarries, to the Ground.  
 How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly  
 In harmless *Fires* by Night, about the Sky.  
 How some in *Winds* blown with impetuous Force,  
 And carry Ruine where they bend their Course:  
 While some conspire to form a gentle Breez,  
 To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.  
 How some enrag'd grow turbulent, and loud,  
 Pent in the *Bevels* of a frowning Cloud;  
 That cracks, as if the *Axis* of the World  
 Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Towers were downwar'd.  
 He sung how Earth's wide Ball at *Love's* command,  
 Did in the midst on Airy Columns stand.  
 And how the *Soul* of *Plants*, in Prison held,  
 And bound with sluggish Fetters lies conceal'd;  
 Till with the Spring's warm Beams, almost releas'd  
 From the dull Weight, with which it is oppress'd,



and makes the teeming Earth  
 up, and labour with the sprouting Birth:  
 tive *Spirits* freedom seeks in vain,  
 links and twists a stronger Chain.

Prison's sides to break away,  
 It runs it wider, where 'tis forc'd to stay:  
 Till nature form'd its living House, it rears  
 And ends, and in a tender *Plant* appears.  
 Hence springs the *Oak*, the Beauty of the Grove,  
 Whose stately Trunk, fierce Storms can scarcely move.  
 The *Pine* grows the *Cedar*, hence the curling *Vine*  
 And round the *Elm* its purple Clusters twine.  
 Hence painted *Flowers* the smiling Gardens bless,  
 Both with their fragrant Scent, and gawdy Dress.  
 Hence the white *Lilly*, in full Beauty grows,  
 Hence the blue *Violet*, and blushing *Rose*.  
 He sung how *Sun-beams* brood upon the Earth,  
 And in the *Glebe* hatch such a numerous Birth;  
 Which way they genial warmth in *Summer* Storms  
 Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of *Worms*.  
 Now *Rain*, transform'd by this prolific Power,  
 Falls from the Clouds, an animated Shower.  
 He sung the *Embryo's* growth within the Womb,  
 And how the parts their various Shapes assume.  
 With what rare Art the wondrous Structure's wrought,  
 From one crude Mass to such Perfection brought  
 That no Part useless none misplac'd we see,  
 None are forgot, and more would Monstrous be.

Such was the splendor of King *Hoel's* Feast;  
 Which ended, *Arthur* straight retires to rest.  
*Hoel* not so, but with the *Britons* fate,  
 Asking of *Albion's* past, and present State.



Much he inquires of their intestine jars,  
 Much of the *Picts*, and of the *Saxon* Wars.  
 At last, requested *Lucius* to relate,  
 Prince *Arthur's* Story, and King *Uter's* Fate:  
*Lucius* began, the rest attentive wait.

How sad a Task do your Commands impose,  
 Which must renew unnumberable Woes?  
 Which must our Grief with fresh Affliction feed,  
 And make your generous Heart with pity bleed.  
 Whilst I the dismal Scene of Ills disclose,  
 And bleeding *Albion's* ghastly Wounds expose.  
 The cruel Foes in telling would relent,  
 And with their Tears, the Spoils they caus'd, lament.  
 Pity would *Picts* and *con* Breasts invade,  
 And make them mourn, o' the dire Wounds they made.  
 But since you are pleas'd to hear our Country's Fate,  
 I'll pay Obedience, and our Woes relate.

Great *Empires*, like their Founders, Mortal are,  
 And the sad marks of Age, and Sicknes bear.  
 Their strong Foundations mouldring wear away,  
 And sapp'd by Time's devouring Teeth, decay.  
 Triumphant *Rome*, with Pomp and Grandeur crown'd,  
 Proudly survey'd the Conquer'd World around.  
 The Cold and Burning Zone obey'd her Arms,  
 And either *Pole* trembled at her Alarms.  
 Where Storms can beat, or angry Billows foam,  
 Where Sails can fly, or savage Beasts can roan,  
 Proud *Tyber's* swelling Tide no Banks withstood,  
 Which o'er the *Globe* roll'd her Victorious Flood.  
 To so sublime a pitch of Power and Fame,  
*Rome's* wise and valiant Sons advanc'd her Name.



Sons, that ~~the~~ ~~ere~~ ~~when~~ vigorous Youth did crown  
 With Beauty, and with Strength full grown:  
 Now ~~ed~~ ~~with~~ ~~Age~~ and *Vice* at last,  
 Her Strength, and Youthful Vigour waste.  
 Down, a puny wither'd Race,  
 Her Head and Arms, her Womb disgrace.  
 All her ~~romans~~, *Rome* remains bereft,  
 Her Name alone, with modern Vices left.  
 The Noble *Scipios*, and brave *Cæsars* gone,  
 A stinging Brood put great Titles on.  
 Her *Lions* now can no new Triumphs sing,  
 Her *Eagles* hang their sickly Wing.  
 To break her Yoke the *Provinces* rebel,  
 Those she invaded, now she can't repeat.  
 Fierce *Northern Storms* chastise old *Tiber's* Pride,  
 Her Banks chase the retreating Tide;  
 Boiling foaming Torrents, from high *Scythian Hills*,  
 From bleaky *Continents*, and frozen *Isles*,  
 In one vast Sea combin'd, came pouring down,  
 And *Rome's* fair Cities, and rich Valleys drown.  
 A barb'rous Flood of *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Huns*,  
 Their Banks broke down, the *Provinces* o'er-run.  
 As a tall Oak that Young and Verdant stood,  
 Above the Grove, it self a Nobler Wood;  
 His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,  
 Shading its Trees, as much, as they, the Ground.  
 Young, murmuring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,  
 And gathering Clouds frown round his lofty Head.  
 Outrageous Thunder, stormy Winds, and Rain,  
 Discharge their Fury on his Head, in vain.  
 Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above,  
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fixt Root remove:  
 But then his Strength, worn by destructive Age,  
 He can no more his angry Fees engage.



He spreads to *Heav'n* his naked, wither'd Arms,  
 As Aid imploring, from invading Harms.  
 From his dishonour'd Head, the slightest Storm  
 Can tear its Beauties, and his Limbs deform.  
 He rocks with every Wind, while on the Ground  
 Dry Leaves, and broken Arms lie scatter'd round.  
 So *Rome* decay'd.

*Britannia's* warlike Youth on this Pretence,  
 Is call'd off from her own, to *Rome's* defence:  
 Till the exhausted, weak, deserted  
 Tempted fierce Neighbours, to an ealie Spoil.  
*Britannia* of her Valiant Son's Trust,  
 Expos'd to every Ravisher is left.

The savage Foes, who did her Anger dread,  
 And from her Arms, the Wilds and Mountains fled,  
 Now leave the Coverts, where they sculking staid,  
 And roaring out, th' unguarded Land invade:  
 A cruel Rout of Northern Scots and Picts,  
 The direful Marks of barb'rous Rage inflicts.  
 Their Arms from Blood and Ravage never cease,  
 Where once they basely crouch'd, and fawn'd for Peace.  
 Wide Ruin, Desolation, Rapine, Spoil,  
 Rage in the Bowels of th' unhappy Isle.

So Wolves, the faithful Mastiffs gone, grow bold,  
 And fiercely leap into th' unguarded Fold:  
 The trembling Flock they seize with eager Claws,  
 And tear their mangled Limbs with ravening Jaws.  
 Till they stand panting with th' uneasie load,  
 O'erloyed with Carnage, and oppress'd with Blood.

*Britannia* thus dishonour'd, spoil'd, distress'd,  
 And by her proud, insulting Foes oppress'd,  
 Is forc'd of stronger Neighbours, to implore  
 That Aid and Help, she us'd to lend before.



Urg'd by Ease, and hard Necessity,  
 She ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> Expedient, that she's forc'd to try.  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> of Princes, who to prop their State  
~~Must~~ <sup>Must</sup> sink, heap on greater weight!  
~~For~~ <sup>For</sup> Distemper, where we seek for Ease  
~~From~~ <sup>From</sup> Drugs, more dang'rous than the sharp Disease.

A Warlike Race in frozen Climates bred;  
 By their Wilds, by Valiant Captains led;  
 Soil, and milder Regions fought,  
 On the happy Seats for which they fought.  
 Success, which waited on their Arms,  
 They ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> thick, Victorious Swarms.  
 Till Seas as wild, oppos'd their Torrent's Force,  
 And wavy Banks restrain'd their rapid Course.  
 They stretch their Seats along the *Belgian* Coast;  
 No Soil, can more of Nature's Favour boast:  
 No Region's blest with more indulgent Beams,  
 With fatter *Glebe*, with more, or sweeter *Streams*.  
 The warlike Saxons here their Empire rear'd,  
 With Plenty crown'd, and by their Neighbours fear'd.

King *Vortigern*, unable to oppose  
 The barb'rous *Picts*, and fierce *Albanian* Foes,  
 With humble Language, and rich Presents pray'd  
 This mighty Nation, to afford him Aid.  
 The Saxon Princes with his Prayer comply'd,  
*Britannia* was too fair to be deny'd.  
 As Friends they landed on our naked Coasts,  
 And still pour'd on their fresh, unnumber'd Hosts.  
 They chas'd indeed the barb'rous *Picts* away,  
 But seiz'd, themselves, the Kingdom as their Prey.  
 The *Lyon's* Title to the Crown they plead,  
 As Friends receiv'd, as Conquerors obey'd.



No more let *States*, vext with Intestine Wars,  
 Call in great *Princes* to compose their Jars;  
 What *Britons* by their sad Deliverance won  
 Was, by a stronger Foe, to be undone.  
 'Tis true, oppress'd, they did their Wrongs resent;  
 But 'twas too late their Counsels to repent.  
*Britannia's* weak precarious Kings, obey  
 The proud Protector's Arbitrary sway.  
 Our Forts, and Navies, and the chief Commands,  
 Were on Pretence of Caution, - in *his* Hands.  
 Th' insatiate Leeches do forever crave,  
 And for their Service, ask us all we have.  
 Our Strength is spent, and barbarous Avarice  
 Draws all our Wealth into her deep Abyss.  
 Rapine and Murder all our Cities fill,  
 Our haughty Friends take leave to Spoil and Kill.  
 These dire *Protectors*, arm'd with Lawless Power,  
 The *Plowman's* Hopes, and *Merchant's* Gains devour.  
 What we prepare, the ravenous Harpies eat,  
 And from our frighted Children tear their Meat.  
 We starve and die, while they possess our Food,  
 Grow Slep' with Ease, and Far with Spoil and Blood.  
 Villains dishonour *Virgins* in our fight;  
 And bloody *Russians* break our Doors by Night.  
 To seek redress, and of our Wrongs complain,  
 Was but to add Derision to our Pain.  
 How bitter then were sad *Britannia's* Moans,  
 What deep-fetch'd Sighs were heard, what deadly Groans?  
 Betray'd and ruin'd by a treacherous Friend,  
 We saw the Error, which we could not mend.  
 We curst our Folly, but we curst too late,  
 And all that our Mistake should imitate:  
 We wish'd Ten Thousand Woes and Plagues might light  
 On their curst Heads, who should again invite



*Victorious* Kings, with *Foreign* Arms to bleis  
 Their *Native* Country, and their Wrongs redress;  
 It will readily assist your Cause, and fight,  
 To do, to injur'd States, and Princes, Right:  
 But still they keep, what by their Arms is won,  
 Great *Monarchs* conquer for themselves alone.  
 They want a fair Pretence to seize the Prey;  
 They come as Friends, but will as Masters stay.  
 Thus *Albion* far'd, may *Heav'n* her Sons restrain,  
 From splitting on this fatal Rock again.

In vain we strove to break the servile Yoke,  
 Our impotent Attempts new Wrongs provoke.  
 At last, no greater Evils left to fear,  
 We took fresh Hope, and Courage from Despair:  
 From Ruine sprung rag'd in our Veins,  
 And Death's seem'd lighter, than the Saxon Chains.  
 Each free-born Briton thought the Choice more brave,  
 To die their Victim, than to live their Slave.  
 We that could ne'er the Tyrant's Yoke endure,  
 Boyl with Revenge, now Slaves to Foreign Power.  
 King *Uter*'s Breast swells with distracting Rage,  
 Whose wounded Soul, no Language could assuage;  
 Asham'd his Country's Freedom to out-live,  
 He takes the Councils, Grief and Fury give.  
 His *Knights* together call'd attentive wait,  
 While *Uter* sits on his high Chair of State.  
 His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward wound,  
 And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd.

Who thus began; you see what Tides of ~~Woe~~  
 What angry Seas o'er all your Country flow.  
 Th' insulting *Saxon* claims our Land, and draws  
 From greater Power, the Justice of his Cause.



Thro' all our Towns our Foes triumphant ride,  
 Wearing their awful Title by their side.  
 They shed your *Blood*, and helpless *Maids* deflow'r,  
 Exhaust your *Treasure*, and your *Land* devour.  
 A faithless *Merion*, that no Rule of Right,  
 Reveres as sacred, but superiour Might.  
 We oft our Fate in bloody Fields have try'd,  
 But *Heav'n* has Vict'ry to our Arms deny'd.  
*Egyptian* Plagues lay waste our ruin'd Land,  
 No *Moses* here, holds his controlling Wand.  
 Humbly invoc'd *Heav'n* will perhaps relent,  
 And of its fierce, accustom'd Wrath repent.  
 Perhaps the *Saxon* Crimes with louder Cries,  
 For greater Vengeance importune the Skies:  
 Let us however make one strong Effort more,  
 Our Country's Peace, and Freedom to restore.  
 We'll take the Field, it will gain us ~~greater~~ Fame,  
 To perish there, than here, with Grief and Shame.  
 How much my Soul disdains th' inglorious Chain?  
 I'll fall with Honour, or with *Honour* reign.

Tumultuous Passions, *Wrath*, *Revenge*, and *Shame*  
 Invade our Breasts, and our gall'd Souls enflame:  
 Strait, with one Voice, we all for Arms declare,  
 And every Breast already feels the War.  
 Resolv'd to make the vanquish'd *Saxons* fly,  
 Or in the just and brave Attempt to dy.  
 With Fury urg'd, we part from *Uter's* sight,  
 Resolv'd for Freedom, and our Native Right.  
 Thro' all our Towns we spread the loud Alarm,  
 And animated all our Men to Arm;  
 To vindicate their ravish'd Country's Cause,  
 To banish Foreign *Gods*, and Foreign *Laws*.



'Tis strange, how soon the *Britons* Blood was fir'd,  
 What Life and Hope their drooping Hearts inspir'd.  
 They lay / fair *Liberty* extended lie,  
 The *Saxon* Whips and Torments lying by:  
 They view her squallid Face, exhausted Veins,  
 And beauteous Limbs eat in with rusty Chains.  
 They heard her mournful Groans, and piercing Cries,  
 Her interrupted Sobs, and dying Sighs.  
 They saw from gaping Wounds, the gushing Blood  
 Enrich the Pavement, with a noble Flood.  
 While Pity, Mercy, Hope in Sorrow drown'd,  
 To finish the sad Scene, stood weeping round.  
 The *Britons* rave, resolving her Defence,  
 And vow her Rescue at their Bloods expence.  
 In *Albion* this fair Emp'ress still obey'd,  
 An uncontested Scepter ever sway'd.  
 As universal Soul she Life diffus'd,  
 And Warmth to all the heaving Mass infus'd:  
 She ever gave to all true *Britons* Hearts  
 More Vigour, than their own warm Blood imparts.  
 'Tis quick'ning *Liberty*, that gives us Breath,  
 Her Absence more, than that of *Life*, is Death.  
 Such love to *Liberty* the *Britons* show,  
 Such were her Charms, and may they still be so.  
 May never *Briton*, ceasing to be Brave,  
 Submit his Neck, content to be a Slave:  
 May those be doubly curst, that would betray  
 Their Country's Freedom, to a Foreign Sway.

Our Men enrag'd, in numerous Bodies meet,  
 Arm, Arm, was heard the Cry in every Street  
 The *Plowman* hastens to a nobler Toil,  
 Unyokes his Ox, and leaves untill'd the Soil.



Abandons all his *Flopes*, and *rastick's Care*,  
 Lays down his *Goad*, and takes the warlike *Spear*.  
 The *Tradesmen* quits his *Shop*, and takes the *Field*,  
 And makes his thirst of *Gain*, to thirst of *Honour* yield.  
 Amid *Towns* crowd about their valiant *Lords*,  
 And full of *Courage*, wave their threatening *Swords*.  
 Near *Sorbicaen's* stately Walls, a Town  
 For *Strength* and *Beauty*, of the first *Renown*;  
 Whose spacious Plains rich Seas of waving *Corn*,  
 And lowing *Herds*, and woolly *Flocks* adorn,  
 Our Universal *Rendezvous* was set,  
 Where all our *Squadrons*, and *Battallions* met.

At this time the Cautious *Saxon* was alarm'd,  
 And to dispel the gathering *Tempest*, arm'd.  
 O'er the famous *Hengist's* Son, a bold  
 And warlike Prince, did then the *Scepter* hold.  
*Hengist* that did the first our *Land* invade,  
 And brought to *Albion* his destructive *Aid*.  
 The Fifth from mighty *Odin*, whose great *Name*,  
 Had fir'd the flaggy *Wings* of weary *Fame*.  
 The Stock, from which a Race *Illustrious* springs  
 Of numerous *Hero's*, and *Victorious Kings*:  
 That founded *Empires*, and that living led,  
 Their *Conquering Armies*, and their *God*, when dead.  
 They soon the *Hills* by their long *Marches* gain,  
 And with their *Troops* o'erspread the spacious *Plain*.  
 We with their hasty *March* alarm'd, prepare  
 To guard our *Camp*, and wait th' approaching *War*.  
 Our *Parties* now in rude *Rencounters*, try'd  
 Their *Courage*, till th' advantage on our side.  
 Th' advancing *Host* at last appear'd in *fight*,  
 But *Toil* and wearing *Day*, deferr'd the *Fight*.



Now *Night* advancing, draws her Sable Train  
 Along the Air, and shades th' *Ethereal* Plain.  
 King *Uther* with his Lords in Council sat,  
 Things of th' important Juncture to debate.  
 Where Measures were concerted to oppose  
 With warlike Arts, and Force, th' impending  
 Till *Provinces* the great Commanders share,  
 And from the Council to their Posts repair:  
 Where they their Troops dispose, and Orders give,  
 How the Invading *Saxons* to receive.  
 Encamp'd we lay on advantageous Ground,  
 With strong Entrenchments, and high Works around.  
 Our cheerful Troops great Joy and Courage show,  
 And from the Works defie the powerful Foe.  
 All things dispos'd with Military Care,  
 We wait in Arms, th' approach of *Day* and *War*.

Now did the Morn disclose her smiling Ray,  
 And from the *East* let forth th' important Day.  
 To bloody Labour all things did invite,  
 And sounding *Trumpets* Martial Heat excite.  
*Heav'n's* starry Roof resounds with warlike Noise,  
 With *Horses* Thunder, and their *Riders* Voice.  
 The *Saxons* and the *Britons* stand prepar'd,  
 Those, to attack, and these, their Posts to guard.  
 King *Osita* leads his numerous Army on,  
 And at their Head in dazzling Armour shone.  
 Drawn on the Right our rang'd Battalions stood,  
 Our Left a *River* guards, the Rear, a Wood.  
*Osita* here makes his warlike Columns halt,  
 Detaching *Horsa* to begin th' Assault:  
 Whose chosen Troops a furious Onset make,  
 With noble Bravery, ours sustain'd th' Attack.



Mount our Works, and our high Ramparts scale,  
 In projected Fires our Men assail

As unbroken stout Resistance make,

Forc'd th' invader

Would repels th' r

and give

Peace ;

on

rows rides,

T

lofty Sides :

For Fury braves,

ulting Waves

th' opposing Shore,

Indignation roar.

And our valiant Britons stood.

Insults of the Saxon Flood.

Fresh Waves still pour'd on, their loss supply,

But still repuls'd, they from our Trenches fly.

Enrag'd, about our Lines King *Otha* flew,

To find where best he might th' Assault renew :

To see what place lay most expos'd, and where

Our Troops did on the Works but thin appear

As when a *Wolf*, pinch'd by Nocturnal Cold,

And Hunger-starv'd, scours round the lofty Fold :

He licks his rabid Jaws, and seems possess'd

Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast :

He offers oft to enter, while the *Lambs*

Affrighted, tremble round their bleating Dams.

So *Otha* thirsts for Blood, and scouring round,

Surveys our Lines, and well observes the Ground.

Now with fresh Rage his Troops our Walls ascend,

Which we with Show'rs of Darts and Stones defend.

What *Shouts*, what noise of *Arms* the Air confound ?

What *Ruine*, what slain *Heaps* deform the Ground ?

The Earth grows slipp'ry all distain'd with Blood

Which fills the Ditches with a Crimson Flood.



The ~~Dead~~ make Bulwarks, which the Living canb,  
That in the Air, rise, like our Walls, sublime.

Perpov'nd and weaken'd by the Men they lost,  
Faint with Toil, the Britons quit their Post.

Prince the invading Saxon forc'd our Lines,  
And to their Arms, thrice Victory inclines.

The valiant Uter that had still withstood  
Their fiercest Troops, all smear'd with Dust and Blood.

Who still to Posts of greatest danger flew,  
And with unerring Arms their Squadrons flew.

Who spread fresh Life and Vigour where he came,  
And in our Breasts renew'd the Martial Flame

For where we saw his shining Arms appear,  
Our Men reviv'd, and straight forgot to fear;

Observing his disorder'd Troops retir'd,  
His boiling Soul distracting Passion fir'd.

He spur'd his furious Steed, and thundring thro'  
The thickest Ranks of the Victorious Foe;

Stay, foolish Britons, stay, he cries from far,  
Save yet your Country, and renew the War:

Come follow me your King, I'll lead you on,  
And chase the Saxons from the Posts they've won.

The Britons Hearts were touch'd with generous shame,  
Love to their Country, and to Martial Fame,

With noble Ardour does their Souls inflame.  
Their Leaders Rally all their Troops that fled,

And Charge the Foe, King Uter at their Head.  
With unresisted Fury they attack

The Saxon Troops, resolv'd to force them back.

Now what Destruction, what wide Ruine reign,  
What Piles of slaughter'd Saxons load the Plain?

Now with hissing Death thick Arrows flew,  
And on scatcht Arms as fatal Javelins threw.

Then



Then what vast Havock did the *Sword* employ?  
 What Troops did *Uter's* single Hand destroy?  
 What sever'd *Limbs* lay scatter'd on the Ground,  
 What Streams of Blood gush from each ghastly Wound,  
 What *Swords* and *Spears* in the red Deluge drown'd?

Here first brave *Arthur* did his *Courage* prove,  
 His Age then fitter for the Field of Love.  
 God-like his *Face*, and God-like was his *Mind*,  
 To virtuous Deeds, and warlike Games inclin'd.  
 The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,  
 And blooming Beauty grac'd his youthful years:  
 Yet *Wise* and *Mild*, far beyond his Age;  
 His early Deeds the Hero did presage.  
 Till now the Woods and Forests were his Joy,  
 Where he the Savage-kind strove to destroy,  
 That did the Herds, and bleating Flocks annoy.  
 He chas'd the *Fox*, the rav'nous *Wolf* and *Beast*,  
 His Country's *Pest*, dy'd by his fatal *Spear*.  
 The People blest him, as a Saviour sent,  
 And thought kind *Heav'n*, some great *Deliv'rer* meant.  
 He ne'er before had brac'd the *Helmet* on,  
 Nor in the Field in polish'd *Armour* shone.  
 His *Sword* had ne'er been stain'd with humane Gore,  
 Nor had he grip'd the *Shield*, or *Gauntlet* wore.  
 His Country's Cause, and Military Fame,  
 Invite the Youth to chase a nobler Game.  
 No more his Thoughts his rural Sports pursue,  
 Tyrants and savage *Men* he'll now subdue.  
 For warlike Toil he leaves the gameful Wood,  
 And flest his *Courage* first in *Saxon* Blood.  
 The greatest Captains the brave Youth esteem'd,  
 He fought like *Mars*, though *Mercury* he seem'd.



Like some fair *Cherub*, or the *Beamy* God,  
 He waved his flaming Sword, and thro' their squadrons rode.  
 His youthful Veins Heroick Ardor fir'd,  
 And more than humane Force his Breast inspir'd.  
 For the great Deeds his fatal Arms atchiev'd,  
 Where by th' amaz'd Spectators scarce believ'd.

At last amidst the Foe advanc'd too far,  
 Alone he long sustain'd th' unequal War.  
 Surrounding Thongs the fainting Youth oppress,  
 And Showers of Death flew pointed at his Breast:  
 His weary Arm supports his *Shield* with Pain,  
 And his bruis'd *Armour* Streams of Blood distain.  
 Here the young Hero had been crush'd, and all  
 Our Hopes and Joy had perish'd in his Fall;  
 Had not brave *Malgo* a *Dimetian* Chief,  
 Forc'd the thick Foe, and flown to his relief.  
 Then, when the warlike Youth was most distress'd,  
 And *Elfrick's* Sword, was falling on his Crest  
 With dreadful Sway; *Malgo* its Fury broke,  
 And on his Shield receiv'd the mighty Stroke.  
 The Prince thus guarded from the fatal Blow,  
 Bold *Malgo's* Spear transfixt th' audacious Foe.  
 Groveling in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,  
 And pour'd his Life out, from his gaping Wound.

Here *Verrispor* advancing did attack  
 Their plying Troops, and forc'd the *Saxon* back:  
 While *Osta's* wavering Men began to yield,  
 And to pursuing *Uter* quit the Field.  
 A when a *Lion*, that with Fury ran  
 To seize a Night, some weary Caravan,  
 That! . . . . . on an *Arabian* wild,  
 Repuls'd . . . . . Fires, and of his Prey beguil'd;

With



With hideous Roar he raves at his Defeat,  
 Oft stands, looks back, and makes a slow Retreat.  
 King *Oeta* Soul like Indignation fir'd,  
 Tharaving, with his vanquish'd Men retir'd.  
 But, oh how soon was this serener Day  
 By Clouds, and rising Tempests chas'd away ?  
 How short a space could we our Conquests boast ?  
 How soon were all our Hopes of Freedom lost ?

Won by the potent Charms of Saxon Gold,  
*Carvil* his Prince, and Native Country sold.  
 He in indulgent *Uter's* Bosom lay,  
 And did the Secrets of his Breast betray.  
 He on his Conduct, and his Faith rely'd,  
 In Peace and War alike his treach'rous Guide.  
 He held the most important Trusts of State,  
 Nor could his Treasons *Uter's* Love abate.  
 Unhappy Prince, that still his Foes believ'd,  
 Only by Ruine to be undeceiv'd !  
 To Friends ingrate, his Foes he entertain'd,  
 Thus lost the one, but not the other gain'd.  
 Wisely undone, he knew his Friends too late,  
 By his own Prudence manag'd to his Fate.  
 Our Prayers and Warnings tir'd his Ears in vain,  
 Perfidious Councils only could obtain.  
 Rough *Truth*, and loyal *Bluntness* gall'd his Ear,  
 That only soft, melodious Sounds could bear.  
 His firm and loyal Friends, tho' hardly us'd,  
 Look'd on enrag'd, to see their Prince abus'd.  
 Tho' some grown cold, ceas'd to lament his Fate,  
 For Will and Choice, Compassion still abate.  
 Pity a Prince whose Virtues shone so bright,  
 Should let so dark a Cloud obscure their Light !



To him and us this Weakness fatal prov'd,  
 That Men suspected were imploy'd and lov'd.  
 So *Carvil* was :  
 Who labour'd after *Oëta's* late Retreat,  
 To more than ballance his, with our Defeat.  
 The Traytor during all the bloody Day,  
 Found not the Means, our Army to betray.  
 But when the *Sun* drew off his radiant Train,  
 And left the Empress of the Night to reign :  
 Then *Carvil* open'd his black Scene of Guilt,  
 Wherein such Seas of *Prinsh* Blood were spilt.  
 He by confiding Hands to *Oëta* sent,  
 To let the *Saxon* know his dire intent,  
 To give him Entrance to our Camp by Night,  
 Whither his Arms he did with speed invite.  
*Oëta*, whose Arts and purchas'd Reasons won,  
 More Towns and *Burghs*, than his Sword had done :  
 So fair a Season offer'd, not delay'd,  
 But straightway march'd our Army to invade.  
*Carvil* mean time his Creatures had prepar'd,  
 To yield the Posts, their Duty was to guard.

Revolving *Cynthia* with her doubtful Light,  
 Had now o'erpass'd the Noon of wearing Night :  
 When *Oëta's* chosen Troops approach'd the Gate,  
 Where to admit their Arms the Traytors wait.  
 The furious *Saxon* straight our Camp invades,  
 Beneath the Covert of the silent Shades :  
 Their unexpected Arms our Men assail,  
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and wearied with their Toil.  
 What Carnage now the raging *Saxons* make,  
 Our Camp converted to a bloody Lake.  
 They first the brave *Dunwâllo* resting found,  
 His *Cuirass*, *Helm*, and *Javelin* lying round,  
 And with their *Spears* transfixt him on the Ground.



His generous Soul flew upwards with Disdain,  
 To be massacred, not in Battel slain.  
*Morizzo* next with clatt'ring Swords alarm'd,  
 Wak'd with the Noise, but naked and unarm'd  
 His Side pierc'd thro' by *Horfa's* Javelin, fell,  
 Enrag'd he should his Life, so cheaply sell.  
 Then *Offa's* Spear pierc'd *Capor's* Bosom through,  
 His Soul to *Heav'n* thro' the wide Passage flew :  
 Leaving his Body drown'd in purple Gore ;  
 None serv'd his Prince, or lov'd his Country more.  
*Edwal*, a Leader of unblemish'd Fame,  
 Who from the Banks of fair *Sabrina* came,  
 Fell by *Morino's* Spear, and by his Side  
 Brave *Adomar*, by *Balda's* Javelin dy'd.  
 Then *Meirick* in his Breast a fatal Wound  
 Receiv'd, and lay extended on the Ground.  
 Next *Catel*, who excell'd in youthful Charms,  
 Was slain by great *Romondo's* conqu'ring Arms.  
 The glittering Steel did thro' his Bowels pass,  
 The Youth expir'd, and with him *Admel's* Race.  
 And now what Slaughter reign'd, what Heaps of Dead,  
 What Ruine o'er the bloody Camp was spread.

Thro' the brown Shades at last, they found the way  
 To the *Pavilion*, where King *Uter* lay :  
 Who soon, awaken'd with the Clamour, rose,  
 And form'd his Troops th' Invaders to oppose.  
 Long their unequal Force he did repel,  
 Till, pierc'd by *Cerdick's* fatal Spear, he fell.  
 Urg'd to retire, *Arthur* our Prayer withstood,  
 Tho' faint with Labour, Wounds, and loss of Blood.  
 We prest him our remaining Hopes to spare,  
 And not of *Albion's* Fortune to despair.



He does at last to our Entreaties yield,  
And with reluctant Steps forsakes the Field.  
We thro' the Wood retreated; where the shade  
With *Cynthia's* Rays, uncertain Twilight made.  
When the succeeding Day declin'd, we came,  
To *Alda's* Gates, a Port of ancient Fame :  
Where we the Night in various Sorrows spent,  
Now *Uter*, now our Country we lament ;  
Just *Catel's* now, now great *Dunwallo's* Fate,  
And faithful *Edwal's* Fall, fresh Grief create.

While our sad Minds endur'd so rude a Storm,  
Entring the Room, great *Gabriel's* God-like Form,  
Mild Glory, and *Celestial* Day diffus'd,  
Advanc'd, he these kind Words to *Arthur* us'd.  
Now *Albion* sinks beneath the *Saxon* weight :  
So *Heav'n* decrees, 'tis so ordain'd by Fate :  
But after Ten times the revolving Sun  
His crooked Race, has thro' the *Zodiack* run,  
The Clouds dispell'd, propitious *Heav'n* shall smile,  
On *Uter's* House, and this reviving *Isle*.  
*Oeta* shall feel Just *Heav'n's* revenging Stroke,  
And *Albion's* Youth shall break the *Saxon* Yoke.  
Mean time, brave Prince, whom universal Love  
Attends beneath, and Grace Divine above :  
To *Neustrian* *Odar's* Court with speed repair,  
Go, *Albion's* Hopes, and my great Trust and Care ;  
Go, *Albion's* Hopes with Triumph to return,  
And Rescue those, which shall your absence mourn.  
That said, his Heavenly Glory he withdrew,  
And to th' immortal Seats of happy Spirits flew.

Now the fair Morn smiles with a Purple Ray,  
Clearing before the Sun the Eastern Way.



Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,  
 And the new Day does to new Toil invite.  
 We the Celestial Message to obey,  
 On a stout Ship, that in the Heaven lay  
 Ready to Sail, embark and haste away.  
 The Sky serene, a fresh and prosp'rous Gale,  
 Sprang from the Shore, and swell'd our ev'ry Sail.  
 Albion's white Cliffs and Towers we quickly lost,  
 Standing our Course strait to the *Neustrian* Coast:  
 Where when the Sun twice starting from the East,  
 Had ran his Race, and reach'd the falling West,  
 We safe arriv'd at fair *Cartinia's* Port,  
 And took our way from thence to *Odar's* Court.  
*Odar*, a Prince indulgent, valiant, good,  
 Ally'd to *Uter* by the Mother's Blood,  
 The barb'rous *Goths* Incursions, then withstood.  
 His beauteous Queen, with Joy the Prince receiv'd,  
 Her Words our Grief, her Gifts our Wants reliev'd.  
 Here we to ease our troubled Minds remain'd,  
 Till *Arthur* perfect Strength and Vigour gain'd.  
 Then taking leave, we straight direct our way  
 Unto the Camp, where *Odar's* Forces lay.

And as we pass'd to mitigate our Greif,  
 And to our Woes to give Divine Relief,  
 From his blest Tongue such Heav'nly Language flows,  
 As did the Greatness of his Mind disclose.  
 We thought some God-like *Cherub* to us spoke,  
 When from his Lips these high Expressions broke.  
*Heav'n's* Off-spring, with Divine Contentment blest,  
 Enjoy the Empire of a guiltless Breast.  
 Tho' spoil'd by prosp'rous Robbers, still they find,  
 The large Possessions of a Peaceful Mind.



*Content* alone can all their wrongs redress,  
*Content*, that other Name for *Happiness*.  
 Free from Desire, they are as free from Want,  
 And from the Cares, that envy'd Greatness haunt.  
 'Tis equal, if our Fortunes should augment,  
 And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent  
 With our Desires, or those Desires abate,  
 Shrink, and contract themselves, to fit our State.  
 Pois'd on their own unshaken Base they view,  
 All the Vicissitudes, that Time can shew.  
 They, like tall Mountains, are advanc'd so high,  
 That the low Clouds do all beneath them fly.  
 Hence while loud Storms inferiour Seats molest,  
 They undisturb'd, enjoy soft Peace and Rest.  
 These Men that suit their Wishes to their State,  
 And, pleas'd still with themselves, enjoy their Fate:  
**Whole modest Passions** Reason's Nod obey,  
~~Are great~~ **Kings**, than those who Scepters sway.  
 They can the Triumph of a Court despise,  
 And the rich Toys, that charm deluded Eyes.  
 They rather chuse to tame their Thirst, than have  
 All their Supplies their Feaverish Drought can crave.  
 Desires for *Freedom* first make humble Suit,  
 And modestly demand th' unlawful Fruit:  
 But when set loose, they know not where to stay,  
 But lawless thro' the World's Dominions stray.  
 So subterranean Vapours, that contain'd  
 In some close Cavern, are with Ease restrain'd;  
 When once releas'd, ungovernable grow,  
 And prove fierce Storms, which no Resistance know.  
 The unhappy Man, slave to his wild Desire,  
 By feeding it, feeds the raging Fire.  
 His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,  
 With Plenty *Pain*, and with Abundance *Curst*.



But greater Minds, which can themselves subdue,  
 Preserve their Peace, and still their Joys renew.  
 They never by a Vice, or Impious Course,  
 Protect their Wealth from rising Tempests force.  
 They face the Storm, and stands its fiercest Shocks,  
 Bold as the Winds, unshaken as the Rocks.  
 No Tempest that invades th' ambitious Breast,  
 Can the calm Region of their Mind molest.  
 So Winds, which Rivulets disturb, will play  
 In harmless Breezes, on the wider Sea.

Sowr *Discontent*, that quarrels with our Fate,  
 May give fresh smart, but not the old abate.  
 Envenom'd with its Sting, each harmless loss,  
 Grows wondrous sharp, and proves a deadly cross.  
 Th' uneasie *Passion's* disingenious Wit  
 The *Ill* reveals, but hides the *Benefit*.  
 It makes a Toy press with prodigious weight,  
 And swells a Mole-hill, to Mountain's height.  
 So melancholy Men lie down, and groan  
 Prest with the Burden of themselves alone.  
 Cruſht with Phantastick Mountains, they despair,  
 Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear.  
 A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,  
 And each weak Blast, a Storm too fierce to tame.  
 So peevish is the quarrelsome Disease,  
 No prosp'rous Fortune can procure it Ease.  
 Their Breasts are ne'er from inbred Tempests free,  
 Restless as Winds, and troubled as the Sea:  
 The Pleasure now they seek would bring Content;  
 But when enjoy'd, 'twas somewhat else they meant:  
 Some absent *Happiness* they still pursue,  
 Dislike the present Good, and long for New.



The Man now thinks he sees his Bliss, and flies  
 With greedy Arms to grasp the gaudy Prize;  
 But then, enquiring what his Hopes have won,  
 Vain Man, he finds the cheating Shadow gone.  
 Oft does the fair *Illusion* by him stand,  
 But when pursu'd, gives back, and mocks his Hand.  
 Sometimes he sees the beck'ning *Phantome* here,  
 Which, when he follows, does elsewhere appear.  
 The Wretch, though tantaliz'd, and always crost,  
 Yet still pursues, though still that Labour's lost.  
 The God-like *Arthur* with such pious Words,  
 Divine-Instruction, and Delight affords.

And while his Language, with a Heav'nly Flame,  
 Thus warm'd our Breasts, to *Odar's* Camp we came;  
 Where to the *Neustrian* King the Prince addrest,  
 Who all the highest Signs of Love exprest.  
 The Royal *Exile* he embrac'd with Tears,  
 And by these tender words himself endears.  
 King *Uter's* Fall, your loss, and *Albion's* Fate,  
 Wound me with Grief too mighty to relate.  
 Long to Misfortunes, and great Wrongs injur'd,  
 I pity those that have like Ills endur'd.  
 You are a Stranger here, but not your Name,  
 Your early Worth is told aloud by Fame.  
*Arthur's* preserv'd to be the *Saxons* dread,  
 And rear oppos'd *Britannia's* drooping Head.  
 While you are safe, *Britannia* must revive,  
 And *Uter* still in Valiant *Arthur* live:  
 While you survive, King *Oda's* Fears remain,  
 And ~~the~~ hopes to break her pond'rous Chain.  
 Hence ~~are~~ ~~in~~ Deeds design'd,  
 And ~~the~~ ~~W~~, tends a noble Mind.



Mean time, while here your Choice is to reside,  
 No Succours, no supplies shall be deny'd.  
 And if your Britons, banish'd from their home,  
 Drawn by their Prince's Fame, shall higher come;  
*Briton* and *Neustrian* shall like Treatment find,  
 I'll be to both, without distinction, kind:  
 And when mild Days shall your Return invite,  
 My Arms shall And you, to assert your Right.

The Prince reply'd:  
 Divine Compassion melts your Royal Breast,  
 And makes your Bounty flow on all distress.  
 Like Heav'n, you Succours to th' Afflicted grant,  
 Comfort their Sorrows, and supply their Want:  
 You crush Oppressors, to th' Opprest are kind,  
 Such gen'rous Deeds reveal a God-like Mind.  
 O'er *Uter's* House the *Saxon* Power prevails,  
 And sad *Brittannia* her dire Fate bewails.  
 The World's supreme Director so ordains,  
 Hence in my Soul no murmuring Passion reigns.  
 Pleas'd or Contented, still I meet my Fate,  
 Would not be ~~impious~~, though Unfortunate.  
 Your gen'rous Offer of Protection here,  
 With such engaging Language, such an Air,  
 As Love and Friendship seek out to endear;  
 Perswade, that here my Refuge is design'd,  
 Till *Albion* grows more Just, and *Heav'n* more Kind.  
 Here your Example shall my Mind prepare,  
 For all the high Concerns of Peace and War  
 Till *Albion* call us back, I'll here remain,  
 And in your Service shall grow fit to Reign.  
 Here in the Camp the pious *Briton* staid,  
 To whom the *Neustrian* Chiefs great Honour paid



For his high ~~not~~ be conceal'd,  
 His valiant Deeds ~~at court~~ soon reveal'd.  
 Loud Fame ~~as the~~ Virtues did proclaim,  
 And either Gasps reboinds with *Arthur's Name*.  
 He till the Ports of highest Danger fought,  
 And Death and Victory follow'd, where he fought.  
 When he advanc'd, the *Goths* unnumber'd Swarms,  
 In the Terror of his fatal Arms  
 Fear and Wonder, *Camp* and *Court* express,  
 The Hero, this the Saint confess.

His Sword still won ~~from~~ *Laurels* in the Field,  
 And to his *Virtues* *in Court-Vices* yield:  
 And 'tis more easie to reduce a Fort,  
 Or win a Battel, than reform a Court.  
 He the fixt Mounds of trembling *Europe* stood,  
 And still repel'd the *Goths*, impetuous Flood.  
 When he appear'd, their Men, tho' fierce and bold,  
 Grow chill with fear, as when at home with Cold.  
 Thro' the admiring World his Fame was spread,  
 The Christians Joy, and barb'rous Nations Dread.  
 Where gagg'd with Ice, the Waves no longer roar,  
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shoar:  
 Where naked Hills in frozen Armour stand,  
 Where raging *Sirius*, fries the thirsty Land,  
 And rich *Pactolus*, rolls his golden Sand;  
 Thither his Triumphs and Illustrious Name,  
 His gen'rous Deeds, and loud Applauses came.  
 His wondrous Virtues, wondrous Love engage,  
 Till reach'd Perfection, long before his Age.  
 One embrac'd him, as an Angel sent  
 To guard his Throne, and threaten'd Fall prevent:  
 He ~~and~~ his bright Example did support,  
 The ~~et~~ of Virtue, in the *Neustrian* Court.



Their Peace at home proceeded from his Care  
 And from his Courage, their Success in War.  
 When we our hopes of sinking *Albion* lost,  
 Made by Divine Command the *Newstrian* Coast  
 The *Gothick* Arms that Kingdom had over-run,  
 Surpriz'd their Forts, and fairest Cities won.  
 All Banks born down, so high the Deluge rose,  
 Before King *Odar* could its Course oppose :  
 'Twas then the young Deliv'rer *Arthur* came,  
 To drive the *Goths*, and win immortal Fame.  
 He soon reduc'd the Cities, and restor'd  
 A peaceful Country, to its peaceful Lord.

Mean time the *British* Knights, oppress'd at home,  
 Drawn by his Fame, to find a Leader come.  
 So thick they Land, our Troops were numerous grown,  
 And *Arthur* led an army of his own.  
 Ten times the Sun had pass'd his oblique way,  
 By turns contracting, and increasing Way,  
 Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray :  
 And now the *British* Lords, - who though oppress'd,  
 The *Western* Region of their Isle possess'd ;  
 Whither retreating, they remain'd secure,  
 And from their Hills defy'd the *Saxon* Power ;  
 Encourag'd by his war-like Fame, invite  
 The Valiant *Arthur* to assert his Right :  
 To make a bold Descent upon their Coast,  
 And win the Regions back which *Uter* lost.

Ten chosen Orators were straight dispatch,  
 The chief whose charming Tongue was never matcht,  
 Was the great *Tylon*, whose Immortal Worth,  
 Raises to Heav'n the Isle that gave him Birth.



A sacred Man, a venerable Priest,  
Who never Spake, and Admiration mixt.  
Of Good Mind he the just Standard seem'd,  
Dear to the Best, and by the Worst esteem'd.  
A generous Love diffus'd to Humane Kind,  
Divine Compassion, Mercy unconfin'd,  
Still reign'd Triumphant in his God-like Mind.  
Rage and Modesty their Wars compose,  
then here a perfect Friendship grows.  
His Wit, his Judgment, Learning, equal Rise,  
Divinely Humble, yet Divinely Wise.  
He seem'd Express on Heav'n's high Errand sent,  
As Moses Meek, and Aaron Eloquent..  
Nectar Divine flows from his Heav'nly Tongue,  
And on his Lips charming Persuasion hung.  
When he the sacred Oracles reveal'd,  
Our ravish'd Souls in blest Enchantments held:  
Seem'd lost in Transports of Immortal Bliss,  
No simple Man could ever speak like this.  
Arm'd with Celestial Fire, his sacred Darts  
Glide thro' our Breasts, and melt our yielding Hearts.  
So Southern Breezes, and the Spring's mild Ray,  
Unbind the Glebe, and thaw the Frozen Clay.  
He triumph'd o'er our Souls, and at his Will  
a this touch'd Passion rise, and that be still.  
Wolves, Tygers, grizly Lyons did admire,  
As Poets feign, the famous Orphean Lyre:  
Charm'd with sweet Tylon's Voice, a kind more wild,  
More fierce and savage, grew divinely Mild.  
Lord of our Passions he with wondrous Art,  
Can strike the secret movements of our Heart;  
Release our Souls, and make them soar above,  
Wing'd with divine Desires, and Flames of Heav'nly Love.



He still convey'd sublime, *seraphick* Sense,  
 In unaffected Strains of *Eloquence*.  
 Easy and wonderful is all he says,  
 Does both Delight, and Admiration raise.  
 His pious Soul did in sad Accents mourn  
*Britannia's* Chains, and *Pagan* Gods return:  
 But hop'd, kind *Heav'n* would free, by *Arthur's* Hand  
 Of barbarous *Laws*, and *Gods*, th' afflicted Land.  
 With the great *Tylon* young *Pollander* went,  
 Famed for his Valour, and of high Descent:  
 With these wise *Galbut* and *Mordennan* join  
 Whose Virtues vye with their illustrious Line.  
 Valiant *Giralden* worn with War and Ag  
 Does in th' Important Embassy engage.  
*Gisan* was added, a *Dobunian* Knight,  
 Bold in the *Senate*, and as Brave in Fight.  
*Hobar*, *Mansetlan*, *Cidel*, *Milo*, skill'd  
 In Arms and *Eloquence*, the number fill'd.  
 Such Orators they chose, fit to excite  
 The Pious *Arthur*, and his Arms invire.

Thus *Tylon* to the pious Prince addrest,  
 And found the Passage open to his Breast  
*Britannia* crush'd beneath the *Saxon* Yoke,  
 Does with her mournful Prayer your Arms invoke.  
 Enslav'd by Foreign Power, Distrest, Undone,  
 She sues for Aid to you, her Valiant Son,  
 And hopes for Succour from your Sword alone.  
*Oeta* all Right, and ancient *Law* subverts,  
 And uncontroll'd Tyrannick Power asserts.  
 His Lawless Will grasps Arbitrary Sway,  
 And *British* Slaves, without Reserve, Obey.  
 The sacred Bounds and Lines, which *Right* and *Law*,  
 Round all those just and happy Kingdoms draw;

Which



Which from the Waste of Tyranny they gain;  
 Where Uproar, Rage, and wild Confusion reign.  
 These broken down, *Oeta* does open lay,  
 And throw the goodly *Istani*, up a Prey  
 To Furies, which in lawless Kingdoms stray  
*Britannia* by the Conqu'ror ravish'd first  
 Then giv'n to Priests, and Souldiers raging Lust:  
 Wretched *Britannia*, sunk in deep Despair,  
 Beats her white Breasts, and sears her golden Hair.  
 Dying with Anger, Shame and Grief, She lies,  
 And Floods of Tears gush from her beauteous Eyes;  
 Which swell the Silver Tide of mournful *Thames*,  
 And grieve the Ocean with the troubled Streams.  
 Then pious *P*, how to the *Neustrian* Shoar,  
 Complaining Waves roll the sad Treasure o'er:  
 How murmuring Wind waft o'er *Britannia's* Sighs,  
 Can *Arthur* disregard his Country's Cries?  
 Words like these, and such a moving Art  
 Be told he touch'd the Prince's Heart.  
 So much Life, he spake sad *Albion's* Moans,  
 Thought we felt her smart, and heard her Groans,  
 Did the Pious Prince their Prayer oppose,  
 Soon resolv'd to ease *Britannia's* Woes.

Then he reveal'd his high Intent,  
 And *Men*, and *Arms* rejoicing lent  
 Supplying all things our Descent requir'd,  
 And heaping Gifts, more than our selves desir'd.  
 Our Ship prepar'd, with cheerful Zeal and Care,  
 We went on Board, and soon embark'd the War.  
 Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topsails loos'd, a Gale  
 Sprang up, and swell'd the Womb of every Sail.  
 Old *Ocean* pleas'd our bounding Vessels laves,  
 Which with sharp Keels cut thro' the foaming Waves.



Th' astonish'd Saxons see and fear from far  
The long Succession of the Sailing War.  
They spread thro' all the Isle the loud Alarm,  
And trembling Oeta hastes his Men to Arm.  
We sail'd not long before the Sea ran high,  
And gathering Clouds deform'd the lowring Sky  
The fearful Storm arose, wherein we lost  
Th' extinguish'd Day, and on the Billows to t  
We drove, till forc'd upon th' Armor's Coast.  
He ceas'd, and now the Shades of wearing Night,  
Did the pleas'd Audience to their Rest invite.

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# Prince Arthur

## BOOK V

**L**ovely *Aura* makes a mild Essay  
 With ~~g~~aming Dawn, to introduce the Day.  
 Her rosy Ste the sun pursues, and spreads  
 His ling Gries on the Mountains Heads.  
~~And~~ *and* ~~He~~ *let* us exprest.  
 His frie ~~to~~ to his Royal Guest.  
 Your Virtues shew ~~you~~ *ere* by Heav'n design'd;  
 A great *Deliv* ~~er~~ *er* oppress'd Mankind.  
 Y ~~ive~~ to Realms with Wars molested, Peace  
 in their Chains tormented Slaves release.  
*liberty's*, and blest *Religion's* Cause,  
 ving Hopes from your Protection draws.  
 prosp'rous Arms invading Plagues repel  
 monstrous *Gods*, and monstrous *T* *anis* quell.  
 s Realm and min ~~save~~, in his  
 ace, and Truth Divine in this.  
 And now Comp. sion arms your valiant Hand,  
 To free from barbarous Rage, your na ~~Lanc~~  
 To vanquish *Pagan* Darkness, and display  
 it Light, and pure *Ethereal* Day.  
 If will here abide, and Succours lend,  
 'll the Realm *Christ's* Empire to extend:  
 my Son shall on your Triumphs wait,  
 And when return'd, your glorious Deeds relate.



I'll now command that with incessant Care  
 My Men assist, your Iones to repair.  
 Then I'll conduct you to the *Druid* Grove,  
 Which Men of Heav'nly Contemplation love  
 Where Solemn Walks and awful Shade invite  
 Compos'd Devotion, and Divine Light,  
 Exclude the Suns, to let in purer Light.  
 There with your pious Conversation blest,  
 New light will fill my Mind, new Joy my Breast.  
 The Orders giv'n the Navy's War equip'd,  
 The Princes to the *Druids* Grove retir'd:  
 Where *Arthur's* Language did the King inspire,  
 With Holy Transports, and Seraphick Fire.

Mean time th' *Armoricans* and *Britons* meet.  
 All zealous to Equip the shatter'd Fleet:  
 Part to the *Groves* and woody *Hills* repair,  
 And with loud Labours fill the echoing Air.  
 Axes high rais'd by brawny Arms send  
 With mighty Sway, and make the *Forest* bend.  
 The Mountains murmur, and the nodding *Oaks*  
 Groan with their bounds, from thick redoubled strokes.  
 The falling Trees deck the neib'ring Sky,  
 Where now the Clouds may unobscured fly.  
 A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,  
 And lofty Ruine loads th' encumber'd Ground.  
 Part the new Trees draw down with wondrous Toil,  
 To enrich the Ocean with the Mountains Spoil.  
 So fast they came, and in such Order stood,  
 As th' *Orpheus* Lyre had call'd th' obsequious Wood,  
 From the d Seats, to dance upon the Flood.  
 Part raise the *Masts*, now to be shaken more  
 With furious Winds, than on their Hills before.



Part shape new R<sup>e</sup>, and with industrious Care,  
 Ships broken Backs, and ghastly Wounds repair.  
 Part their bruist Sides anoint with unctions rich  
 Part the carv'd Sterns, with Paint and Gold enrich  
 Part Cables twist, part smear'd with Smoak and Sweat;  
 While vast Cyclopean Stoles huge Anchors beat.

Thus the Britons did their Ships repair,  
 When Internal Prince enrag'd and wreckt with Care,  
 Swift, as explode, Lightning from the Skies,  
 A second time to Lapland Mountains flies :  
 Where the rough Monarch's noisy Palace stands,  
 Whose awful Nod, the raging VVinds commands.  
 To him thus Lucifer : Kind Prince, to you  
 A second time I for Assistance sue.

The surfer says that by your high-Command,  
 Your furious Subjects drove on Hoel's Land ;  
 Aided by Hoel does his Fleet repair,  
 Ready to Albion to transport the VVar.

Reverse VVinds blow on the troubled Main,  
 their Project, and their Ships detain :  
 Otha has prepar'd his Warlike Fleet,  
 proud Invader on the Seas to meet.

Scas'd ; The Emperor of the Winds replies,  
 you shall ask what <sup>My</sup> Power denies  
 Reahms you rule with uncontested Sway.  
 Your Post is to Command, mine to Obey.  
 That said he calls his wandering Subjects home ;  
 Eurue and Neus straight obedient come ;  
 East, sluggish Auster to his Den with wear  
 And flabby Wings, does heavily retreat.  
 To whom their Prince ; Let now your Labours cease,  
 Indulge your Wings, be reconcil'd to Peace



lose in year Darklome Prisons sleeping  
 To gain more Breath to blow, more strength to fly  
 Then down their howling Throats black Sops he threw,  
 Of Poppies and cold Night-shade made, that grew  
 On the dark Banks, where *Lethes* lazy Deep  
 Does its black Stores, and droufie Treasure keep,  
 Rolls its slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves as  
 The strong Enchantments quick Admission find,  
 And the wild Rout benumbing Fetters bind  
 They murmur in their sleep, and strive in vain  
 To spurn away the unweildy leade Chain.  
 Then calling *Boreas*, says, Fly *Boreas*, fly,  
 Blow o'er the Lands, and on the Billows lie  
 Make haste, and to th' *Armoric Coast* repair,  
 Be thine the spacious Empire of the Air.  
 Unrivall'd, unmolested Reign alone  
 Till all thy Force is spent, and all thy breath is gone;  
 No Hostile, windy Powers contest thy Reign,  
 And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main

Scarce had he ended, when up *Boreas* springs,  
 And thro' the Air spreads out his furious Wings.  
 He o'er warm *Climes* diffuses *Northern* Spoils,  
 And the cold Treasures of the frozen Isles.  
 With blustering War he frights old Ocean's Court  
 Buffets the Waves, and raises Storms in sport.  
 In vain th' impatient *Britons* spread their Sails,  
 Loud *Boreas* keeps them back with adverse Gales  
 Proud *Lucifer* urg'd with his Rage and Spight,  
 Back to *Britannia* takes his Airy Flight;  
 To find th' *Saxon* Monarch, and inspire  
 His trembling Soul with fresh Infernal Fire.

And



And now the Night does her black Throne ascend.  
 And dusky Shades, in silent State attend.  
 While pale fac'd Cynthia with her starry Train,  
 Darts down their trembling Lustre on the Main.  
 The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,  
 Deep's soft Hand their drowsie Eye-lids close.  
 All rest enjoy, but *Questa* anxious lay,  
 Wakeful, and T'ringing for returning Day.  
 His dreadful Crimes affright his startled Soul,  
 And in his Preat black Tides of Horrour roll.  
 Dire Shapes, and staring Ghosts pass threatening by,  
 And Streaks of Fire across the Apartment fly.  
 He hears the bricks of thoe his bloody Hand  
 Haunted, that dy'd by his Command  
 He hears the VVidows Sighs, and Orphans Moans,  
 Himself had made, and tortur'd Pris'ners Groans.  
 The Grounds of pale Despair he sometime draws,  
 Arthur's Valour, and his Righteous Cause.  
 Comes, he fears his injured Subjects Rage,  
 Vengeful Arms, against him will engage;  
 Starts, and thinks he hears Prince *Arthur's* Fleet  
 Your the Coast, proclaim'd in ev'ry Street  
 And King  
 When *Lucifer* does *Odin's* Shape assume,  
 And when Stern Grace enters King *Questa's* Room,  
 His vigorous Limbs had dazzling Armour on,  
 And round his Head his pointed Helmet shone  
 His conqu'ring Sword hung down with awful Grace,  
 And Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face.  
 His warlike Hand grip'd his Vulcanian Shield,  
 With rare Devices pourtray'd on the Field.  
 With Martial State he strides along the Room,  
 And shakes at ev'ry Step his lofty Plume.



dancing to the Bed where *Oeta* lay,  
 He spake: Son *Oeta*, from celestial Day,  
 From the blest *G*roves, and mild *Elysian* Seats,  
 Thy Father *Odin* to thy Aid retreats  
 Ease thy restless Mind of Anxious Cares  
 Thy Hopes, and dissipate thy Fears.  
 Stand thou unmov'd at *Arthur's* proud Alarms,  
 Conquest attends thine, and thy *Saxons* Arms.  
 He'll sink beneath the Sea's insulting Wave,  
 Or landing find on Shore a surer Grave.  
 Think on the Spoils and Trophies *thou* have born,  
 And spreading Laurels on yow Temples worn.  
 Let none that's sprung from my Victorious Race,  
 At Danger shrink, and my great Stock debase.  
 Go, haste thy Royal Navy to prepare,  
 Let *Ships* with *Ships* encounter, *War*, with *War*.  
 On the wide Main th' Invader's Fleet oppose,  
 Better to meet, than here expect your Foes.  
 Go, chase their scatter'd Navy o'er the Deep,  
 And thus in Peace, thy envv'd Empire keep.  
 He ceas'd; and with Majestick Pace retir'd,  
 And left King *Oeta* with fresh Life inspir'd.

Who with the Sun arole, resolv'd to meet  
 With all his Naval Power, Prince *Arthur's* Fleet  
 He gave Command, the Captains straight resort  
 To their tall Ships, and leave the wanton Courts  
 A forward Zeal the busie Sailors move,  
 Some mend old Ships, and some equip the new  
 With flaming Reeds some their Pitch'd Bellies fry.  
 Some hoist Yards, and Canvas Wings apply.  
 Some from the Cradle launch a rocking Hull,  
 Some at the Cables strain, and howling pull-



Vast An ~~is~~ up, some Stores and Arms entomb,  
 And stow ~~the~~ ~~hidden~~ War the Ships dark ~~W~~omb  
 The Shores round, and all the Oazy Soil  
 Resound with Clamour, and the Sailors Toil.  
 Vell rigg'd and mann'd, the Ships from ev'ry Port  
 Go to their appointed Rendezvous resort.  
 Rivers disembogue, besides their Flood,  
 Into the Seas, a lofty, painted Wood.

And now the Moon, had twice the Silver Field  
 Of her fair Orb, with borrow'd Glory fill'd:  
 Since the uneasy ~~braves~~ had remain'd  
 By adverse Winds, within their Port detain'd.  
 Borea that haunts his Blasts profusely blown,  
 His Storms all ~~and~~, and leaky Treasures gone,  
 With tired and flaggy Pinions now retreats,  
 To fetch Recruits from wild *Laplandian* Seats:  
 Auster does next with milder Blasts prevail,  
 And for the *Britons* blows a prosperous Gale.  
 Now each rough Hero of the Ocean stands  
 On the high Deck, giving Austere Commands.  
 Prince *Arthur* to Embark approach'd the Shoar,  
 Where the reposing Seas no longer roar:  
 But at his Feet obsequious Billows lay,  
 As conscious of the Power they must obey.  
 Then ~~the~~ broad *Backs* subsiding they submit,  
 Proud to sustain their future Monarch's Fleet.  
 The lofty Ships on rolling Billows bound,  
 The Waves in soft Embraces clinging round.  
 As when the *Trojans*, in the *Mantuan* Song,  
 From *Africk* Sands, to *Latium* sail'd along:  
 One star rose up from his rocky Throne,  
 A Castor Scepter, and a reedy Crown



power contest, his dewy Head he rear'd,  
 Above the Flood, and smiling on the Waves appear'd.  
 New-gather'd Banks of Quickfands he rerov'd,  
 And kindly thro' the Deep, the Navy shov'd.  
 So the calm Ocean seem'd with equal care,  
 On its pleas'd Waves, the *British* Fleet to bear.  
 Unweilay *Poissés* spout Seas away,  
 And friendly *Dolphins* round the Squadrons play.  
 The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,  
 And on its foaming Ridge Triumphant ride.  
 In glorious Lines the painted Squadrons move,  
 As if the Poets Gods tap'd from above,  
 In gilded Clouds, were dancing on the Seas  
 In Masquerade, with the green Drifters.

Twice the great Ruler of the Day, had hurl'd  
 His flaming Orb, around th' enlighten'd World:  
 When at the early Dawning of the Day,  
 The Navies in each other's Prospect lay.  
 The *Saxon* Squadrons cover all the Main,  
 And with their *Prows* divide the liquid Plain.  
 Plying to Windward, *Arthur's* Men prepare  
 Their Navy, to receive th' advancing War.  
 Down on their Fleet King *Ossa* bravely bore,  
 Whose long-wing'd Navy stretcht from Shore to Shore.  
 Both Fleets in Lines of War stood cross the Deen.  
 And ready to engage, just Order keep.  
 They hoist their bloody Flags, on either side,  
 And Death her Jaws does for her Feast provide.  
 Now the shrill Trumpets sprightly Voice, and all  
 The Harsh y of War, to Combate call.  
 The *Saxon* Silors with a hideous Cry,  
 Affright the Deep, and rend the ecchoing Sky



The barbarous Yellings and out-ragious Sound  
 From Rock to Rock, and Shore to Shore resound.  
 A furious Fight between the Fleets began,  
 And bold *Selingbert* first attacks their Van.  
 Now bearded Darts, and fatal Javelins fly,  
 And Balls of Fire hiss thro' th' enlighten'd Sky.  
 On his Foe missive Destruction pours,  
 Death receives, and gives in feather'd Showers.  
 Thus milder Fate at distance sparing flew  
 Till to a close Fight *Selingbert* flew,  
 And on his Foe his massy Chapples threw :  
 Which catching fast their ponderous, gripping Claws,  
 The rude Embrace, both Ships together draws.  
 The Saxons flew on Board with furious Arms,  
 And on the Deck appear in numerous Swarms.  
*Vogen* enrag'd, did fatal Wounds dispense,  
 With lavish hand, and made a brave Defence.  
 With Battle-Axes, Swords, unweildy Crows,  
 They clear the Decks of the insulting Foës.  
 Beat down with ghastly Wounds, some gasping lie,  
 Others their Arms cast down, for Mercy cry.  
 Into the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,  
 And fly from Death above, to Death below.  
 Down the Ship sides Torrents of Saxon Blood,  
 With unknown Crimson dye th' astonish'd Flood.  
 Upon the Decks, which slaughter'd Heaps deform,  
 Enrag'd *Selingbert* pours a second Storm,  
 Which like a Summer's Shower soon disappear'd,  
 By Valiant *Vogen* and his Britons clear'd.  
*Selingbert* thus defeated, boils with Rage,  
 But forc'd at last, his Ship to disengage ;  
 He bears away, and quits th' unequal Fight,  
 Providing for his safety, by his flight.



*Otha* mean time his Men for Fight prepare  
 And fiercely down on *Arthur's* Squadron bears.  
 The spacious sides of his high Ship consumed  
 Whole Forrests, and whole Mountains Spais entomb'd.  
 It self a Fleet a-cross the Billows stood,  
 Engross'd the Winds, and press'd the labouring Flood.  
 The lofty, gilded Palace shone from far,  
 Presenting to the Foe a glorious War.  
 Bold *Otha*, and the Valiant *Arthur* meet,  
 Which struck a vast Concern thro' either Fleet:  
 On this important Action seem'd to wait  
 The British Hero's, and *Britannia's* Fate.  
 Both sides with Shouts their fatal Weapons fling,  
 And wing'd with Death thick Showers of Arrows sing,  
 Unerring Darts in hissing Tempests fly,  
 And carry swift Destruction thro' the Sky.  
 Ships rush to Battle with enormous Stocks,  
 As Tow'rs with Tow'rs encounter'd, Rocks with Rocks.  
 So in the Northern Seas when Storms arise,  
 High Rocks of Snow, and sailing Hills of Ice  
 Against each other with a mighty Crash,  
 Driv'n by the VVinds in rude Rencounters dash.  
 The Sea afflicted foams, the Waves on high,  
 Toss'd by th' batt'ring Islands, leave the Sky.  
 The Crystal Towers break with a fearful Crack,  
 And on the Billows spread their floating Wreck.  
 Vast Sheets of rocky Ice, and broken Isles,  
 Oppress the labouring Ocean with their Spoils.  
 On both sides now they call forth all their Rage,  
 Resolv'd in closer Combate to engage.  
 Then Death and Slaughter in sad Triumph reign'd,  
 And Seas of Blood the slippery Decks distain'd.



Some the Pale Dead into the Ocean heave,  
 Some in the Ships low Caves the wounded leave.  
 Prodigious Numbers fell on either Side,  
 Thin on the Decks they look'd, but thick upon the Tide.  
 For neither Chief e'er met a greater Ecce,  
 Both wondrous Skill, and wondrous Courage shov  
 The Victory poising equal Hope and Fear,  
 With doubtful Wings hung hovering in the Air

The wise Prince *Arthur*, whilst on shore equips.  
 Their use till then unknown, a sort of Ships,  
 which since the Deeds of that Important Day,  
 Among lost Arts in deep Oblivion lay :  
 With Captains that in after Ages liv'd,  
 The long forgotten Stratagem reviv'd.  
 Bitumen, Sulphur, and *Vulcanian* Spoils ;  
 From labring Mountains, and from unctious Soils  
 Naphtha and Pitch, with Skill and Labour wrought  
 With hidden Stores of Flame the Vessel fraught :  
 Like rolling Clouds where Lightning's Seeds remain,  
 Their swelling Wombs a fiery Birth contain.  
*Arthur* so strange a Ship to *Oeta* sent,  
 With such Infernal Treasures in it pent :  
 Which with its grappling Engines fix'd, and fir'd,  
 The bold Commander to his Friends retir'd.  
 The Fire with unextinguish'd Rage, consumes,  
 The Subterranean Wealth the Ship intombs.  
 Vast sheets of Flame, and Pitchy Clouds arise,  
 And burning Vomit spouts against the Skies.  
 Tempests of Fire th' astonish'd Heav'ns annoy,  
 Fierce, as those Storms, that from their Clouds destroy :  
 As *Etna* from its glowing Roots was torn,  
 And by its own wild Hurricanes, was born



In its old Seat, to float upon the Waves,  
 With *Vulcan's* Magazines, and *Cyclops* smoaking Caves.  
 The burning Plague adher'd to *Otha's* side,  
 And the scorcht Ribs the hot Consagion fry'd  
 The spreading Mischief's growth no Force restrains,  
 The Plague resisted more severely Reigns.  
 To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,  
 And neighbour sits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires.  
*Otha* at last his flaming Ship forsakes,  
 And in stout *Hersa's* Vessel Refuge takes.  
 He once more here his Royal Standard Rears,  
 Where on the Deck undaunted he appears,  
 With chearful Looks, dissembling inward Fears.  
 He strives the *Saxons* Courage to excite,  
 To press the Foe, and still maintain the Fight:  
 But strives in vain, assisted by the Wind,  
 The spreading Burnings no resistance find.  
 Lawless Flames advance with lawless Fowls  
 From Ship to Ship, and thro' the Fleet devour.  
 Naked and half-burnt Hulls with hideous Wreck,  
 Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's back:  
 Scorcht Bodies, broken Masts, and smoaking Beams,  
 Promiscuous Ruin, float along the Streams.  
 Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horrour ride  
 In fearful Pomp, upon the Crimson Tyde.  
 At last King *Otha*, dreading longer stay,  
 Commanding all to follow, tows away;  
 The *Saxon* Captains chearfully obey.

But *Lucifer* enrag'd at this Defeat,  
 Plots to protect, and cover their Retreat.  
 Summon'd to his *Pavilion*, straight repair  
 The *Dæmons*, that infest th' Inferiour Air



With bloated *Fiends*, that in dark Caves abide,  
 And o'er the Subterranean Damps preside.  
 Last the slow *Powers* come from their misty Dens,  
 Who rule the *Marshes*, *Lakes*, and stagnant *Fens* :  
 To whom their Prince, see, how King *Oeta* tows  
 His shatter'd Ships, prest by Victorious Foes.  
 And protect him from the fierce Pursuit,  
 And give him time, his Navy to recruit  
 Let all your *Damps*, and lazy *Fogs* arise,  
 And with your sluggish Treasures cloud the Skies ;  
 Let your thick *Mists* repel th' unwelcome Light,  
 And o'er the Ocean spread a friendly Night.

The humble *Powers* their haughty Prince obey,  
 Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,  
 From each embowell'd Mount, and hollow Vault,  
 Crude *Exhalations* and raw *Vapours* brought.  
 Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and sedgy Moors,  
 Drive the dull *Reeks*, and shove the *barren* Stores  
 To their appointed Station all repair,  
 And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air.  
 The ponderous *Night's* impenetrable Steems  
 Exclude the *Sun*, and choke his brightest Beams  
 The hovering Clouds the *Saxon* Fleet embrace,  
 And wondrous Darkness stops the *Briton's* Chase.  
*Oeta*, ~~like~~ like, a misty Night  
 Around him cast, escapes the *Briton's* Sight.  
 Now had the Sun diffus'd the early Day,  
 From his bright Orb, and chas'd the Fogs aw  
 To their known Shore the *Saxon* Navy flies,  
 And in their Ports and Rivers safely lies

*Arthur*, who while the Shades prevail'd, had lain  
 Under an easie Sail, upon the Main ;



Discovering that the *Saxon* Fleet was lost,  
 Tack'd, and directly head for *Albion's* Coast  
 He could not long, before his Joyful Men  
 Could from the Masts, their native Country ken.  
 First the *Bolerian* Promontory rears.  
 His Head, and as a lofty Wedge appears,  
 That down into the Deep, had from the Shore,  
 Run from *Danmonian* Mines and melted Oar:  
 Here where the Cazy Shore, by ebbing Tides,  
 Is naked left, around its glittering Sides,  
 Pale *Tinny* Oar, and *Copper's* brighter Vein,  
 Casts Glimmering Lustre o'er the liquid Plain  
 Next they discover the aspiring Hills,  
 Whose precious Sides *Metallick* Treasure fills  
 In their dark Caves *Cyclopi*an Lab'ers sweat,  
 And their vast Blows the echoing Hills repeat.  
 With ghastly Wounds they rend the groaning Earth,  
 And from its Bowels wrest the massy Birth:  
 By racking Engines, and redoubled Blows,  
 She's forced her hidder Riches to disclose.  
 Under wide *Caldrons*, some whole Forrests pile,  
 And melt in purging Flames the wealthy Spoil.  
 Some in their hot *Ætnean* Forges sweat,  
 And glowing Wedges on huge *Anvils* beat:  
 Their mighty strokes shake all the bellowing ground,  
 The neighb'ring Mountains, and the Vales around,  
 With subterranean Toil and Noise resound.  
 They pass the crooked Shore, which Fame of old  
 Enrich'd with pond'rous *Pearl* and scatter'd *Gold*:  
 They view the *Rocks* with *Gems* and Treasure blest,  
 In verdant *Samphire*, and *Eringo* drest.  
*Danmonian* Crows, leaving the Neighb'ring Hills,  
 In numerous, noisy Flights, their Feet and Bills



With Native Crimson dy'd, o'erspread the Sky,  
And o'er the Fleet in Ominous Circles fly.  
Not far remov'd, its sides a Mountain shows,  
Where winding Shores a spacious Bay enclose  
His lofty Head, that flying Clouds invades,  
From Shore to Shore the dusky Ocean shades.  
Long this wild Seat, as ancient Fame obtain'd  
A fierce *Gigantick* Race of Men maintain'd;  
Tall as the Hill, on which the Monsters are,  
Whose groaning sides their striding motion bear.  
Torn from wild Beasts raw Skins, and grisly Hydes,  
A horrid Dress, adorn'd their hideous sides.  
Half roasted Swine their savage Jaws devour,  
Which stain their squalid Chins with flowing Gore.  
In thorny Dens the outstretch'd Monsters lie,  
Half eaten Limbs, and mangled Bodies by.  
With Rapes and Thefts, and endless Murders clov'd,  
A fearful Plague, the Region they destroy'd.  
Weathering the Point with favourable Gales,  
Along the Shore the Conquering Navy Sails:  
Into the rough *Hibernian* Seas they came,  
That howling Monsters, and dire Gulphs defame;  
Which to avoid, close to the Shore they keep,  
Where fair *Sabrina* to her Parent Deep,  
Drawing her silver Train along does glide,  
Diluting with fresh Streams the Briny Tyde.  
Lovely *Sabrina* that for refluent Tydes,  
Fair Cities, verdant Meadows, flow'ry Sides,  
For Fann'd Inhabitants; and pleasant Streams,  
Yields only to her fairer Sister *Thames*.  
Passing these Seas, they view the fertile Soil,  
Till'd by *Silurian* Farmers skilful Toil;  
Where the vext Sea fair *Clamorgania* laves,  
And rolls along the Sand its foaming Waves:



Here *Rhemnius*, gliding by *Carphilli's* Walls,  
 Proud of its *Roman* strength, into the Ocean falls.  
 Then *Ratofribiam* from the hill'd Lands,  
 Rolls down its rapid Tyde, and troubled Sands.  
 Next they descry an Isle of wondrous Fame;  
 Which the succeeding Ages *Barry* name.  
 In its high sides that to the Sea appear,  
 Dreadful to tell, th' astonish'd Saylor's hear  
*Ætæan* Labour, where the bellowing Rocks,  
 Shake with Gigantick Toil, and Thundring Strokes  
 Of groaning *Smiths*; sometimes a mighty sledge,  
 On a vast Anvil, beats a flaming wedge:  
 Now Bellows form'd of vast, capacious Hydes,  
 All *Boreas* blow from their *Ælian* sides.  
 Now the resisting Flames and Fiery Store,  
 By Winds assaulted, in wide Forges soar,  
 And raging Seas flow down of melted Oar.  
 Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,  
 And to the sides, huge heaps of Cynders shov'd.  
 As we advanc'd the Coast in Prospect lay,  
 Which the *Dimetian* Lords did then obey:  
 Here th' opening Land invites, with outstretcht Arms,  
 The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms  
 Of the rough, windy Powers, to take their Ease,  
 And on its Bosom lye diffus'd in Peace.  
 The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,  
 And gently roll into the Land's Embrace:  
 To secret Creeks the weary Billows creep,  
 And stretcht on Oazy Beds securely sleep.  
 No happy Land, along th' *European* Coast,  
 Can such a fair and spacious Haven boast.  
 In this wide Station, the *Dimetians* pride,  
 The biggest Ships, and greatest Fleets may ride,  
 Safe from the Insults of the Winds and Tide.



Two lofty *Castles* with their gilded *Towers*,  
Inlighten, and defend the subject *Shore*.  
Here the *Victorious Britons* safe and free,  
With all the Joy, long-wish'd for *Harbours* give  
In frequent *Throngs*, the glad *Dimetians* stand  
Upon the *Coast*, thick as th' unnumber'd *Sand*.  
Their *Acclamations* and loud *Shouts* rebound,  
From trembling *Hills*, and shake the *Sea* around:  
The *Ships* lay rocking, and their *Masts* bend more  
With *Britons* *Breath*, than with the *Winds* before.  
The joyful *Britons* and their *Friends* debark,  
And near the *Shore* a spacious *Camp* they mark.  
The pious *Prince* at a fair *Castle* staid,  
That *Malgo* the *Dimetian* *Lord* obey'd.

Now her brown *Wings* the silent *Night* displays,  
Light sprinkled o'er with *Cynthia's* silver *Rays*.  
Silence and *Darkness* all to *Rest* invite,  
And sleep's soft *Chains* make fast the *Gates* of *Light*.  
Prince *Arthur* sleeps, by *Summers* from on high,  
From trembling *Joynts*, his active *Spirits* fly  
To the round *Palace* of th' *Immortal Soul*,  
And thro' the *Rooms* and dark *Apartments* roll  
The busie *Crowd* fills all the labouring *Brain*,  
Bright *Fancy's* *Work-house*, where close *Cells* contain  
Of *Forms* and *Images* an endless *Train*,  
Which thither thro' the waking *Senses* glide,  
And in fair *Mem'ry's* *Magazine* abide.  
Compos'd of these, light *Scenes* and *Shows* appear,  
Which still employ the restless *Theater*.  
Divinely mov'd, the *Airy* *Figures* take  
Their several *Ranks*, and this bright *Vision* make.  
Prince *Arthur*, on a verdant *Eminence*  
Conversing with King *Uter* stood, from whence,



He views with wontring Eyes; great Lords and States,  
 Crown'd Heads, Victorious Princes, Potentates,  
 Heroes and Heroines, a glorious Train,  
 which in long Order fill'd the Subject Plain.  
 Prince *Arthur* on the Royal Scene intent,  
 Demands what this August Assembly meant:  
 For what end thither come, and who they were  
 That at th' Illustrious *Congress* did appear.

King *Uter* then reply'd: Know pious Son,  
 That after various bloody Battels won,  
 You Beauteous *Ethelina* shall espouse,  
 The fairest Branch of all King *Odin's* house.  
 A *Christian* Princess of a Pagan Line,  
 Whose Virtues equal with her Beauty shine.  
 You shall Triumphant mount the *British* Throne,  
 Which has not yet so great a Monarch known.  
 Swell not with Pride, th' Imperial Seat you gain,  
 Brings envy'd Honour, but unenvy'd Pain.  
 Your People rule with equal *Laws*, and know  
 You're happy, when you make your Subjects so.  
 Let them a Good, Indulgent *Father* find,  
 Remercifully *just*, severely *Kind*.  
 Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw,  
 Glorious Examples have more Force, than Law.  
 Seek not an uncontroll'd and lawless Sway,  
 Subjects from *Love*, but Slaves from *Fear* obey.  
 And whom the People fear, they quickly hate,  
 Which Passions in their Prince the like Create  
 Hence mutual Jealousies, and deep-Designs,  
 Hence strong Distrust the mould'ring State disjoins.  
 Diffusing good on all Mankind, you'll show  
 You imitate Heav'n's Government below.



The *Benefactor* will most Honour bring,  
 And the *Deliverer's* greater than the *King*  
 Believe no Foreign hostile Power, can move  
 Your Throne, supported by your Subjects Love.

The bright Assembly which surrounds the Hill  
 And with their Numbers all the Vally fill,  
 Are *Albion's* Hero's, who in future days,  
 Their own, and *Albion's* Name, to Heav'n shall raise.  
 The Regal Orders that the rest outshine,  
 With glittering Crowns, are the Imperial Line,  
 Which after you, on *Albion's* Throne shall sit,  
 Their Names in Fate's Eternal Volumes writ.  
 The Kings that in the foremost Rank appear,  
 Who frowning and unpleasant Aspects wear;  
 Whose waning Crowns with faded Lustre shine,  
 Shall after you succeed, first *Constantine*,  
*Conanus*, and the rest of *British* Line:  
 These look not with their Native Splendour bright,  
 But dimly shine, with delegated Light.  
 Heroick Deeds by great Forefathers done,  
 Cast all their Glory on them, not their own:  
 To narrow Bounds their scanty Empire sinks,  
 And *Britons* Grandeur, with their Virtue sinks.  
 At last their Crimes, offended Heav'n provoke,  
 To crush their Nation with the *Saxon* Yoke.

Here *Arthur* sigh'd, that his degenerate Race,  
 Should with inglorious Deeds their Stock debase:

When *Uter* cry'd, Observe the *Saxon* Line,  
 Where mighty Kings the *British* Rank outshine!  
 Crowns on their Heads, and Scepters in their Hand,  
 All great in War, and born for high Command.



Their Arms the *British* Empire shall assail,  
And aided by the *Britons* Crimes prevail.  
This mighty Nation shall believe  
The Christians God, and Heavenly Light receive.  
That's *Ethelbert* the first of *Saxon* Race,  
That shall pure Faith, and *Heaven* Divine embrace.  
He shall destroy in their own Temples Flames,  
Their senseless Gods of barb'rous Northern Names;  
In vain their Priests on helpless Idols call,  
They, and their Groves by the same Axes fall  
Fragments of broken Altars, and the spoil  
Of ruin'd Gods, fill all the applauding Isle.  
All shall adore the great mysterious King,  
And of his Cross the glorious Triumphs sing.  
The Spring of Life gilded with Heavenly Beams,  
Purge guilty Minds, with pure Baptismal Streams.  
From hence the Light shall break, which shall dispell  
The *Pagan* Shades, which on the *Saxons* dwell.  
Proud *Lucifer* subdu'd, flies in despair,  
With all th' Infernal Powers about the Air,  
Who with their broad, extended Wings retreat,  
To seek a safe, and unmolested Seat:  
To fix on *Scythian* Hills their gloomy Throne,  
Or on the Sands fry'd by the burning Zone.  
As when the *Storks* prepare to change their Clime,  
The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,  
Wheeling, and cowering up in Circles fly,  
And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky  
In lingring Clouds they hang, and Leisure give,  
For all their Feather'd People to arrive.  
To th' Airy Rendezvous all hast away,  
And their known Leaders noisy Call obey;  
Then thro' the Heav'ns their trackless flight they take,  
And for new Worlds, their present Seats forsake:



So here the Friends assembled in the Aid  
Quit *Albion's* Soil, and to wild Lands repair.

Remark that Prince, which in the midst appears,  
Seven bright Imperial Diadems he wears;  
That's the great *Egbert*, whose heroick Might,  
Shall the dismember'd Island reunite:  
His Arms shall give him universal Sway,  
And all the *Saxons* shall his Power obey.

See there the great *Northumbrian* Monarch stands,  
*Edwine* his Name that all the Isle commands:  
A happy Prince, if his good Angels Art  
Diverts the *Mercian* Ruffian's bloody Dart.  
*Saxons* and *Britons* shall obey his Arms,  
Himself, the lovely *Ethelburga* Charms:  
Her Beauteous Eyes the mighty Monarch fire,  
Her Words, his Soul with *Christian* Flames inspire.  
Blest *Ethelburga* of unrival'd Worth,  
That plants Religion in the barren North.

See *Alfred* there, all shall his Praises sing,  
A pious Soldier, and an humble King.  
*Hero* and *Bard*, able in lofty Verse  
His own great Deeds, and Triumphs to rehearse.  
Obey'd by all his unresisted Arms,  
Shall to their Coasts repel the *Danish* Swarms  
Into the Seas swept by his potent Hand,  
Those *Northern* Locusts leave th' afflicted Land.  
The People his wise Laws shall cultivate,  
From their rude Minds, and smooth th' unpolish'd State.  
Upon the Verdant Plain, where *Isis* Streams  
Hast to th' Embraces of her Sister *Thames*:



This mighty Prince shall a fam'd Empire Found,  
 Where Learning sits with branching Laurels Crown'd  
 Where sacred Arts with all their Letter'd Train,  
 In lofty Schools shall unmoistur'd Reign :  
 Banish'd from *Greece* and *Rome*, no safe Retreat  
 They'll find, till settled in this Peaceful Seat.  
 Ages to come, this Seat will *Oxford* name,  
 Of which no Time, or Place, shall bound the Fame.  
 Remote Nations shall her Wonders know,  
 Far as *Great Britain's* potent Navies go.  
 Learning, her Native growth, shall Strangers fetch,  
 And taught by her, their own rude Countries teach :  
 Th' admiring World shall *Albion* then adore,  
 Revere her Armies, but her Learning more.  
 As when the Wisdom of th' Eternal Mind,  
 Rude *Chaos* labour'd, and the Mass refin'd ;  
 The scatter'd Rays that wander'd in the Air,  
 Did to the Sun's capacious Orb repair ;  
 The shining Colonies pour'd thick around,  
 Here fixt, and did a glorious Empire Found :  
 So here the broken Beams of glimmering Arts,  
 Assembling all their Light from distant parts,  
 To make bright *Oxford's* Luminary stay,  
 Which o'er the World shall spread Celestial Day.

Remark *Elfeda* there, a Martial Dame,  
 That by her Arms shall win Immortal Fame  
 At last the Princes of the *Saxon* Line  
 From Heav'nly Love and Purity decline  
 Their Christian Virtues, and pure Zeal abate,  
 And with them sickens their decaying State.  
 With Christian Names, their Pagan Crimes they keep,  
 And deaf to Heav'n's loud Threats securely sleep :



Till the fierce *Dane* sent by supream Command,  
A vengeful Scout, does on their Borders Land:  
The *Saxon's* Guardian Angels call'd away,  
Leave then to hostile Arms, an easie Prey.  
Thus Heav'n afflicts a Land, when Impious grown,  
And from their Throne pulls naughty Monarchs down.  
This dreadful Curse, shall by relenting Heav'n,  
Be soon from sad *Britannia's* Empire driv'n :  
The Cruel, oathful *Dane* shall soon decline  
To make way for a nobler *Norman* Line.

That Prince observe, which moves with so much Grace,  
Is the great *William* of the *Norman* Race :  
A mighty Prince, a Leader Brave, and Wise,  
Whose towering Fame shall soar above the Skies.  
Heav'n does for him *Britannia's* Crown design,  
From which great Stock, shall branch a numerous Line  
Of mighty Princes, that shall Rule this Isle,  
Enriching it with Conquer'd Nations Spoil.

The Valiant second *Henry*, see him there.  
What Majesty does in his Looks appear?  
Through wild *Hibernia* he shall force his way,  
And add four Kingdoms to the *British* Sway.

Brave *Richard* see, who from the sacred Coast,  
Shall drive the Barb'rous, Unbelieving Host.  
In *Gaul* this Monarch's Arms shall be renown'd,  
Dreaded in Battel, and with Conquest Crown'd.  
Long time in Peace his Crown might be enjoy'd,  
Could he the Arrow at *Chaluz* avoid.

Now, Son, your Eye to that brave Warriour turn,  
Whose Beams so much the *Norman* Line adorn.



How great a Presence, what a Port he bears?  
 How much a mighty Conq'rou he appears.  
 That Prince is *Edward*, whose Victorious Arms  
*Judea* save from *Pagan* Foes Alarms.  
 How he returns thro' the *Trinacria* Sea,  
 Thro' high *Parthenope's* delicious Sea,  
 Thro' loud Applauses of admiring *Rome*,  
 Reeking in hostile Blood triumphant home!  
 The beauteous Person next that Monarch sees  
 Is *Eleonora* his illustrious Queen.  
 In Storms she's with him on the Ocean tost,  
 To seek out horrid War on *Asia's* Coast.  
 Midst barbarous Arms his Wife, Adviser, Friend,  
 She his prodigious Labours shall attend.  
 And when her Lord, so *Heav'n* permits, shall see  
 Within his Veins, the Murderers poison'd Steel.  
 She to the spreading Plague her lips applies,  
 And gives that Ease, which *Asia's* Balm denies.  
 Invading Death her healing Kisses Charm,  
 And with new Life the sinking Monarch warm.  
 No other Prince that in this Age shall reign  
 Shall equal Honour to brave *Edward's* Gain,  
 But great *Adolphus*, of the illustrious Race  
 Of Hero's, which the House of *Nassau* Grace:  
 This mighty Prince shall gain th' imperial Sway,  
 And wide *Germania* shall his Laws obey.  
 The God-like Virtues, and Heroick Fire  
 Which shall the brave *Nassovian* House inspire,  
 Shall make *Adolphus* shine in his high Spear,  
 Preluding to the great Deliverer,  
 The pious *William*; yonder he's in Sight,  
 In whom *Nassovian* Blood, and ours unite.

There



There war-like *Edward* stands, that with his Host,  
 Shall cross the Ocean to the *Gallick* Coast :  
 Where he his Conquering *Franks* shall display,  
 And make the haughty *Franks* his Laws obey.  
 There *Queen Philippa* shines, th' *Albanians* Dread,  
 Worthy of *Britain's* Crown, and *Edward's* Bed :  
 While Foreign Kingdoms *Edward's* Arms subdue ;  
 Her thro' the North the vanquish'd *Scots* pursue.  
 See the Black Prince in Armour by her side,  
 Proud *Gallia's* Terror, and fair *Albion's* Pride :  
 What Triumphs wait him in *Pictavian* Fields ?  
 What never-fading Laurels *Cassidy* yields ?

That *Henry* mark, the glorious Conquerour,  
 Who *Gallia* shall reduce by *Ambion's* Power.  
 Immortal Prince, if Arms can make thee so,  
 For thee in *Norman* Fields what Laurels grow  
 How great he'll seem, his Arms distain'd with Blood,  
 Chasing the *Franks* o'er *Sein's* affrighted Flood !  
 At *Agencourt* what Wonders shall be done,  
 What Towns of Force, what Battels shall be won.  
 Before in Triumph he ascends their Throne ?

Our Blood the Royal Channel now regains,  
 Deriv'd thro' *Tudor* our brave Offspring's Veins ;  
 Which with the *Norman* joy'd, the Confluent Tide  
 As long, as that of Time, shall downward glide.  
 From their Embrace to rule *Britannia* springs,  
 A glorious Race of Queens, and potent Kings.  
 See, the first *Tudor* that ascends the Throne,  
 After the glorious Field at *Bosworth* won.  
 The Scepter he shall sway with great Applause,  
 And Rule the Isle with Wise and Equal Laws.



Young *Edward* there, *Albion's* Delight appears  
 Learn'd, Pious, Manly, Wife above his years.  
 Then Liberty in all her lovely Charms,  
 Shall sit secure from Tyranny's alarms:  
 Religion purg'd from *Rome's* Adulterous Stain,  
 Shall in her pure, and Native Splendor Reign.  
 No greater Mind to *Albion's* Crown succeeds,  
 Rever'd for Brave, and lov'd for Pious Deeds.  
 Blest *Albion*, if kind Heav'n would long permit,  
 So great a Monarch, on thy Throne to sit!  
 But, oh, how short Delights attend him here,  
 Such Heav'nly Guests are shewn, and disappear  
 Dear both to Earth and Heav'n, he'll soon remove  
 His Throne from hence, to Reign in Bliss above:  
 With what Complaint, with what despairing Cries  
 Shall sad *Britannia* Mourn his Obsequies?

There, see, the bright *Elizabetha* rise,  
 Inlightning with her Rays the *British* Skies.  
 Th' Indulgent Parent of her People, she  
 Loves, Feeds, and Guards *Britannia's* Family.  
 Heav'n's and her People's Rights she shall protect,  
 And for *Britannia's* Ease, her own neglect:  
 Her Sons she shall embrace with pious Care,  
 And from her Coasts send back th' *Iberian* War  
 Blest times, when she that wears th' Imperial Crow  
 Regards her People's Safety, as her own.

Intently now on that great Monarch gaze,  
 So much distinguish'd by his brighter Rays:  
 This is the Man, the brave *Nassovian*, whom  
 I nam'd, the great Deliverer to come.  
 Succeeding Prophets under your great Name,  
 This our great Offspring shall aloud proclaim



Rais'd from a noble Branch of *Tudor's* Line,  
 From *Thamasis* transplant'd to the *Rhine*.  
 Amaz'd Posterity, will scarce believe  
 Th' wondrous Deeds, this Hero shall achieve.  
 Th' *European* World by *Rome* and *Caul* oppress'd,  
 By his long-wish'd-for Arms shall be releas'd.  
 He'll far out-shine his own Heroick Race,  
*Europe's* protectors, who shall Tyrants chase,  
 Conquer, and vanquish with *Herculean* Toil,  
 And rescue from their bloody Jaws, their Spoil  
 The beardless Hero's first victorious Arms,  
 Shall free his Country from the *Gauls* Alarms:  
 As he advances, Seas of *Gallick* Blood,  
 Shall with red Streams, swell *Mesa's* wondring Flood:  
 Their slaughter'd Ranks shall lie along the *Rhine*,  
 And with strange Purple stain th' astonish'd Vine.

For in this Age,  
 Just Heaven shall caute a haughty Prince to rise  
 Cruel, as *Lucifer*, and like him-wise.  
 Heav'n's Laws, and Power, The Tyrant shall deride,  
 Breaking in Sport, the Oaths wherewith he's tied.  
 Th' insatiate Monster pleas'd with humane Gore,  
 And urg'd with Hellish Rage, shall first devour  
 His *Gallick* Slaves, and with a merciless Hand,  
 Spread fearful Ruin o'er his fruitful Land.  
 Raging with Fire and Sword, he shall invade  
 His Neighbour's Cities, till his Gold betray'd  
 No Spoil, no Carnage, shall his Fury cloy,  
 But drunk with Blood, he shall around destroy,  
 Like spreading Fires, or Torrents roaring down,  
 From melting Snows, that all the Vally drown.  
 Like Hell, he shall derive his chiefest Joy,  
 From the divine Permission to destroy.



Mischief and Ruin, he shall Conquest name,  
 And from Destruction raise a dismal Fame.  
 Regions laid wast, Orphans and Widows Cries  
 Proclaim his Power, and barbarous Victories.  
 So dire a Plague, shall Heav'n permit to reign,  
 To scourge th' impious World, but to restrain  
 The savage Spoiler, shall this Prince employ ;  
 Monsters grow up, for Heroes to destroy.  
 The valiant Youth sinking *Batavia* saves,  
 Their surest Digue against the *Gallick* Waves.  
 After oppress'd *Britannia* shall revive,  
 The fam'd *Deliverer* to assert her Right  
 His Arms the lowring Tempest shall dispel,  
 Which threatening *Albion*, rolls from *Rome* and Hell :  
 Fair Liberty her drooping Head shall rear,  
 And blest Religion on her Throne appear.  
 His Reign fresh Life to *Albion* shall impart,  
 And teach her Sons War's long-forgotten Art.  
 Britons dissolv'd in soft, inglorious Ease,  
 In courtly Vices, and luxurious Peace,  
 He shall inspire with a new martial flame,  
 And lead them on, to gain their Ancient Fame  
 Now *Albion's* Youth polish their rusty Arms,  
 And once more, *Gallia* dreads their loud Alarms :  
 Victorious *Britons* as of old, shall come  
 Laden with Spoils, and crown'd with Laurels, home.

He ceas'd ; but near the great *Nassovian* stood  
 A Heroine, by men of Royal Blood.  
 Her Form Divine, and Seraph-like her Face,  
 Where Heav'nly Sweetness, strove with Princely Grace.  
 But a black Cloud on her fair Temples lies,  
 And on the ground she fixt her beauteous Eyes.



Prince Arthur on his low Form intent,  
 Asked who she was, and what her Sadness meant,  
 Then her dejected Eyes did overcast,  
 What the thick Mist that cover'd round her Head.

King, utter with Reluctance replies,  
 While flowing Tears push'd from his mournful Eyes:  
 On demand no more their Fates to know,  
 Must produce such universal Woe.  
 Telling that Oespring's Story, I reveal  
 A Scene of Grief, I should to conceal.  
 This Wonder to the World, as soon as shown,  
 Is taken up to her Celestial Throne.  
 Ah! what sad Accents, what a mournful Cry,  
 What lamentable Sounds will fill the Sky.  
 When her high Horse, shall from her Palace go  
 Thro' weeping Throngs, in all the Pomp of Woe  
 So sad a Cry did wondring Nile affright,  
 When Egypt's first-born Youth were slain by Night.  
 What Strains of Sorrow will ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> ?  
 What Floods of Tears, sad ~~Tamisis~~ <sup>Tamisis</sup> will flow  
 Into the Stream, while gliding by the Dams,  
 Where fresh erected stands her lofty Tomb:  
 Son, mind her Presence, that God-like Air  
 What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear  
 No nobler Genius, no well fashion'd Mind  
 To look a Turn more happily design'd,  
 From an ~~Ethereal~~ <sup>Ethereal</sup> Mould more labour'd and refin'd.  
 Mild as the blest above, without serene  
 As Eden's Air, and calm as Heaven within.  
 No lovely Star adorns the British Sphear,  
 And might she longer in her Orb appear,  
 That her Celestial Influence might Flow  
 In cheering Streams on all the Isle below.



New warmth to *Albion* her kind F  
 To *Alcin* guarded, as befor or'd,  
 By the *Nassovian* Angel's fla Sword.  
 My fairest Offspring! ah, her fig. Doom!  
 She shall *Maria* be: Come qu come,  
 Bring me white Lillies, Roses blown,  
 Lillies and Roses, like own  
 These on her Herse I'll scatter, and per umē  
 With Od'rous Herbs and Flowers, the precious Tomb  
 Let me my Sorrew thus express, 'tis true,  
 A fruitless Deed, but all that Love can do.

The Tides of Grief which he swell'd *Arthur's* Breast  
 Broke Sleep's soft letters, and dissolv'd his Rest  
 The Airy Objects, that without did wait,  
 Now rush in by the Senses open Gate.  
 His waking Thought, the wondrous Scene reviews,  
 a various Passions in his Mind renews



# Princ Arthur.

## BOOK VI.

**N**OW in the East the Saffron Morn arose,  
 And call'd the L'ber from his soft repose.  
 Thro' all the Region flew Loquacious Fame;  
 And the glad tydings spread, where'er she came;  
 Prince *Arthur's* Landed, is the general Cry,  
 Straight to their Arms the cheerful Britons fly:  
 The great *Restorer* all prepare to meet,  
 And warlike Noise retounds in every Street.  
 His eager Friends impatient of delay,  
 Had long expected this Auspicious Day.  
 They knew he was Embark'd, to bring them Aid,  
 And for his quick, and safe, they pray'd.  
 Oft on the Rocks and *Legion* as they stood,  
 And all around the Subject Ocean view'd  
 With longing Eyes, his long fight to gain  
 Of *Arthur's* Conquering Navy on the Main:  
 And when no Fleet, no *Arthur* they descri'd,  
 The Winds, and interposing Tide.  
 With his impatience stand the *Ithacian* Dame,  
 Till to her Arms her wish'd *Ulysses* came.  
 The *Sestian* Maid not with such Passion stood,  
 To spy her Lover cutting through the Flood.  
 The Zealous Men while adverse *Boreas* reign'd,  
 And from the Coasts Prince *Arthur's* Fleet detain'd,



When mild *Aurora* with her rosy Light,  
 Began to break the dusky Face of Night,  
 Oft from their Beds, up to the Towers flew,  
 And thence the Fanes and flying Clouds would view,  
 To see if yet more favourable Gales,  
 Rose from the South, to swell Prince *Arthur's* Sails.  
 Anxious they look around, but when they find  
 Their hopes retarded by an adverse Wind,  
 Their Sorrow in repeated Sighs express'd.  
 They to their Beds return, but not to Rest.

Thus they expected *Arthur's* potent Aid,  
 And such their Sorrow was, their Hopes delay'd  
 But now, at last the Princes Fleet arriv'd,  
 Raises their Courage, and their hopes reviv'd.  
 The joyful Throngs Prince *Arthur's* praise proclaim,  
 This every Tongue employs, ev'n Children all  
 That scarce have learn'd to speak, to hiss his Name.  
 Some praise his Stature, and his God-like Face,  
 His awful Presence, and his look of Grace,  
 His Courage some, and his Skill in the Field.  
 And think that *Cæsar's* Fierce Arms must yield  
 His Clemency and Pity some admire,  
 And all the Virtues, which his Mind inspire.  
 The Actions of his Childhood some repeat,  
 In which they still discover'd something Great  
 And now, what they expected, he appears,  
 The Hero promis'd in his tender years.  
 Others relate the ancient Prophecies,  
 Wherein was told a Monarch should arise  
 Of mighty Power, and Universal Fame,  
 That should to Heav'n advance the *British* Name.  
 Things weigh'd, and well compar'd, they all conclude  
*Arthur's* the Conquerour, that the Prophets meant,



Some tell their *Fi* their Courage to support,  
 What mighty *G*ear *surround* the Prince's Court.  
 While Succours *h*ir'e were fir'st *re* *ma* *na* brought,  
 Succours, as oft Victorious, as they fought:  
 From *Alpine* *Alto* *ore* with slaughter fed,  
 Snows and everlasting Winter bed.  
 Of stupendous Bulk, pamper'd and cloy'd  
 Blood of Nation, which their Arms destroy'd:  
 And with *L* *and* flaming Swords, and mighty Spears;  
 Their Caps were Wolves, their Coats rough Skins of Bears  
 Who stretch't on Bed did rather Limbs repose,  
 But from the naked ground still vigorous rose.  
 Of Aspect terrible, their squallid Face  
 Thick, matted Beards with bristly Terror trace:  
 None e'er escap'd, that did their Arms provoke,  
 They mov'd whole Squadrons with a single stroke.  
 This monstrous Kind of Men did Fame invent,  
 And *Art*'s Troops so dreadful represent,  
 To raise the Britons Hearts before depress'd,  
 And strike a Terror thro' the *Brit*'s Breast.  
 With Joy transported all to *glare*,  
 And all the Accoutrements *repare*.  
 The *Shepherd*'s on the hills forsake their Flocks,  
 And leave their *l*ouzing *outs* on the Rocks.  
 Instead of Crooks, which did their Flocks command,  
 Long warlike Spears and brandish in their Hand.  
 As their Courage rais'd, rejoyce  
 As they fly, and hear the Trumpet's Voice.  
 The *Farmer* leave the Hopes their Fields afford,  
 To reap from Laurels with their Conquering Sword.  
 The noise of War does from the Hills rebound,  
 As amidst the *Miners* Echo's under ground:  
 Who straight alarm'd, at nobler Labour Sweat,  
 And into Swords their glowing Metal beat.



Their Forges, Anvils and wide Benches  
 Are all employ'd in various kinds of Searn.  
 Some shape the Helmet, and Roast Fauch  
 And Darts by some, and Arms and Shields are made.  
 Some forming Battle-Axes leave the Sledge,  
 Some into Shields strike out a flaming Wedge.  
 To fashion Helmets some the Hammer ply,  
 Some labour, Pieces for the Leg and Thigh.  
 With Lances arm'd, some their hot Coursers re-  
 And to the War Curvet along the Plain  
 Some with their clenching Grantles graze the Shield  
 Shake their long Spears, and rush into the Field.  
 Across their Shoulders some their Quivers hung,  
 Their Arrows Trim'd, and Bows for Death new strung  
 As when black Clouds darkning the Summer Sky,  
 Loaded with Crystal Tempests slowly fly.  
 Th' Artillery discharg'd, with mighty Sound  
 Th' exploded Hailstones, leap upon the ground,  
 Thunder amidst the Woods, and from the Hills rebound.  
 So with the Britons all the British swarms,  
 Seize their Troops, and all the Hosts of Arms:  
 The groaning Earth, complacently feels  
 The tramping Hoofs, and Chariots rattle on their wheels.

In order now, Celestial Muse, describe  
 What Troops, and who those ancient Heroes were,  
 Who for their Country's Liberty command'd,  
 And their Brigades with Arthur's Forces join  
 From Times dark Frisons set the Hero's free,  
 And may their glorious Names Immortal be.

First warlike Cadwall the Dimetians Head,  
 His Forces from the neighbouring Region led.







They ~~are~~ in halt their Swords and  
 And march to meet the Prince from  
 From all the Cities on the ~~mountain~~ side  
 Of *Nidus*, and on *Lochors* Caval  
 They march from *Bovium*, and the neighbouring Shore,  
 Thick as the Waves, that were insul'ing roar.  
 Down from the Hill, ~~Land~~ the Britons came,  
 Which now the Inhabitants *Brechinia* name:  
 Where the black Mount stands lofty in the Air  
 And forky Peak, since call'd great *Arthur's* Chair  
 They march from *Bulleum*, *Haga*, and the Lake,  
 Where when broad Sheets of Ice dissolving crack,  
 The rattling Noise rebounds from neighb'ring Hills,  
 And with loud Thunder all the Region fills.  
 From *Ariconium*, and the flowry Space,  
 Which wanton *Vaga's* winding Arms embrace:  
 Where *Lugus* his transparent Bosom spreads,  
 And where *Liddens* murmurs thro' the Meads.  
 Where thick *Hesperian* Woods with Apples crown'd,  
 Of golden Hue, enrich the ~~hills~~ hills around:  
 Which the most generous *British* Wine produce  
*Ausonia* scarce affords a nobler ~~tree~~ tree.  
 They leave the Fields fam'd for the purest Corn  
 And the rich Plains that *Wegon* ~~Flora~~ Flora adorns,  
 Which bless the Farmer with a nobler ~~tree~~ tree,  
 Than what *Apulia* boasts, or fertile *Greece*.  
 They leave the golden Vale, and happy Groves  
 Which *Dorus* laves, and lofty Woods surround.  
 The warlike Youth from *Venta* came, and those  
 That *Muno's* Flood and *Isca's* Streams include.  
 With those that round the *Oazy Moor* are bred,  
 And near the Golden Rocks refulgent Head.  
 Out from her Gates her Youth fair *Isca* pours;  
 Crown'd with gilt Spires, rich Domes, and lofty Towers.



Checker'd Floors about  
Chambers underground

And I  
Healer the Town  
Whole Works convey the neighbouring Brooks,  
conquering Romans built, that far from home  
might enjoy the Sports and Pomp of Rome.  
was the ample City's ancient Frame,  
worn by time it scarce preserves its Name.  
Those from *Verulam* march, a Town which stood  
On *Isca's* and *Sevini's* confluent Flood.  
In cheerful Troops, the stout *Cornavians* came  
From the rich Soil we now *Salopia* name:  
From either side of fair *Sabrina's* Tyde,  
Whose silver Streams the fruitful Land divide.  
From *Uxona*, and the Towns that lay  
On the famed *Roman* Military way:  
From *Uxonia*, yet a noble Town,  
And old *Verulam*, then of good Renown  
Calburi their Leader at their Head appears,  
A lovely Youth, and wise above his Years.  
Descended from a Noble, ancient Race  
Of Heroes, who the British Aid grace.  
He by Forefathers Beams Illustration shone,  
Great by their Deeds, but greater by his own.  
Zest for his Country, and the British Cause,  
The generous Youth to glorious Danger draws:  
By child the Ocean, to implore  
The Friar, then, his Freedom to restore.  
The Friar, then, him, as his Fav'rite Friend,  
And did his Zeal and Vigilance commend.  
He said the dear Companion of his Toil,  
Both on the Seas, and on the *Armerick* Soil:  
And when the *Saxon* and the *British* Fleet;  
(A dreadful day) did on the Ocean meet,



By ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> upon the Deck, he  
 Distain'd scatter'd Brains and Blood  
 The Youth in danger un-appear'd,  
 And nothing but his Country's Sufferings fear'd.  
 He leap'd out first on the *Demetian* Strand,  
 And welcom'd *Arthur* to his native Land:  
 Where taking leave, ~~he~~ his Country came,  
 To Head his Men, and win yet greater Fame.

*Devana* sends brave Troops, a noble Town,  
 For lofty Works, and splendid Structures known  
 Where once the *Roman* Conquerours did reside,  
 And envied not *Italia's* Wealth and Pride  
 The bold Inhabitants on *Deva's* Bank,  
 And they who *Danubius*, and *Merseia* drank;  
 With those that had their Seats, along the Soil  
 Which Briny Riches gives with easie Toil,  
 Draw out and Mute on the Neighbouring Plain,  
 Resolv'd the *British* Honour to regain.  
~~Both~~ their Captain was a *Wake* Knight,  
 A brave Asserter of his Country's Right  
 A noble, ~~an~~ ungovernable  
 (Such is the Heroes) did his Breast inspire.  
 His honest Rage, his friends could only Ruse  
 Not for the Camp, but not for Council  
 To assist to pull a Tyrant down,  
 But not to please the Prince that mounts the Throne  
 Impatient of Oppression, still he stood  
 His Country's Mounds, against th' invading  
 Impetuous, as a Tempest in its Course,  
 He not to Conduct trusted, but to Force.  
 Unskill'd in Court Intreagues, on which the wise  
 And crafty Statesmen, as his strength, relies;



laufe,

By

righteous Cause'd.

prais'd Thine; O Lord,

his People's Patron more ador'd.

Now in Arms they throng about their Head;

And to the Prince such numerous Forces led.

The *Coritaniens*, that the Soil possess,  
By fair *Dartmoor*'s fruitful Waters blest,  
And *Repandunum*, where clear *Trenta*'s Tide  
Do's into *Devoe*'s silver Bosom glide.  
Those near high *Peak*, in heavenly Waters drown'd,  
And in the Dale, which craggy Rocks surround  
Their Zeal and Courage rais'd by loud Alarms,  
Forsook their Seats, and Fields, and flew to Arm  
These valiant Men that Fame and Freedom sought,  
To join the Prince's Arms *Camvall* brought.  
Noble *Camvallo*, who did with him bring  
The Majesty, and Presence of a King  
Of lofty Starre, and a graceful Air,  
By's own Sex fear'd, and favour'd by the Fair.  
Th' Inglorious Pleasures of their Court,  
Which drain'd is Wealth, did not the Patriot hurt:  
Fit for the Crown, or Bless'd of the State;  
But soft Enchantments did to both abate.  
Alarm'd with Publick Danger, he arose  
A roused Lion, from his long Repose.  
And, and equip'd with great Magnificence,  
He mount his noble Steed, bought at a vast Expence:  
His princely Train, and splendid Equipage,  
Where'er he goes the Eyes of all engage.

The *Atrebatians* from the happy Land,  
Which then in *Gallena* did command:



When winding *Thames* do  
 The Wealth and Glory of th  
 In War-like Bands advanc'd  
 And rich *Bertudor*, as their head obey'd.  
 Who still against the Pagan Interest strove  
 Rich in Possessions, and his People's Love.  
 His happy Tenants, and the Farmers round,  
 His Hospitable House still open found.  
 Each Week ten Oxen from the Stall he drew,  
 A hundred Sheep, and forty Swine he flew;  
 Fat Venison, Fowl, and Fish, a countless Store,  
 To feed his Guests, his Servants, and the Poor.  
 He to the Woods, and Forests was inclin'd,  
 To hunt the Fox, and chase the flying Hind.  
 Pleas'd with his Friends, and with his rural Sport,  
 He wisely shun'd, the Dangers of the Court.  
 But for the Christian Cause, and publick Peace  
 He quits the Fore ~~st~~, and his Wealth and Ease  
 His Helmet brac'd, and on his Arm his Shield,  
 He march'd before his Troops into the Field.  
 And that my Verse may to his Name be just,  
 Of all the Lords *Bertudor* was the first,  
 That to the Camp his valiant Forces brought.  
 Tho' not inur'd to war, and the ~~ore~~.

The *Durotriges* from the western Coast;  
 Where the Brit ~~annick~~ Ocean's Waves are tost:  
 Their Troops assembled, for the Prince declare,  
 And march from all the Towns, to meet the War  
 From *Dornavaria*, and the Seats that stand  
 On *Forma's* Stream, and wealthy *Blackmore* Land.  
 From *Vendogladia*, and the Tow'rs that rose  
 On the fat Glebe, where pleasant *Stourus* flows.



He still expects, and yet appears,  
 Would fold his arms, and a Country dear.  
 His Countrymen, cheer the *Brilliant* Fards,  
 Let them to Sing, and their true Songs rewards.  
 Heaven to make Men good, does Grace bestow,  
 Then rewards them for their being so.  
 As their Head th' *Athenian* Sons adore,  
 The Muses Favorite, but the Peoples more.  
 To form great Men, his Palace was the School,  
 His Life good Breeding's, and good Nature's Rule.  
 To him the needy Men of Wit resort,  
 And find a Friend in an unletter'd Court:  
 The Poets Nation, did Obsequious wait  
 For the kind Dole, Divided at his Gate  
*Laurus* amidst the meagre Crowd appear'd,  
 An old, revolted, unbelieving Bard,  
 Who throng'd, and shov'd, and prest, and would be heard.  
 Distinguish'd by his loud craving Tone  
 So well to all the Muses Patrons known  
 He did the Voice of modest Poets drown.  
*Sakil's* high Roof, the Muses Palace rung  
 With endless Cries, and endless Songs he sung.  
 To bless good *Sakil*, *Laurus* would be first,  
 But *Sakil's* Prince, and *Sakil's* God he curst  
*Sakil* with joy extinction threw his Bread,  
 Despis'd the Flatterer, but the Poet fed.  
 Henceforth the Muses great Defender draws,  
 To save *Britannia's*, and Religion's Cause.

From their Head, the bold *Brigantes* brings,  
 Subject of late, to the *North-Saxon* Kings:  
 Now for their Liberty they boldly speak,  
 And thro' the Foe, to joyn Prince *Arthur*, break.



*Of* Example all the Region fir'd,  
 With noble Heats, and Martial thought inspir'd,  
 None in the Field did later Courage show,  
 Whether he charg'd, or else sustain'd the Foe.  
 Yet none more fit in Council to preside,  
 And in a Storm, the lab'ring State to guide :  
 A mighty Genius of uncommon Mould,  
 As *Cæsar* Eloquent, as *Cæsar* Bold.  
 He could th' unstable People's Tumult stop,  
 And a declining Kingdom underprop :  
 Matur'd by Age, and business of the State, —  
 The hoary Oracle in Council sat.  
 Where he the *British* Regent was esteem'd,  
 And all his Language, Inspiration seem'd.  
 This finish'd Statesman, did the Prince perswade  
 To pass the Seas, the *Saxon* to invade.  
 And at his Landing quick assistance brought,  
 And for his Country none more bravely fought.

The farthest *Western* Soil, which with their Way  
 The *British* and *Hibernian* Oceans lave.  
 From *Isca's* Noble Stream, far as the Shore  
 Where round *Bolerium's* Head the Billows roar,  
 By the *Danmonian* Britons was possess'd,  
 And with King *Cador's* temperate Empire blest,  
 This warlike people, at their King's Command,  
 Now take up Arms, and muster thro' the Land.  
 The good King *Cador* worn with War and Age,  
 No longer does the Foe in Arms engage.  
*Macor* his Son supply'd the Father's Place,  
 Whose Virtues equal'd his Illustrious Race.  
 To serve Prince *Arthur*, and his righteous Cause,  
 His Sword the brave *Danmonian* Hero draws.



ach, whose Breast a strong desire  
 Martial Glory did inspire.  
 he the *Demonians* led  
 in splendid Armour at Head  
 His coming Joy to all the *Britons* gives,  
 And in his Arms, the Prince his Friend receives  
 To whom to be endear'd, he always strove.  
 By all-expressions of Respect and Love.  
 The Valiant Youth he did with Honours grace,  
 To his high Merit due, and noble Race.  
*Macor*, mean time, Prince *Arthur* did adore,  
 None serv'd his Cause, or sought his Favour more

*Tracar*, and *Ormes* in the Camp arrive,  
 Whose Presence to the rest, fresh Courage give.  
 Their Wisdom was by Fame aloud proclaim'd,  
 The *Britons* none with greater Honour nam'd.  
 Both fit about a Monarch to abide,  
 To aid his Counsels, and the State to guide.  
 None more admir'd for clear, unerring Sense,  
 For piercing Sight, and charming Eloquence.  
 Great Spirits both, but of a different Mould,  
*Ormes* impetuous, Turbulent, and Bold;  
 But *Tracar* was compos'd, sedate, and cool,  
 His Passions subject to a stricter Rule.  
*Ormes* was haughty, inaccessible,  
 And knew his Riches, and his Sense too well:  
*Tracar* was courteous, easie of Access,  
 Of great Humanity, and mild Address.  
*Ormes* was therefore honour'd not desir'd,  
*Tracar* belov'd, and equally admir'd.  
*Ormes* would still advance unbounded Power,  
*Tracar* his Country's Liberty secure.



*Traca* and Letters, *Ormes* Native Fire :  
 Both had by Birth, what Labour can't acquire  
*Arthur* to neither Rival *Wic* inclines,  
 But us'd them both, to live his wise Designs.  
 Such Love the *Britons* to the Prince exprest,  
 Who when he found his Numbers thus encreast,  
 Advanc'd his Ensigns, and to *Isca* came,  
 Where the *Silures* dwelt, the chief for Fame  
 Hither fresh Squadrons to the Prince resort,  
 Which from that time is call'd great *Arthur's* Court  
 Five times the Sun had his Diurnal Race  
 Compleated, when from this delightful place  
 The pious Prince his Ensigns mov'd and came  
 To *Glevum*, seated on *Ebrina's* Stream.  
 Decamping hence, his arm'd Battalions gain  
 Prince *Arthur* at their Head, the fertile Plain,  
 By easie Marches, where *Gallena* stood,  
 Which *Thamisis* laves with its noble Flood.

Thus stood the *Britons*, after his Deceat,  
*Oeta* with Grief did to his Coasts retreat.  
 As when by chance a Royal Eagle spies,  
 From some high Mountain's Top, amidst the Skies;  
 A flight of Swans, obscuring all the Air,  
 Swift as the Lightning, which he's said to bear,  
 Upon the Prey his Airy Flight he takes,  
 And with sharp Pounces vast Destruction makes.  
 Some fall struck dead, some wounded slowly fly  
 While Snowy Clouds of Feathers fill the Sky :  
 Those that the fierce Invader's Strokes survive,  
 With all the speed, Fear to their Wings can give ;  
 To their belov'd *Cayster's* Banks return,  
 And in their reedy Seats, their Wounds and Losses mourn.



So far'd the *Saxon's*, and their shatter'd Fleet,  
*Ossa* forthwith Commands his Lords to meet  
In Council, where they in long orderate,  
To advise, what best might save their threaten'd State.

*Cissa* first spoke, an able Counsellour,  
Let us assemble all our present power,  
And straight advance the *Britons* to Attack,  
Who to our Arms can small Resistance make.  
Sore with their Wounds, and weary with their Toil,  
They tempt the *Saxons* to an easie Spoil.  
Boldly fall on, before their Troops are eas'd,  
With Food and Rest, and with Recruits increas'd.  
Your Wisdom thus, and Courage will appear,  
Who not defeated, have not learn'd to fear.  
The Foe surpriz'd must to your Mercy yield,  
Or to their Ships retreating, quit the Field.  
He ceas'd, then *Osred*, who had always won  
By his wise Counsel great Applause, begun:  
Our late Defeat has too much Terror strook,  
Thro' all our Troops, too much our Empire shook  
And too much flush'd the Foe, to let me joyn  
In this Advice, my Counsels more incline  
To draw into the Field our utmost Power,  
From all the *Saxon* States, and to secure  
Our Empire, let us labour to persuade  
The *Pict*, and *Scotish* King, to give us Aid  
The Cause and Interest is the same of all,  
They and their Gods, if we are crush'd, must fall.  
Our Arms united in a numerous Host,  
We may before of certain Conquest boast.  
The trembling Foe unable to withstand  
Such mighty Armies, will forsake the Land.



But if supported with vain hopes they stay,  
They fall into our hands an easie Prey.

*Pascentius* next, a wise *Nestorian* head,  
Whose Looks, and Words profound Attention bred:  
Thus spoke, 'tis true our Troops while thus disinay'd,  
And of Prince *Arthur's* Fame, and Arms afraid,  
From present Action justly may dissuade.  
Seeking the Foe we to great Danger run,  
Embolden'd by his Victory lately won.  
And thus far *Osfred's* Thoughts and mine you see  
Conspire, as in the rest they disagree.  
If with our utmost Force we meet our Foes,  
To too much hazard we our State expose:  
Th' uncertain Game of War they little know,  
That Stake an Empire on a single Throw.  
While we delay to gather all our Force,  
And to the *Picts* and *Scots*, shall have recourse;  
Prince *Arthur* will advance, and mightier grow,  
Like rolling Balls, that gather up the Snow,  
Or Rivers taking Streams in, as they flow.  
The *Britons* led by ancient Prophecies,  
Expect that near this time, a Prince shall rise,  
Heroick, Wise, a mighty Conquerour,  
That all their lost Dominions shall restore,  
And o'er the World, extend their Naval Power.  
Something like this, our Augurs seem to fear,  
From Prodigies, and Signs that oft appear.  
Those hopes they all of *Arthur* now express,  
Drawn by his Fame abroad, and late Success.  
While this Belief, tho' false, the *Briton* warms,  
He grows less fearful of the *Saxon* Arms:  
He'll be more bold in Fight, while thus inspir'd,  
And with such Zeal, and Expectation fir'd.



Intoxicated thus Men Wonders do,  
 And by bold Deeds, make their vain Fancies true.  
 He therefore serves King *Oeta*, who creates,  
 An Understanding first, between the States.  
 An Embassy may to the Prince be sent,  
 To treat how Blood and ruin to prevent,  
 They may propose the Kingdom to divide,  
 And offer *Oeta's* Daughter for his Bride,  
 Fair *Ethelina*, whose perverted Mind,  
 To *Christian* Worship is too much inclin'd.  
 He ceas'd, and his Advice did chiefly please,  
 And of the Council most declar'd for Peace.

The Lords dispers'd, King *Oeta* unresolv'd;  
 Long in his Mind his troubled thoughts revolv'd:  
 With strong contending Tydes of Passion prest,  
 Now War he looks on, now on Peace, as best.  
 Long he appear'd on *Ofred's* Counsel bent,  
 And to the Neighb'ring *Saxon* Princes sent,  
 That all, the strong Necessity might know  
 Of joining Arms, against the Common Foe  
 At the same time an Embassy he sends,  
 To make the *Pict*, and *Scotish* King his Friends:  
 That of their Powerful Aid he might not fail,  
 If *Arthur*, and his *Britons* should prevail.  
 But when he heard, that *Arthur* had as far  
 As *Fleam's* Walls, advanc'd the threatening War,  
 Observing that the *Saxons* were dismay'd,  
 And not yet strengthen'd by his Neighbours Aid,  
 He now declar'd, it was his settled Sense,  
 A Treaty with the *Briton* to Commence.

Then Orators he sent without delay,  
 Who to the *Britons* Camp direct their way.



*Titullan, Selred, and wife Theocles*  
 For this Negotiation chi fly please:  
*Heldured* of the Embassy was one,  
*Ofrick* and *Thefred* noble *Ormar's* Son.  
 Arrived at the Prince's Camp, they found  
 The *British* Youth in Crowds dispers'd around  
 For then with various Sports, and manly Play,  
 The *Britons* solemniz'd, th' auspicious Day  
 Of *Arthur's* Birth, o'er all the Fields they spread,  
 To different Games, by different Passions led.  
 Here Chariots raising Clouds of Dust appear,  
 And run with smoaking Wheels their swift Career  
 Here the robust *Danmorian* Nation swarms,  
 Hurling their massy Balls with vigorous Arms.  
 Here the *Dobunians* to advance their Fame,  
 Toil at their Country's old laborious Game.  
 Long Ashen Staves across their Shoulders lie,  
 Then sway'd with both their Hands, strike thro' the Sky,  
 A mounting Orb of Thongs, or well sow'd Hide,  
 While at due distance rang'd, on th' other Side  
 The Foe inclining stands, to wait its Fall,  
 And with like Force, strike back the bounding Ball.  
 Incircled Wrestlers here their Manhood try,  
 And with loud Shouts, that rend the lab'ring Sky,  
 The standing Ring proclaims the Victory,  
 Some to a Cudgel prize their Fellows dare,  
 Who strait spring out to meet the wooden War.  
 They brandish in the Air their threat'ning Staves,  
 Their Hands, a woven Guard of Osier saves,  
 In which they fix their Hazel Weapon's End,  
 Thus arm'd, the nimble Combatants contend  
 For Conquest, giving and receiving Blows,  
 And down their Heads a crimson River flows.

Here



Here flowry Garlands their proud Temples crown,  
Whose airy Feet the Race had newly won.  
Such were the *Britons* Sports, as through the Throng  
The *Saxon* Orators pass'd flow along :  
Who strait were to th' August Pavilion led,  
Where *Arthur* sat, his Lords around him spread.

To whom *Titullan* thus,  
The *Saxon* King, whose ardent wishes are  
To save *Britannia*, from Destructive War.  
Who rather seeks to enjoy the Fruits of Peace,  
Then by his Arms his Empire to encrease :  
Makes such Advances for these glorious Ends,  
As may the *Britons* make his lasting Friends.  
The *Saxons*, and the *Britons* shall command  
Their equal Shares, the divided Land :  
Such Barrier shall be fixt, as shall secure  
The *Britons*, jealous of the *Saxon* Power.  
To give *Britannia* Peace, we condescend  
To yield up what our Arms can well defend.  
Such steps King *Oeta* makes for Peace, beside  
That both may yet with closer Bonds be ty'd,  
Bright *Ethelina*, *Oeta's* chief Delight,  
Shall be the Link, the Nations to unite.  
This so much envy'd Favorite of Fame,  
Whom all with Love, and Admiration name  
*Oeta's* comments shall be your beauteous Bride,  
To you already, in her Faith Ally'd.  
These Measures all Contentions may adjust,  
Friendship confirm, and fix a mutual Trust.  
But if rejected, *Oeta* does declare  
He's guiltless of the dire effects of War :  
Upon the Christians Head, will rest the Guilt  
Of all the Blood, that by the Sword is spilt.



The Prince reply'd,  
Affairs of such Importance to the State,  
Require our thoughtful Care and calm Debate.  
The two Proposals by King *Osta* made,  
For lasting Friendship, shall be duly weigh'd.

Twice had the Sun broke from the Purple East,  
Twice was he seen dilated in the West.  
When *Arthur* seated on his Chair of State,  
Thus spake, the Saxons with Attention wait—  
An honourable Peace my Thoughts prefer,  
To all the Triumphs of a Bloody VVar.  
I, and my Britons, those just Terms approve,  
King *Osta* makes t' establish Peace and Love,  
To spare each Nation's Blood, and save the Isle  
From Desolation, and destructive Spoil:  
Indulgent Heav'n is to both Nations kind.  
VWhich has your King to peaceful Thoughts inclin'd:  
Ten Lords of Saxon, ten of British Blood,  
May meet at *Spina* near *Cunetio's* Flood,  
T' adjust the Limits of each Nation's Power,  
And Barriers fix, that may their Peace secure.  
VFor an Interview, the place will name,  
VWhere I may see the beautiful Saxon Dame.  
He ceas'd, and all the Audience pour'd around,  
To this assented with a murmuring Sound:  
A sudden Joy did in their Eyes appear,  
While smiling Peace, triumph'd o'er vanquish'd VVar.

Mean time th' Infernal Monarch wings his Flight.  
To the *White Hills*, whence his Angelick Sight  
Might all the Fields, and subject plains survey,  
VWhere in their Camp, the hateful Britons lay.

VWhile



While with malicious Eyes around he view'd,  
 The *Christian* Army fill'd with Joy, he stood  
 With Rage dilated, and with Envy clown,  
 Like glowing *Ætna*, on *Plinlimon* thrown.  
 Flashes of Fire from his red Eye-balls flow'd  
 Like Lightning breaking from a lowering Cloud.  
 So when Toad, squat on a Border spies,  
 The Gardner passing by, his blood-shot Eyes  
 With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around  
 The verdant Walks, and on the flowry Ground,  
 The plocated Vermin loathsome Poison spits,  
 And swollen and bursting with his Malice sits.  
 So the faln Angel fate, and thus begun,  
 Am I, and all th' infernal Powers out-done?  
 And must this Briton still pursue his Course,  
 And thus elude my Arts, and all my Force?  
 What Christian Towns, and States have I destroy'd,  
 Forc'd by my Power, or by my Arts decoy'd?  
 How few remaining Christian Regions are,  
 Where no deep Marks of my Revenge appear?  
 What glorious Ruin did my *Romans* spread,  
 O'er *Asia's* Christians; I the *Lombards* led,  
 And furious *Huns*, to rich *Aufonia's* Scil,  
 And fill'd the Land with Blood, and Christian Spoil:  
 My *Maximins*, and *Neros*, mighty Names,  
 What Desolation, by devouring Flames,  
 What Slaughter by the Sword, these Heroes made,  
 With what Success did they the Saints invade?  
 And if the Fame be true that spreads in Hell,  
 In *Gaul* a Prince shall rise, who shall excel  
 All there, and more in Blood and Spoil delight,  
 And all Hell's Furies to his Aid invite.  
 Let that great Prince arise, and may his Birth,  
 Be honour'd with Convulsions of the Earth,



Eclipses, Comets, Meteors, Lightnings, Storms,  
 Murders and Monsters of tremendous Forms.  
 Nor are there Triumphs of my Power alone,  
 Much weaker Spirits, have great Conquests won.  
 Spirits of lower Order, small renown,  
 In Hell of little Figures, scarcely known.  
 Inferiour, subaltern Divinities,  
 Could often their just Fury to appease,  
 To wreck their Rage, and honest Malice cloy,  
 Whole Armies of this hateful Sect destroy :  
 First tempt th' ungrateful Murmurers to Rebel,  
 And then with Plagues and Darts invisible,  
 With Fire and Earthquakes lay all waste, disseize  
 Their God, and ruin all his Votaries.  
 And shall this Briton all my Force defy,  
 And introduce his banish'd Deity ?  
 High States of Hell, ye mighty Gods below,  
 In your August Assemblies who will Bow,  
 Who Acclamations make when I appear,  
 Who dread my Power, my Greatness who-revere  
 If still this Briton shall resist my Power,  
 And all my Arts eluded, rest secure ?  
 But if by irresistible Decree  
 Pronounc'd by Fate, and unchang'd Destiny ;  
 Arthur at last must mount the British Throne,  
 Bring down our Altars, and erect his own :  
 At least new hardships shall obstruct his Way,  
 And my Revenge his Triumph shall delay.  
 That said he Flew, his Snake-like Wings display'd,  
 Down to his Palace midst th' Infernal Shade.

From all their gloomy Regions to his Court,  
 At his Command, th' Infernal Lords resort.



To whom their Monarch from his glowing Throne,  
 Thus with a haughty, troubled Look begins:  
 Thus far in vain all our Attempts are made,  
 To crush the Britons that our State invade.  
 On Sea, they Triumph o'er King Osta's Fleet,  
 On Land, Success above their Hopes they meet.  
 Osta defeated, dreads Prince Arthur's Arms,  
 And sues for Peace, by Ethelina's Charms:  
 If this should once prevail, Britannia's lost,  
 We, and our Priests, must fly this dangerous Coast.  
 He'd by th' Almighty Enemy of Hell,  
 They yet our Arms escape, our Power repel:  
 Then Monarch's War with vast advantage wage,  
 When Heav'n his Power does on their part engage.  
 This sure Expedient's left us to annoy  
 The Britons, and their lowering Hopes destroy:  
 Let us provoke them to some dire Offence,  
 Which may against their Armies, Heav'n incense,  
 Then the Seraphic Guards, that round them lie,  
 Or else patrolling thro' the Region fly,  
 Scowring the Hills and Vales, with flaming Arms,  
 The Christians to protect from our Alarms,  
 These will displeas'd, withdraw their powerful Aid,  
 And we with Safety may their Camp invade.  
 What subtle Spirit of seducing Art,  
 And skill in tempting, will perform this part

Then filthy *Asmodai*, who Men inspires  
 With wanton Passions, and unclean Desires,  
 Whose leud Adorers stand before his Shrine,  
 Transform'd to lustful Goats, and loathsome Swine,  
 Thus spake: This grateful Province I embrace,  
 I from their Minds will virtuous Passions chase.



My stronger Force shall chaste Thoughts expel,  
 And Heav'n's weak Flamm's, shall yield to those of Hell.  
 To solemn Groves, and lonesome Hermits Cells,  
 Where boasted Chastity in Triumph dwells,  
 To Cloyster'd Monks Admission I command,  
 And can a Camp my powerful Charms withstand?  
 On me such chosen Spirits shall attend,  
 Whose Skill and Power will most promote my End.  
 The Gods of Riot, *Luxury* and Wine,  
 In this Attempt shall all their Forces join.  
 Doubt not great Prince, when we their Camp assail,  
 Nature is on our side, we shall prevail.  
 Th' Infernal Diet with his Language mov'd,  
 With loud Applause the wise Design approv'd.

Straight *Asmodeus*, attended with a Train  
 Of soft Luxurious Spirits, to the Plain  
 Directs his Flight, where the glad *Britons* lay;  
 With lab'ring Wings he mounts the steepy Way,  
 And quickly reach'd the tender Verge of Day.  
 In Companies distinct the *Britons* fate,  
 Pleas'd with their wish'd Success, and prosperous Fate:  
 When to the Camp the Crew Infernal came,  
 Grasping in either hand *Tartarean* Flame.  
 About from Tent to Tent the *Demons* flew,  
 And midst the Troops their flaming Torches threw.  
 The wanton Fires about their Bosoms play,  
 And to their Hearts lascivious warmth convey  
 The soft Contagion glides along their Veins,  
 And in their Breasts the pleasing Poison reigns.  
 Straight all in Riot and Jerebauches join,  
 Dissolve in Mirth, and sit inflam'd with Wine.  
 The Captains Snore on Scarlet spread beneath,  
 And with their lab'ring Breasts contend for Breath.



Tables o'erturn'd and broken Swords betwixt,  
And Dishes faln, with Armour int'mixt  
Helmets and Harness, and bruist Gables by,  
A mad Confusion make of War, and Luxury.  
Adorn'd with lustful Fires, from Town to Town  
To manders, and their Men, promiscuous run:  
With Carriages and ravish'd Virgins Spoils,  
The vicious Army all the Land defiles.  
Whoredoms in *Pagan* Cities they commit,  
And at their Sacrifices feasting sit  
Beset with leug Religion, Lust, and Wine,  
They in the Worship of their Idols joyn.  
Then to the Camp the hot Adulterers lead  
Their *Pagan* Women, and avow the Deed.  
Th' Angelick Guards th' enormous Vice saw,  
And in Displeasure from their Camp withdraw:  
All Hell with Shouts of Triumph did resound,  
That such Success had all their Wishes crown'd.

The Prince of Hell strait summons from beneath,  
The chief supporter of the Throne of Death,  
Vengeful *Megara*, she without Delay,  
From Hell's Abyss ascends, and in her Way  
Gathers raw Damps and Steams from noisome Graves,  
And putrid Reeks, from Subterranean Caves;  
Where spotted Plagues first draw their poisonous Breath,  
The Nurseries of Pain, and Magazines of Death.  
These seeds of Torment, and devouring Heats,  
From whose Contagion vanquish'd Life retreats,  
*Megara* in compacted Hides dark Wombs,  
For this infernal Purpose made, entombs,  
In their distinct Repositories laid,  
Sad choice of Death, the various Plagues convey'd.



Arm'd for Destruction thus the Fury Came,  
 And brought from *India's*, a different Flame.  
 Then Wolves were heard in neighboring Hills to howl,  
 Th' ill-boding Ravens, and the screeching Owl  
 Sung o'er the Camp by Night, the Sun by Day,  
 Distain'd with Blood, ~~there~~ with a dismal Ray.  
 The cruel Fury straight her Flight did take  
 To find her Prince, to whom th' Apostate spake.  
 Go, glut thy Rage, and let the Britons know,  
 Hell's Monarch is not yet a quish'd Foe:  
 Thro' their Camp with thy accustom'd Haft,  
 And on them all thy deadly Treasures vent.

Straight did the vengeful Minister prepare,  
 To infect the Camp, and poison all the Air.  
 Her Bottles turgid with imprison'd Death  
 She open'd, and releas'd the fatal Breath:  
 In livid Wheels the dire Contagion flies,  
 And proud Exhalations taint the Skies.  
 The Region's choak'd with Pestilential Steams,  
 Malignant Reeks, raw Damps, and foultry Gleans  
 Now with their Breath the hot Infection hides  
 Into their Breasts, and thro' their Vitals glides  
 Their Lab'ring Hearts spout out the flowing Blood,  
 And fry the Limbs with an Ærnean Flood.  
 The raging Pestilence, chafes thro' the Veins  
 Retreating Life, and drest in purple Reins.  
 While other Plagues run colder to the Heart,  
 And thro' their Breast strike like a poison'd Dart:  
 Rack'd with tormenting Pain some gasping-lie,  
 Some only breath th' envenom'd Air, and die.  
 Their Hearts with chill, congealing Blood, oppress,  
 Throb a few moments in their panting Breast,  
 Then yield, and from their Vital Labour rest.



In vain for Help, in vain for Drugs they cry,  
Friends and Physicians come, but with the cry  
Thro' all the Camp the fierce Destruction's spread  
Deforming every Tent with Heaps of Lead.

Mean time the pious *Arthur* prostrate laid,  
Thus in a Flood of Tears dissolving pray'd :  
Great King of Heav'n, thy Arm thou makest bare,  
T' invade the Britons with relentless War.  
Thy glittering Sword brandish'd with dreadful Sway,  
Do thro' our Camp with wide Destruction Slay.  
Why did thy Aids the Shipwreck'd Britons save,  
From Rocks and Tempests, and th' insulting Wave,  
And must only see our Native Soil,  
And with our Dead th' encumber'd Land defile ?  
Th' insulting Heathen will Blaspheme thy Name,  
And in their Songs advance their Idols Fame.  
To their vain Gods loud Praises they'll return,  
And Hecatombs upon their Altars burn.  
Spare yet thy Britons, let some Reliques live,  
That may due Honours to thy Temples give.  
Let the Destroyer cease at thy Command,  
And Death at thy Rebuke arrested, stand.  
And may the Crimes which Heav'n provoke, be known,  
That our deep Sorrows may its Wrath atone.

The pious Prince's humble Cries succeed,  
And glorious *Paphael*, with Angelic aid  
Descends, his Sword of Flame drawn in his Hand,  
To chase the fierce Destroyer from the Land.  
A Crystal Vial full of Od'rous Fumes,  
Ambrosial Balm, and rich Etherial Gums ;  
His other hand pour'd out upon the Air,  
To cure the Damps, and noxious Vapours there.



*Megara* flies the bright Archangel's Sword,  
The Plague was laid, and Health and Life restor'd.  
Then to the room swift *aphael* Wings his way,  
Where *Arthur* still devoutly prostrate lay.

To whom the Seraph thus :  
Heav'n by the *Prisons* daring Crimes incens'd,  
Almighty Wrath severely has dispens'd  
Your unprotected Camp it did expose,  
To the dire Rage of your Eternal Foes  
Who by Divine Permission soon o'erspread  
Your guilty Camp, with putrid Heaps of Dead.  
Th' Angelick Guards return'd to Heaven, complain'd  
That your flagitious Troops you ne'er restrain'd  
Your Captains boldly Whoredoms, Riots, Rapes  
Commit, and yet each Criminal escape:  
Thus you avow the Ills, by others done,  
And their unpunish'd Guilt, becomes your own.  
Had your Vindictive Arm been first employ'd,  
Heav'n's had not thus your guilty Troops destroy'd.  
But now th' Eternal yielding to your Prayers,  
Has sent me from his Throne, with speedy Care  
To stay the Plague, and make the Fier' retreat,  
That spreads the Poison, to her *Stygian* Seat.  
Heav'n's now appeas'd, may ne'er the *Britons* dare  
By their Revolting, to renew the War.  
The Seraph disappear'd, and *Arthur* rais'd  
Upon his Feet, th' Eternal Goodness prais'd.



# Prince Arthur.

## B O O K VII.

THE Prince of Hell that on the Mountain staid,  
 And with Infernal Joy, around survey'd  
 The Camp, where Death did in sad Triumph reign,  
 With wide Destruction, covering all the Plain  
 Thro' to himself: At last I have prevail'd  
 Against this Sect, tho' other Arts have fail'd.  
 Their Troops half ruin'd with the Plague, afford  
 An easie Conquest, for King *Otha's* Sword:  
 I'll break the Peace, although advanc'd so far,  
 And finish their Destruction by new War.  
*Arthur*, prepare against the *Saxon* Arms,  
 'Tis time enough for *Ethelina's* Charms.  
 Heroes delay'd, and disappointed, prize  
 The Crown, which gets too cheaply, they despise:  
 Pleasures the farther off, the greater seem,  
 And Toil and Danger, best preserve Esteem:  
 That Service I will do, by taking care  
 To give fresh Fuel to th' expiring War.  
 That said, he leaves the Crystall Plains of Light,  
 And to th' Infernal Regions takes his Flight.

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave  
 Of troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave  
 Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells,  
 And bound with Adamantine Fetters, Yells.



Around stand Heaps of mossy Skulls, and Bones,  
 Whence issue loud Laments, and dreadful Groans ;  
 Torn Limbs, and mangled Bodies are her Food,  
 Her Drink whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood,  
 Long curling Snakes her Head with Horror crown,  
 And on her squall'd Back hang lolling down.  
 This grips a bloody Dart, the other Hand  
 Grasps of infernal Fire, a flaming Brand.  
 Treason, and Usurpation near ally'd,  
 Haughty Ambition, and keen Pride  
 And Cruelty, with bloody Garlands crown'd,  
 Rapine, and Desolation stand around.  
 With these Injustice, Violence, Rage remain,  
 And ghastly Famine, with her meagre Train.  
 This Savage Rout to *Gallia* now resort,  
 Drawn by the Fame of proud *Versalia's* Court :  
 There these Attendants on their Master wait,  
 And with their odious Forms compose his horrid State.  
 To this wild Den now did th' Apostate fly,  
 Resolving all *Bellona's* Aid to try :  
 At his Approach the Monsters cease their Din,  
 And bow at distance with a dreadful Grin.  
 The *Stygian* Prince, the Fury soon unchains,  
 Strait double Rage boils in her swelling Veins.

Then thus he spoke, to *Oth's* Palace fly,  
 Attended with perfidious Treachery,  
 And various Discord, let thy Art: persuade  
 That Prince, the ruin'd *Britons* to invade.  
 Go raise new Tumults, and dissolve the Peace,  
 For this high Task *Bellona* I release.

Charg'd with these dire Commands, she flies away,  
 To the Superiour Regions, blest with Day.



Near *Peak's* aspiring Mount, and specious Wood,  
 And the green Banks of *Dorus* Crystal Flood :  
 A wide-mouth'd Den, th' admiring Traveller sees  
 With thorny Shrubs o'er-spread, and shady Trees ;  
 Which downward goes unfathomably deep,  
 Beneath the subterranean Vaults, which see  
 Prison'd Damps, and Winds tumultuous Store,  
 And the low Caves, where falling Waters roar.  
 It passes thro' the Bowels of the Earth,  
 And the rich Bed, where Mermaids get their Birth,  
 Till it reveals the gloomy Mouth of Hell,  
*Ullona* freed from her infernal Cell,  
 Thro' this dire Gulph ascends with hasty Flight  
 And soon emerges in the Fields of Light.  
 The Air grew dark, the Rocks, and Mountains struck  
 With Horror, at the Fury's Presence took.  
 The Spheres disorder'd roll, the Starting Sun  
 Springs from the Heav'nly Course he us'd to run.  
 The Moon all drown'd in Blood, and blazing Stars,  
 Portended Tumults, and destructive Wars.

Straight to King *Ulla's* Court the Fury comes,  
 And *Acha Ulla's* Mother's Shape assumes.  
 Then thus she spoke :  
 From blest *Elysian* Gardens I descend,  
 To teach thee how to gain a glorious End  
 Of all thy Labours, and thy warlike Toil,  
 And fix thy Empire o'er the *British* Isle.  
 Heaven has decreed that here thy Race shall reign,  
 And therefore has the hateful *Britons* slain,  
 With a destructive Plague, and poison'd Darts  
 Shot from above, into their impious Hearts :  
 Not half their Troops survive, make hast my Son  
 Their Ruine to compleat, by Heav'n begun.



Run then to Triumph, hast to certain Spoil,  
 And chase the cursed Nation from the Isle.  
 You see how much your League the Gods offend,  
 Let not their Enemy, be *Oeta's* Friend.  
 They must not be to us by Blood ally'd,  
 Nor *Ethelina* be *Briton's* Bride.  
 That said, a spotted Viper from her Head,  
 She to his Bosom secretly convey'd.  
 The poisonous Vermin, with infernal Art  
 Glides thro' his Breast, and twines about his Heart.  
 The secret Poison wanders thro' his Veins,  
 And warlike Fury o'er his Spirits reigns.  
 Hence straight-way to the *Picts* and *Scottish* Court,  
 The Fury, and her hellish Train resort :  
 Where they to bloody Wars found loud Alarms,  
 And make the barb'rous Nations fly to Arms.

Mean time, the *Saxon* Monarch raving flew  
 About the Court, and soon together drew  
 The chiefest Lords, and thus himself express'd  
 It was resolv'd to give the *Britons* Rest :  
 The Land between the Nations to divide  
 And that the Princess should be *Arthur's* Bride :  
 But Heav'n against this Treaty does declare,  
 And singly with the *Britons* wages War.  
 In vain we offer what they can't enjoy,  
 We spare the Men, Heav'n 'abours to destroy.  
 Avenging Gods from their high Regions came,  
 Arm'd with bright Swords of keen, *Ethereal* Flame,  
 And fatal Darts of pointed Lightnings made,  
 And with sure Death the *British* Camp invade.  
 Their trembling Reliques fall our certain Prey,  
 Heav'n sounds th' Alarm, and we must Heav'n obey.



Tho' we by Sea their Power could not withstand,  
Our Gods more potent are, than theirs by Land.  
Thy unfinish'd Conquest we may soon compleat,  
Or from this Isle oblige them to retreat.  
This fair occasion let our Arms improve  
To fix our Power, and all our Fears remove  
~~He~~ seas'd, and all his Captains War desir'd,  
And sprang into the Field with Martial Heat inspir'd

Straight Orders are dispatch'd to call to Arm,  
And thro' the Cities sounds the loud Alarm.  
The trembling Husbandman his Toil forbears,  
~~Falls~~ his tall Ash, and shapes long Staves for ~~Spears~~  
Some fighting o'er their Anvils, forge the Blades  
Of Swords, instead of Hooks, and rural Spades.  
Huge Gauntlets some, some hollow Helmets beat,  
And some o'er brazen Backs, and Breastplates sweat.  
Some shape their Darts, and some their Javelins Points,  
Or fit their polish'd Armour's Manly Joints.  
Sharp'ning their Arrows Heads, some stand inclin'd,  
Some on revolving Stones their Axes grind.  
Some serve on foot, some take the Horseman's Lance,  
And to the Field their foaming Coursers prance.  
In haste, some from their high roof'd Halls, hung round  
With all the horrid Pride of War, and crown'd  
With dusty Trophies, take their massy Shield,  
And flaming Sword, and fly into the Field.  
Some clasp then Helmets on, some snatch their Spear,  
And polish'd Buckler, and in Arms appear.  
Ensigns display'd, and Trumpets voice delight  
The Saxon Youth, and martial Minds excite.  
The lighted Beacons from the Hills declare,  
As blazing Comets do, approaching War.



The flaming Signal's giv'n, the Regions round  
With Horſemen, Arms, and warlike noiſe reſound.  
As when;

In ſome great Towne Fire breaks out by Night,  
And fills with crackling Flames, and diſmal Light,  
With Sparks, an' Pitony Smoak th' aſtoniſh'd Sky,  
Th' affrighted Guards, that firſt the Flame eſpy,  
Straight give th' Alarm, and ſpread the dreadful Cry.  
Th' amaz'd Inhabitants the Signal take;  
And run in Crowds half-cloth'd, and half awake,  
To ſtop the ſpreading Ruin, and to tame  
With ſpouting Engines the deſtructive Flame:  
So when the frightful Cry of War begun,  
Into the Fields in Troops the Saxons run.

Now *Muſe* relate, and in their Order-name  
The People, which from different Regions came  
What fam'd Commanders did their Squadrons head,  
And what great Lords their Valiant Subjects led.  
Firſt the ſtout *Cantian* Saxon, from the Land  
Which bravely once did *Cæſar's* Arms withſtand,  
Where Joyful Nature, ſits in Plenty crown'd,  
*Hesperian* Woods, and Sylvan Scenes ſurround  
Her ſhady Throne, that with rich Fruit abound.  
Of theſe ſome on the flowry Banks reſide,  
Of fair *Medvaga*, that with wanton Pride,  
Forms ſilver Mazes with her crooked Tide.  
The *Durobrovian* Youth of war-like Fame,  
And bold *Vagniacans*, together came.  
With thoſe about the fruitful Region bred,  
Where *Durovernum* rears her ſtately Head.  
They march from *Thanatos*, and from her Towers  
Her Valiant Youth, ſublime *Rutupiæ* pours.



*Rutupia*, whose rich Gems, and Pearly Store  
Invited Victorious *Cesar*, to her Shore.  
Their chief Commanders were great *Amades*,  
Valiant *Theodorick*, *Osred*, and with these  
*Hengist*, a splendid Youth, the Blood and Name  
Of the first *Saxon*, of illustrious Fame,  
That from the Belgick Shore, to *Albion* came.  
From the fat Glebe they come, and flow'ry Land  
Which the stout *Trinobantes*, did Command.  
*Augusta* sends her warlike Youth, a Town  
Of ancient Fame, to Foreign Merchants known,  
Ev'n then for Naval Power of great Renown.  
But since her stately Head is rais'd so high,  
Her glorious Towers surmount the wondring Sky.  
Her Royal Fleets the watty World controul,  
Where the vast Ocean can his Billows roll,  
Far as the *Indies*, and from Pole to Pole.  
Her Power by trembling, Neighbour States is fear'd,  
By distant Empires, and new Worlds rever'd.  
Her bellowing Oaks, with louder Thunder roar,  
Then what annoy'd them, on their Hills before,  
Shaking the *Gallick*, and the *Belgian* Shore.  
*Britannia*'s Head she reigns in Wealth and Ease,  
Mart of the World, and Emp'ress of the Seas.  
*Edgar* and *Ciss*, both illustrious Names,  
From the delightful Banks of famous *Thames*,  
Into the Field, *Augusta*'s Squadrons bring,  
None fought more bravely for the *Saxon* King.

They from the Forests come, whose Sports invite  
*Augusta*'s Youth, that in the Woods delight.  
From the sweet Gardens of the fruitful East,  
With smiling Flowers, and od'rous Saffron blest:



From *Camelodunum* populous once, and proud  
 Of its firm'd Colony of *Roman* Blood.  
 From round *Canonium*, a m'd with Swords and Shields  
 The warlike People march, and from the Fields  
 Where *Idumanum* verdant Wealth bestows,  
 Whose waggon Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,  
 Still forming Reedy Islands, as it goes.  
 Brave *Sebert* led them, Valiant *Ug's* Son,  
 Whose Arms had great Renown in Battel won.  
 The chearful Youth from *Verolanium* came,  
 A Town of ancient, and illustrious Fame:  
 Where fortify'd with Trenches, Lakes and Wood,  
 The Valiant *Casibellan*, once withstood  
 The *Roman* Arms, oblig'd at last to yield,  
 Where *Cæsar* fights; who can maintain the Field?  
 Since cherish'd by th' indulgent Conquerour,  
 The City was advanc'd in Wealth and Power.  
 Its Towers, gilt Fanes, and Palaces did rise,  
 Carting Terrestrial Glories thro' the Skies.  
 Now where the City stood, the Ploughman toils,  
 And as he works, turns up old *Roman* Spoils.  
 Medals and Coins, enrich th' admiring Clown,  
 Pavements and Urns, by ancient Figures known.

From the rich Seats they came, from whence their Sword  
 The *Coritanian* chas'd, the rightful Lord.  
 From all the Towns, around the spacious Wood  
 Near which sublime *Tripontium's* Castles stood.  
 From *Bannavenna* well-arm'd Squadrons came,  
 And *Durobrevis*, on *Aufona's* Stream.  
 Their chief Commanders were brave *Alopas*,  
 And Valiant *Egbert*, both of *Horfa's* Race.



They came, who dwelt along the Southern Coast,  
On which the German Ocean's Waves are tost.  
The Soil the brave Icenian Britons, blest  
With Peace and envy'd Plenty, once possess'd.  
Vento they left, where *Gariena's* Tide,  
Does to the Bosom of *Bardunus* glide,  
An ancient, wealthy Town that did abound,  
With warlike Youth, and rul'd the Soil around.  
High *Brannanum* does her Squadrons send,  
Where *Roman* Arms, did once the Coast defend.

They leave the Towns along fair *Theta's* Flood,  
And happy Soil, where *Gariononum* stood.  
Those from the Banks of winding *Stourus* came,  
And the rich Town, which bore *Faustinus* name.  
They come from *Oza's* Banks, and from the Land  
Which lofty *Combritonium* did Command.  
This numerous Saxon Youth, that then obey'd  
King *Ella's* Laws, advance to *Oeta's* Aid :  
*Ella* their Valiant Prince, was at their Head.  
And to the Field, his warlike People led.

From *Camboritum*, and the Neighb'ring Hills,  
The cheerful Youth drawn out, the Region fills :  
From *Camboritum*, then a warlike Town,  
Since for the Muses Seat, much better known ;  
Here earned Sons have gain'd Immortal Fame,  
And high as Heav'n, have rais'd *Britannia's* Name.  
*Redwal*, whose Lands a vast Revenue yield,  
Led them, compleatly arm'd into the Field.

They leave the reedy Lakes, and marshy Soil,  
Once happy by the *British* Farmer's Toil :



Now the next Land a Foreign Master knows,  
 Which o'er the Country, like a Deluge flows,  
 That from the Sea, the Banks born down, is roll'd,  
 And o'er their Fields advances uncontroll'd.  
 The Valiant Youth from all the Region goes,  
 Which *Trent* and *Lindis*, confluent Streams, enclose.  
 High *Margidunum*, all her Squadrons lends,  
 And stately *Lindum*, which her Power extends  
 O'er the wide Province, her Battalions sends.  
 Mighty *Ebissa*, from the Fenny Land  
 Into the Field, did lead this warlike Band.  
*Orla*, and *Imerick*, a Valiant Lord,  
 Famed for his Strength, and vast unweildy Sword,  
 Drew all their Squadrons, and Battalions forth,  
 From all their Towns, that lay the farthest North.

King *Cerdic* from the *West* his Army brought,  
 Who for the *Saxon* Empire bravely fought.  
 He all the *Saxon* Heroes far excell'd,  
 Whose conquering Arms, were never yet repell'd.  
 A great Commander, Brave and Fortunate,  
 That founded first the *Western Saxon* State.  
 Those seated on *Ha'enus* verdant Banks,  
 Draw out, and Muster their Victorious Ranks.  
 They March from *Trisantonæ's* Crystal Flood,  
 From *Venta's* Downs, and *Regnum's* spacious Wood.  
 From rich *Clusentum*, and fair *Veſta's* Isle,  
 From *Briga* and *Segontium's* fertile Soil.  
 On *Sorbiodunum's* Plains arm'd Youth appears,  
 With nodding Plumes, and moving Groves of Spears.  
 The famous Captain, who had chief Command,  
 That with his Prince came to invade the Land.  
 Was *Ella*, born on *Belgick Moſa's* Flood,  
 Where noble Veins were fill'd with Royal Blood



Him did fair *Imme*, *Cerdic's* Sister bear,  
 And dying, left him to her Brother's Care.  
 With all this Strength King *Oeta* takes the Field,  
 Nor doubts, but *Arthur* to his Arms must yield.

The *Britons* now a solemn Fast proclaim  
 To mourn their Guilt, and take th' attendant Shame:  
 To own the dreadful Plague, their Crimes desert,  
 And by their Grief, like judgments to avert.  
 That Heav'n appeas'd, from its relenting Hand  
 May drop its Bolt, and spare the threaten'd Land.  
 Sorrow untaught on every Face appear'd,  
 And only Sighs and sad Laments were heard.  
 They weep aloud, and mourn their impious Fall,  
 And with united Prayers for Mercy call.  
 The prostrate Penitents for Pardon Cry,  
 And from Heav'n's Justice, to its Pity fly.  
 To Grief, and flowing Tears, no Bounds are giv'n,  
 Th' Artillery alone, which Conquers Heav'n.  
 Righteous Resolves fill every humble Mind,  
 And all in Vows of blest Obedience join'd.  
 The mournful Camp's a Scene of pious Woe,  
 Where thro' their Eyes, their Hearts dissolving flow.  
 Their loud and fervent Supplications, rise  
 Above the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies.  
 Contending thus with Heav'n they weep, and pray,  
 And strive to turn th' impending Storm away,  
 Which charg'd with Vengeance o'er their Camp appear'd,  
 More Plagues they had deserv'd, and therefore fear'd.

Prince *Arthur*, who in Piety was chief,  
 And now chief Mourner, thus express his Grief,  
 Th' attentive *Britons* hear, and hope Relief.



Of Wrath Divine, what Vials have been pour'd,  
 And empty'd on our Heads, that have devour'd  
 The guilty Britons, and our Camp consum'd;  
 Where pil'd in Heaps the Dead, the Dead entomb'd;  
 Th' Eternal's Sword around did widely waft;  
 And carried Death, and Ruin where it past.  
 It reek'd in Blood, and shone with Slaughter dy'd  
 Red as th' Crimson Sins, which for its Vengeance cry'd.  
 This day we deprecate the Curse, and all  
 With wounded Souls, for Heav'n's Compassion call.  
 To still the Storms of Wrath which on us beat,  
 And cause the fiery Torrent to retreat.  
 The God we Worship Jealous is, and Pure,  
 His Wrath advances slow, but reaches sure:  
 His threatening Arm does long extended stay,  
 But then descends with the more fearful Sway.  
 Who then can his consuming Fire withstand,  
 Who bear the strokes of his Revenging Hand?  
 There's hope your Prayers have found Success above,  
 And Heav'n aton'd, will this fierce Plague remove.  
 May ne'er our impious Crimes his Arm provoke  
 To end our Ruin by a second stroke.

He ceas'd. His Men their sacred Vows renew,  
 And for Devotion to their Tents withdrew:  
 Where while Celestial Warmth their Breasts extend,  
 The Day in Prayers, and Hymns of Praise they end.  
 Heav'n the Returning Penitents embrac'd,  
 And far away th' Infernal Legions chas'd.  
 Their Guardian Angels once more take their Post,  
 Drawn out in bright Array, around their Host.

Twice had the Sun, with dawning Glories blest  
 The World, and call'd the Lab'rer from his rest,



As oft the Night her Sable Vesture, set  
 With pearly Dew, ascends her Throne of Jet :  
 When certain Tydings *Arthur's* Camp alarm'd,  
 That *Otha's* Men against the *Britons* arm'd ;  
 Believing that the *Britons* thus distressed,  
 By *Saxon* Arms, might be with Ease oppress'd.  
 With *Otha* Leagues, and Overtures of Peace,  
 When War shall offer more advantage, cease.  
 The Tydings soon thro' all the Army ran,  
 Whence in their Minds tormenting Fears began.  
 They thought their weaken'd Troops, could not oppose  
 The fierce Attack, of their insulting Foes.  
 The trouble spreads, all; their sad State bewail,  
 That those the *Plague* had spar'd, the *Sword* should now assa

The pious Prince with heavy Grief oppress'd,  
 To Heav'n thus vents the trouble of his Breast :  
 Thou that from dark *Egyptian* Prisons freed,  
 As Shepherds do their Flocks, did'st *Israel* lead.  
 Who from between the Cherubs, did'st display  
 Thy Heav'nly Glories, to direct their Way.  
 Whose mighty Arm extended, did secure  
 Their trembling Host, pursu'd by *Pharoah's* Power :  
 Shine forth, and with thy Beams dispel this Night,  
 Whose horrid Shades, my lab'ring Soul affright.  
 Stir up thy Strength, thy Foes, and ours invade,  
 And bring thy shining Myriads to our Aid.  
 Thou God of Light, reveal thy glorious Face,  
 Thy Rays will from the Sky, this Tempest chase.  
 Thee, all the unnumber'd Hosts of Heav'n obey,  
 Drawn in embattl'd Lines, and bright Array  
 Along th' Etherial Plains, and here below  
 Monarchs to thee, precarious Empires owe.



Fleest by our Enemies, to thee we fly,  
 How long wilt thou neglect thy People's Cry?  
 Bati'd in our Tears, and pleas'd with Grief, we moan  
 Our solitary State, for God is gone.  
 Our Foes around, despise our Mournful State,  
 And on those Loads that press us, heap more Weight.  
 Our Enemies enrag'd, no Mounds between,  
 On us, like rising Waves, come roaring in.  
 Against the Reliques thy fierce Wrath has spar'd,  
 The Foe's Inexorable Sword's prepar'd.  
 On me with Scorn th' insulting Scoffers look.  
 As one, whom Heav'n displeas'd has now forlook.  
 The *Pagans* make thy Woes their sportful Theam,  
 Reproach thy Votaries, and thy Name blaspheme.  
 Stir up thy Power, thy glistering Arms assume,  
 Bowing the Heav'ns, to our Deliverance come.  
 As from th' aspiring Mountains, rais'd around  
*Jerusalem*, while it stood, Protection found  
 So let a Guard, from thy bright Host detach'd,  
 T' encamp about our Army be dispatch'd.  
 Thou God of Truth arise, let th' Heathen see,  
 Thy Wrath pursues perfidious Treachery.

While thus Prince *Arthur* Heav'n's Protection sought,  
 The God-like *Raphael*, this kind Message brought:  
 Thy Prayer prevails, O Prince, be not dismay'd,  
 Th' *Almighty's* Arm is stretch'd out for your Aid.  
 Highly your Crimes Heav'n's Majesty displeas'd,  
 But your Repentance hat' his VVrath appeas'd.  
 His People's Faults do but his Rod employ,  
 But his fierce Vengeance shall his Foes destroy.  
 Let not the *Saxon's* Numbers be their Pride,  
 You're stronger far, for God is on your Side,  
 Abundantly your Loss is thus Supply'd.

Arise,



Arise, and let the Britons Courage take,  
Their Arms shall drive th' advancing Saxon back.

The Prince with *Rapabel's* heav'nly Message shera,  
*Olla's* unequal Force, no longer fear'd.  
His chearful Looks the drooping Britons saw,  
And thence reviving Warmth, and Courage draw.  
His God-like Language calms their troubled Minds,  
And with its Charms reluctant Passions binds.  
He to their frozen Veins new Life procures,  
Dispels their Doubts, and fainting Hopes assures.  
The Britons, that before did scarcely dare  
T' expect it, now resolve to meet the War.  
They now no more the Fears of Danger own,  
While Heav'n assists, and *Arthur* leads them on.

Mean time ili-boding Prodigies, affright  
King *Olla*, and dissuade the Men from Fight:  
The Birds of Heav'n the gazing *Augurs* scare,  
Crossing with inauspicious Flights the Air!  
The Fowl as sacred kept, projected Meat  
Coldly regard, and suddenly retreat.  
From hollow Oaks, obscene Night Ravens sung,  
And clustering Bees upon their Ensigns hung.  
Bullocks with Garlands crown'd reluctant come,  
Break from the Altar, and run howling home.  
Near silver *Thamisis* sweet Banks, where stood,  
Awful for solemn Shade, a lofty Wood:  
Where they ador'd their God *Irmanstul* nam'd.  
A war-like Idol, thro' *Germania* fam'd.  
His Right Hand did a Flowry Garland bear,  
His Left held up a Balance in the Air:  
His Breast a grisly Bear's fierce Figure bore,  
And in his Shield a Lyon seem'd to roar.



Fresh gather'd Flowers dispers'd in Heaps around,  
Gay Superstition, paint their sacred Ground.  
Hither the *Saxons*, and their Priests repair,  
To atone their God, with *Victims*, and with Prayer  
His Aid against the *Britons* to invoke,  
While the tall Oaks with Clouds of Incense smoke,  
The Priests the Wood to burn the Victim lay,  
And a crown'd Bullock at the Altar slay,  
Their reeking Hands, ransack in vain the Breast,  
To find the Heart of the prodigious Beast :  
The Priests grow pale, and from their Altar start,  
Finding a *Victim* slain without a Heart.

But that which most the gazing *Saxons* scare,  
Are *Armies* seen ~~going~~ in the Air.  
The highest ground of all the heavenly Way,  
The Sun had gain'd, darting a down-right Ray ;  
When two black Clouds appear'd, one from the East  
Threat'ning arose, the other from the West :  
They stretcht their lowring Fronts across the Sky,  
And frowning, seem'd each other to defy.  
Between, a Glade of free and open Air,  
Did, as betwixt two spacious Woods, appear :  
Then issuing from the Womb of either Cloud  
Two Armies met, and drawn in Battel stood.  
The sick'ning Sun shone with a gloomy Ray,  
Scar'd with the bloody Business of the Day.  
Between them straight began a furious Fight,  
And glitt'ring Arms suppl'd the want of Light.  
Eager of Glory from Heroick Deeds,  
The Airy Knights spur on their foaming Steeds :  
They rush to Battel with a full Career,  
And bring to break their Lances in the Air.



Swords clashing Swords, - and Shields rencountering Shields,  
Fill'd with the Din of War th' Etherial Fields.

Vaulting the Air, thick Showers of Arrows fly.  
And warlike Labour troubles all the Sky.

A bloody Field was fought, and Heaps of Steam  
Seem'd to o'erspread the wide Etherial Plain.

Chariots o'erturn'd, and scatter'd Harness by,  
Steeds, and dismounted Riders, mingled ly.

From gaping Wounds, a Crimson Sea of Blood,  
Along the Heav'nly Pavement reeking flow'd.

At last the Squadrons, in the Eastern Sky  
Fell in Disorder, and began to fly.

The Conquerors hung upon their Backs, and chas'd  
Their Troops, with mighty Rout thro' all the Waft  
Into the Clouds and Heav'nly Wilds they fled,  
And left upon the Bloody Field their Dead.

Next off the Theatre the Victors go,  
And into shapeless Air dissolving flow.

The ho'ring Scene, and Actors disappear'd,  
And of the War the Airy Stage was clear'd.

*Os* that view'd the important Prodigy,  
Trembled to see the Eastern Army fly.

He wisely hid his Fears within his Breast,  
And to his Captains thus himself exprest.

Let not vain *Prodigies* the Saxons scare,  
Form'd by the wanton Demons of the Air:

Wrapt in dark Clouds, the Will of Heav'ns conceal'd,  
To Mortals only by th' Event reveal'd

Think not fantastick *Portents*, can declare  
The Fate of Kingdoms, and Results of War.

These only weak, and vulgar Minds affright,  
Like Phantoms, borrowing Horror from the Night.



Which, as capricious Nature's Play, the wise,  
From timorous Superstition free, despise.  
The valiant on their Arms make Fortune wait,  
And carve out to themselves propitious Fate.  
Neglect these Dreams, the Gods are ever kind  
To the best Troops, and to th' undaunted Mind.  
Great *Cæsar* thus condemn'd his Augurs Tales,  
Fights, and o'er Foes, and Portents too, prevails.  
Thus *Octa* strove their Passion to appease,  
And give them what himself enjoy'd not, Ease.

At a small Village, now unknown by Name,  
There dwelt a Sorcerer of wondrous Fame.  
The Pagan Briton *Mertin*, that of late  
For his dire Art, driv'n from the *British* State;  
Did with the Pagan *Saxons* safely dwell,  
And kept his Correspondence up with Hell.  
With potent Juices, and Internal Charms,  
The black Magician, Plagues, and Mortal Harms,  
And various Kinds of Mischiefs, did inflict  
On those, whom Heav'n was pleas'd he should afflict.  
He in the silent Night while Mortals sleep,  
By Hedg-rows, Lakes, or o'er the Hills would creep  
To gather baleful Herbs, with which he drew  
Familiar Fiends, which round, like Ravens, flew.  
Mounting his Magick Wand, he thro' the Air  
To rich Nocturnal Feasts would oft repair,  
Spread on green Hills, or near some shady Wood,  
Or Grassy Banks of some sweet River's Flood:  
Where when th' infernal Company are met,  
Rich Meats, and Wines, on stately Tables set,  
They seem to taste, and by the Moon's pale Light,  
Spend in Fantastick Luxury, the Night.



But from th' imaginary Banquet come,  
At the grey Dawning, lank and meagre, home.

King *Ossa*'s Servants at their Lord's Command,  
With their unrighteous Wages in their Hand,  
To *Merlin* come, and soon prevail'd to bring  
The fam'd Magician to their anxious King.  
Whom *Ossa* thus bespoke,  
The Miracles, your sacred Art has shown,  
Make you thro' all the wondring Island known,  
Let your prodigious Power my Army guard,  
Honour and Riches shall be your Reward.  
The Foe we'll now engage, but let him first  
Be here by you, and your Enchantments curst :  
Cursethen this impious Enemy ; your Breath  
Will blast their Strength, and fatal prove as Death.  
Your Curse and that of Fate, is deem'd the same,  
And whom you bless the World does blest proclaim.  
Assault their Camp with all your Magick Powers,  
You'll curse your Moral Foes, as well as ours.  
Revenge your Wrongs, and by your potent Charms,  
Draw off the Guardian Gods, that help their Arms.  
Come with me then, I will a Mountain shew,  
From whose high Top you may their Army view :  
There we'll atone the Gods with Prayer, and thence  
You shall your Curses on the Foe dispense.

Then *Ossa* to a Mount the Sorcerer led,  
Whence thro' the Vale he saw the Britons spread.  
Seven Altars they erect, and in the Flames,  
Seven Bullocks sacrifice, and seven Rams.  
Here *Ossa* and his Lords their Gods ador'd,  
And kneeling round the Flames, their Aid implor'd.



At last, the Night advancing to her Noon,  
*Merlin* conducted by the silver Moon,  
From *Ossa*, to a neighb'ring Hill withdraws,  
T'observe infernal Rites, and magick Laws.  
He seeks out noxious Plants, whose powerful Juice  
Magicians for their strong Enchantments use;  
Green Herbane, Wormwood, Hemlock, Savine Tops,  
In whose prest Juice he dipp'd his magick Sops;  
With Plants that to the Moon their Vertue owe,  
And Toadstools which from Storms of Thunder grow,  
Which mixt with humane Fat, red Hair, and Blood,  
He offers up cast on the Burning Wood.  
Then with his potent Wand, he walks around,  
And with dire Circles marks th' enchanted ground.  
Then did he with a muttering Voice rehearse  
Wonderous, mysterious Words, and potent Verse.  
Th' infernal Charms all Nature did affright,  
The waning Moon straight sickned at the Sight:  
The Hill with Horror trembled, and around  
With howling Wolves the neighb'ring Woods resound.  
Then Storms of Rain ensue, swift Lightnings fly,  
And dreadful Thunderclaps torment the Sky.  
Spectres, and Ghosts break from their hollow Tomb,  
And glaring round the Necromancer come.  
All Hell was mov'd, the Powers drawn from their Seats  
Arise, while *Merlin* his dire words repeats:  
Whom with his Charms he labours to engage  
Against the Britons, and excites their Rage.  
His powerful Arts incline them to employ  
United force, their Array to destroy.  
But Hell and all its Friends vain Rage express,  
And Curse in vain, when Heav'n designs to Bless.



*Merlin*, his impious Ceremonies done,  
Returns to *Otha* with the rising Sun.  
Before the Saxon Lords he stood, prepar'd  
To Curse their Foes, and merit his Reward.  
When the Magician's Breast an unknown Fate  
Laps'd from above did suddenly inspire:  
A Warmth Divine his Spirits did invade,  
And once a Sorcerer, Prophet made.  
The Heavenly Fury *Merlin* did constrain  
To Bless, whom he to Curse design'd in vain.

How beautiful the Britons Tents appear!  
What goodly Heads his Tabernacles rear!  
As the rich Vales they spread their verdant Pride,  
Or flow'ry Gardens by the River's side.  
As shady Aloes in the Arabian Woods,  
Or lofty Cedars planted by the Floods.  
Indulgent Heav'n upon the Briton, pours  
Prolifick Dews, and sweet refreshing Showers.  
His Seed shall flourish midst surrounding Streams,  
Blest with mild Air, and pure reviving Beams.  
His Prince's Glory, shall his People's Love,  
And Neighbour Monarchs Fear, and Envy, move.  
He, like a fearless Unicorn shall stand,  
Sure of his Strength, and all the Fields command.  
Those hostile Nations who oppose his Power,  
He with resistless Fury shall devour.  
He'll break their crashing Bones, his Bow he'll bend,  
And thro' their Flesh his piercing Arrows send.  
He couches like a Lyon on the Sand  
Like a vast Lyon in a Desert Land:  
Stretching his fearful Limbs at Ease he lies,  
What Creature dares provoke him to arise?



Bless him, and be of happy Men the first,  
 Curse him, and thou thy self shalt be accurst.

He ceas'd. King *Osla*, tho' incens'd, suppress'd,  
 His Trouble and Displeasure in his Breast,  
 And to the Sorcerer, thus himself address'd :  
 By solemn Execrations, to devote  
 The *Britons* to Destruction, you were taught ;  
 But, you this impious Nation chuse to Bless,  
 And all your Words presage their Arms Success.  
 Withdraw a second time, perhaps you'll find  
 The Gods, by your Enchantments, more inclin'd  
 Perhaps some Errour might at first displease :  
 A second Essay will the Powers appease

The Sorcerer a second time retreats,  
 And all his potent Charms with Care repeats  
 He added ev'ry poisonous Juice, and Spell,  
 He knew had force to shake the Realms of Hell.  
*Merlin*, his impious Rites perform'd, returns  
 And act'd by Satanick Fury, burns.  
 All Hell within shook the Magician's Breast,  
 But by a Power Divine straight dispossess'd,  
 Th' affrighted Demons fled, and in their stead  
 A pure Celestial Spirit did succeed.  
 Transports Divine his lab'ring Soul engage,  
 And thus he spake, mov'd with Prophetic Rage :  
 In vain with Divination, we assail  
 The *Christian* Arms, where all Enchantments fail.  
 Our Curses by the powerful Breath of Heav'n,  
 Back on our Heads, with fatal Force are driv'n.  
 Those God has blest, no Guards nor Bulwarks need,  
 Nor can their Arms, whom he has curst, succeed.



Unchangeably he's on his Purpose bent,  
Nor does he, like unstable Man, repent.  
The Christian Army will prevail ; that said,  
Observing *Oeta's* Fury rife, he fled.

The King incens'd cry'd, curst Magician, fly,  
Spire of thy Charms, and thee, shall Victory  
And Triumph, on the *Saxon* Arms attend,  
Against such Troops what Signs can ill portend  
Thy impious Tongue Propitious Heav'n believ's ;  
And for the *Britons* forges Prophecies.  
Thy self of *British* Blood, the *British* Cause  
Stronger than Wrongs, or ev'n Religion, draws.  
So oft poor Slaves who to a neighb'ring State  
Fly for Protection from a Tyrant's Hate,  
If he does War against those Neighbours wage,  
And with his Arms, upon their Frontiers rage :  
Joy at th' Oppressor's Conquests and Success,  
Against their own Protectors they express.

*Oeta* at this Defeat with Fury burn'd,  
And to his Army with his Lords return'd.  
Amidst his Troops he rode; and thus he spoke,  
His Voice high rais'd, their Courage to provoke  
*Saxons*, you now to certain Conquest go,  
To glean the Reliques of a ruin'd Foe.  
The Gods do loudly for your Cause declare,  
And call you, but to finish their own War.  
Think on the Deeds by your great Nation done,  
The Towns they took, their glorious Battles won,  
And the rich Countries by their Arms o'er-run.  
From this fair *Island* shall the *Britons* chase,  
From these sweet Fields, great *Odin's* war-like Race ?



From these sweet Fields for which our Leaders fought,  
 Which with the noblest *Saxon* Blood were bought.  
 Shall we with ignominious Flight retreat,  
 O'er the rough Main, to seek some milder Seat?  
 Or shall we back to our cold Region go,  
 To hide in Caves, and dwell in Hills of Snow?  
 Can my victorious Friends the *Briton* lead,  
 Who from your conqu'ring Arms so oft have fled;  
 A vanquish'd Nation by an Exile led?  
 Appear like *Saxons*, add his Conquest more,  
 To all th' immortal Laurels won before.  
 Thus you'll the Grounds of lasting Empire lay,  
 And still the *Briton* shal' your Laws obey.  
 Vain with Success at Sea, they draw their Swords,  
 And for Dominion strive with us, their Lords:  
 Let now your Arms chastise their wanton Pride.  
 And then in unmolested Peace abide  
 He said, and brandishing his threatening Launce,  
 And springing forward, bid his Men advance.

Now from the Hills th' embattel'd *Saxon* swarms,  
 And covers all the Plain with hostile Arms.  
 As when the great Commanders, Orders give  
 To quit the straight Dominions of their Hive,  
 The Bees pour out a numerous Colony  
 From their sweet Cells, the busy Youth on high  
 Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky.  
 While brazen Pans Charm and compose their Heat,  
 In some tall neighb'ring Tree they fix their Seat:  
 Thither th' unnumber'd Vulgar streight resort,  
 And clustring Crowds surround their Monarch's Court.  
 So thick the *Saxons* on the Field appear,  
 Following their Leader with an endless Rear.



The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,  
Disclosing now, the horrid Face of War.  
The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,  
As lowring Clouds advance before a Storm.  
So when the Sea grown black, the hazy Sky,  
And rising Winds, forebode a Tempest night:  
Th' experienc'd Mariners, with hasty care  
Furl their spread Sails, and for a Storm prepare.  
Straight in the black *Horizon*, to the Skies  
The dusky Billows threatening Heads arise  
Th' unnumber'd Troops upon each others throng,  
And with a gloomy Aspect march along  
Advancing, they their boundless Front extend  
O'er all the Main, and fearful Wreck portend  
The *Saxon* Host thus in its March appears,  
And where it came, thick Groves of bristling Spears,  
Broad Iron Backs, and Breast-plates, brazen Shields,  
Mail-Coats, and burnish'd Helms o'erspread the Fields  
Chariots of War in Clouds of Dust advance,  
And tossing up their Foam, the thundring Coursers Prance,  
Their Army's Wings stretch out, they to the Foes  
A long extended Ridge of War oppose.  
The *British* Squadrons tho' outnumber'd far,  
Run boldly on the horrid Edge of War.  
To make their Front, the thin Battalions ran,  
But stretcht not equal to the *Saxon* Van.  
Both Armies thus, rang'd in Battalia stood,  
And Death prepar'd her thirity Jaws for Blood.

From the Celestial Host, a glorious Band  
Of Seraphs was detach'd by high Command:  
Hither the shining Warriours did repair,  
And drawn in long Array, stood in the Air.



Their Blades divinely temper'd flam'd on high,  
 And blazing Shields inlighten all the Sky;  
 Impenetrable Shields, drawn from the Towers  
 Of Heav'n's high Arsenal, fill'd with warlike Stores.  
 Th' Angelick Cuirassiers, in Armour shone  
 Of *Adamant*, from Rocks *Empyrean* hewn.  
 High milk-white Plumes, like Snowy Clouds arise,  
 From their bright Crests, and Ned against the Skies.  
 Rich Helmets, of immortal beaten Gold  
 Adorn their Heads, Brae of *Ethereal* mould  
 Refin'd above, their jointed Gauntlets made;  
 Braes, that the Teeth of Time can never invade.  
 Broad Silver Belts richly embroider'd o'er,  
 Rare Seraph's work, their shining Shoulders bore,  
 And round them Sky-dy'd Purple Scarfs they wore. }  
*Michael* a Prince in Heav'n of first renown,  
 Who, like a Sun, high in his Charict shone;  
 This bright Detachment did in Chief Command,  
 Charg'd to maintain strict Guard, and to withstand  
 Th' Attempts, that might by Hellish Fiends be made,  
 Sent by their Prince the Christian to invade.

While *Lucifer* on the white Mountain's Head,  
 His black. infernal Crew about him spread;  
 With Malice, Rage, and Pride extended fate  
 High on his dusk Throne, resolv'd to wait,  
 And see, if this important Day Event,  
 Would answer with success, his curst intent.

In glitt'ring Arms the dazzling Prince, appears  
 Before his Troops, the *Saxon* sees, and fears.  
 His Helm of polish'd Steel brac'd round his Head,  
 Did o'er the Field, a glorious Terror spread.



Bright Stones, and high rais'd Needle Work adorn  
The shining Belt, across his Shoulders worn  
His fatal Sword, the Bane of *Gothick* Pride,  
With fearful Grace hung by his war-like Side.  
*Odor* the *Neustrian* of this famous Blade  
Inur'd to Victory, a Present made  
To *Arthur*, when from *Abion* first ye came,  
To *Odor's* Camp, to win *Hercick* Fame:  
*Lodar* did with this Gift King *Odor* grace;  
A valiant Hero of the *Neustrian* Race.  
His radiant Shield, of Brass its outward Fold,  
Th' inmost temper'd Steel, the midst of Gold,  
Was the rare Work of *Lecon's* skilful Toil,  
From which unpierc'd, the sharpest Darts recoil.  
Bright, like a Sun, it did fierce Glory part,  
Where might be seen pourtray'd with wondrous Art,  
Strong Towns belieg'd, and famous Battels won,  
And great Exploits by ancient Heroes done;  
Who to defend their Country, bravely fought,  
By Men inspir'd, in sacred Volumes wrote.

Here th' *Israelites*, kind Heaven's peculiar Care,  
Their famous Gen'ral *Joshua* leads to War.  
The Rocky Desert past with wondrous Toil,  
With Marches worn, and heavy with the Spoil  
From vanquish'd *Baschan*, and King *Sihon* won,  
Where their illustrious Triumphs first begun,  
Advance their Ensigns, *Canaan* to invade,  
Ripe by their full grown Sins for Conquest made.  
To *Jordan's* Streams they come, straight to his Head  
His Waves roll'd back, obsequious *Jordan* fled.  
The naked Channel shews his sandy Face,  
And gives the Fav'rite Nation leave to pass.



Th' astonish'd *Canaanites*, like *Jordan*, fly,  
And weep to see their Guardian River dry.

Here valiant *Gideon*, with his Troop by Night,  
March'd out t' attack the haughty *Midianite*.  
The Foe, like Locusts, numberless was pour'd  
Around the Vale, and all its Fruits devour'd  
But dreading *Gideon's* Arms, the Spoilers fly,  
And by his Sword, and by their own, they die:  
King *Zeba*, and *Zalmunna*, with a throng  
Of Captive Princes, draw their Chains along.

Here in the plain, stretch'd like some spacious Wood,  
In long Array, the throng'd *Philistines* stood.  
*Goliath* issuing from their opening Files,  
Of Bulk stupendous, hideous with the Spoils  
Of yellow Lyons slain, and shaggy Bears  
Towering before their shouting Host, appears.  
With haughty Air, the wondrous Figure strode,  
His Sword his Trust, and his right Hand his God.  
Beneath his Weight the Vally seem'd to shake,  
But his pale Foes did more than seem to quake.  
Gnashing his Teeth the grinning Monster stood,  
Himself an Army, and his Spear a Wood.  
Sufficient Stores whole Mines could scarcely yield,  
For his wise Cuirass, and prodigious Shield:  
Where Figures pourtray'd of fierce Monsters shone,  
But none so fierce, and monstrous as his own.  
High in the Clouds, his brazen Helm did show  
Like some vast Temple's gilded Cupola.  
His mighty Legs, that brazen Boots embrac'd,  
Tall Pillars seem'd, with *Corinth* Metal cas'd.  
Thus arm'd he stood, and by his Mein did seem  
To curse aloud, to threaten and blaspheme.



His beck'ning Hand held proudly up, invites  
To combat, all the trembling *Hebrew* Knights.  
Tho vast of Bulk he bigger swells with Pride,  
He curst their Army, and their Gods defy'd.  
Here, Godlike *David*, in the flowry Bloom  
Of Youth, and Beauty, brings the Monster's Doom.  
To kindle Love, or Pity fitter far,  
Then the rough Passions, which attend on War:  
And likelier by his Youth's engaging Charms,  
To wound the *Anakim*, than with his Arms.  
Yet bravely he embrac'd th' unequal War,  
And scorn'd his Rage th' curst him from afar.  
The fatal Stone by the young Hero flung,  
Cut thro' the Air, and sure of Triumph sung:  
It pierc'd the *Cyclops* Head, his Carcass fell  
Swift to the Ground, his Soul, as swift to Hell.  
Falls on his Face, he bites the trembling Ground;  
And Brains, and Gore brake thro' the gaping Wound:  
Wallowing he lay a vast extended Load,  
Like a great Island, in a Sea of Blood.  
His ghastly Eye-balls strive with parting Light,  
And swim, and roll into eternal Night.  
Here *Saul* receiv'd the charming conquering Boy,  
The Captains blush'd for Shame, and wept for Joy.  
His Brethren griev'd to see the glorious Day,  
Prompted with Pride, and Envy shrunk away.  
Here *Judah's* Daughters flowry Garlands bring,  
They crown young *David*, and presage him King.  
In Songs and Dances they his Deeds proclaim,  
And *Saul's* is lessen'd, to advance his Fame.

Here mighty *Sampson*, hot with Martial Rage,  
A numerous Army does alone engage.



His Sword high wav'd, reeking in Sweat and Blood,  
 O'er slaughter'd Heaps, th' invading Conqueror strode.  
 His fatal Arms, his Foes no longer bear,  
 But their whole Host flies from his single Spear.  
 Confus'dly o'er the Field lay spread about,  
 Wide Ruin, Spoils, and ignominious Rout.

Here valiant *David's* Troops victorious come,  
 From their *Assyrian* Expedition home.  
 Vast were the Spoils, which from the glorious Day  
 When *Damascus*'s Plains they bore away:  
 King *Hadadezer's* Arms in Triumph born,  
 And Purple Robes by their lost Prince worn,  
 And sparkling Gems, which did their Ears adorn.  
 Rich Collars, Chains, and blazing Shields of Gold,  
 Vast Silver Bowls, that richer Metal held  
 High gilded Dishes, graven or emboss'd,  
 Treasure immense, that *Syria* had engross'd.  
 Purple Pavilions once in lofty Rows,  
 And Crimson Beds, where Monarchs did repose.  
 Unnumber'd Camels, laden and oppress'd,  
 With all th' Luxury of the wanton East,  
 Beneath the Booty groan'd along the Road,  
 Themselves a Prey, as was their precious Load.  
 Here ran gilt Chariots, drawn by generous Steeds,  
 Such as the noble Soil of *Asia* breeds.  
 Here Royal Captives, and chain'd Lords appear,  
 And vulgar Slaves, prest with an endless Reer.

Here the great *Constantine* of British Race,  
 O'er *Tyber's* Bridge, does fierce *Maxentius* chase.  
 With *Roman* Blood the swelling Rivers dy'd,  
 And Helms, and Shields swim down the Crimson Tyde,  
 Spears, broken Armour, Men, and Courfers slain,  
 The Streams encumber, and the Flood detain.



Great *Constantine* in glitt'ring Armour shines,  
And pressing on, breaks thro' the *Roman* Lines  
*Maxentius* Hopes are blasted in the Bloom,  
He flies, and opens wide the Gates of *Rome*  
To the Victorious Christian, and his God,  
Where for a while, he made his blest abode.

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# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK VIII.

**T**Hus in resplendant Arms Prince *Arthur* shines,  
 Darting bright Terror thro' the *Saxon* Lines.  
 All at his fearful Presence were amaz'd,  
 And on the glorious Foe with Wonder gaz'd.  
 Confusion seiz'd them, and a chilling Damp,  
 Went to their Hearts, thro' all the trembling Camp.  
 And now the vaulted Sky, rings with the Noise,  
 Of *Souldiers* shoutings, and shrill *Trumpets* Voice.  
 The *British* Prince waving his flaming Blade,  
 The *Saxons* strong Battalions did invade.

First *Ealdred* fell a bold and daring Knight,  
 That rushing forward did his Fate invite.  
 The Javelin thro' his Shield of treble Hide,  
 And Coat of Mail, pierc'd deep into his Side.  
*Eaba* the second Triumph did afford,  
 His Head struck off by *Arthur's* conquering Sword.  
 Next groveling on the Ground great *Ina* lies,  
 And the brave *Orla* of stupendous Size :  
 Whole Clubs like that *Arcides* us'd to wield,  
 Laid whole Brigades on Heaps upon the Field.  
 Neither their Arms, nor Stature, nor Descent,  
 From mighty *Osca* could their Fate prevent.  
 As *Pharo* boasted loud, and threatned Death,  
 The Javelin pierc'd his Throat, and stop'd his Breath,



*Kinallar* next the conquering Prince withstood,  
 A valiant Captain, and of Noble Blood.  
 Resisted by his Shield, the *Saxon's* Spear  
 Flew off, and pass'd obliquely thro' the Air.  
 Here on the Prince *Cissa* exclaiming loud,  
 Rush'd in, and prest him with a numerous Crowd.  
 Thick showers of Javelins with a mighty Sound,  
 Like Storms of Hail, from his bright Shield rebound.  
 The Prince enrag'd caught up his Spear in haste,  
 Which he at *Cissa* with such Fury cast,  
 It pierc'd his famous Buckler's seventh Fold,  
 And his rich Coat daub'd thick with pond'rous Gold;  
 Then deep between the Paps the Weapon went,  
 And its last Force in his warm Bosom spent:  
 Flat on his Face the Bleeding *Saxon* lies,  
 And rattling in his Throat stretch'd out, and dies.  
*Mollo* rush'd in, and with his hand did wrest,  
 The bloody Weapon from his Brother's Breast,  
 And boldly to attack the Prince advanc'd,  
 But from his Shield th' unprosperous Weapon glanc'd.  
 The Prince's Spear thro' *Mollo's* Shield of Brass,  
 Thro' his Habergion, and his Breast did pass:  
*Mollo* of Sence bereav'd fell to the Ground,  
 And spew'd black Blood, both from his Mouth and Wound.  
 Striving th' invading Hero to repel,  
*Alcinor*, *Peda*, and *Darontes* fell;  
 Three Men of wondrous Strength and war-like Fame,  
 Who from the farthest Snows of *Scythia* came;  
 Descended all from *Otha's* noble Line,  
 Whose glorious Deeds in *Saxon* Records shine.  
 He was victorious *Odin's* constant Friend,  
 And all his Toils, and Conquests did attend.

Then



Then *Cerdic* with his Troops the Prince withstands,  
Sustain'd by *Sebert*, and th' *East Saxon* Bands.  
Now these, now those, the *British* Prince attack,  
And press on every side, to force him back.  
As when two adverse Hurricanes arise,  
Must'ring their stormy Force in the Skies  
Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,  
Against each other bend their rapid Course  
The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,  
And Front to Front a fearful War display.  
Exploded Flames against each other fly,  
And fiery Arches Vault th' enlighten'd Sky.  
Conflicting Billows, against Billows dash, (flam.  
Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings  
Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,  
But equal strength maintains a doubtful Field.  
*Britons* and *Saxons* thus in Battel strove,  
And neither from their Ground the Foe remove.

Then Valiant *Cadwal* threatening from afar  
High in his Chariot, plung'd into the War.  
His strong, extended Arm his Javelin flung;  
Cutting the Air, the hissing Weapon sung.  
Falling on *Kingill's* Shield it pierc'd the Hide  
Of treble Fold, and enter'd deep his Side;  
Fainting and stag'ring *Kingill* backwards reel'd,  
Then fell with sounding Arms upon the Field:  
Gasping he lay, and from his ghastly Wound,  
His Crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground.  
And next, his fatal Shaft at *Bertac* flew  
With mighty Force, and pierc'd his Breastplate thro'  
The secret Springs of Life, the pointed Dart  
Broke open, and transfixt his generous Heart.



His Wound from gaping Channels inward bled,  
And on his Shoulder hung his lolling Head :  
He fell, and shivering gasp'd his latest Breath,  
And fainting, sunk into the Arms of Death.  
A noble Youth worthy of milder Fate,  
But Death's blind Streaks distinguish not the great.  
At last the *Saxon* Troops in Throngs surround,  
The Valiant King, thus far with Conquest crown'd.  
Thick Showers of Darts from every side invade,  
And in his Shield a bristling Harvest staid.  
Th' undaunted Hero long their Force sustain'd,  
And held at Bay ; th' unequal War maintain'd.  
Like a chaf'd Boar that in a sheltering Wood,  
The clam'rous Dogs surround King *Cadwallo* stood :  
A noble Rage did in his Breast arise,  
And Streaks of Fire break from his burning Eyes.  
So when by Night th' Islandian Ocean roars,  
And rolls its angry Waters on the Shores.  
Flashes of Light, and fiery Lustre glance  
From raging Waves, which in bright Troops advance.  
With this refulgent Sword the Warriour flew,  
Upon the Crowd, and cut his passage thro'.  
*Soga* and *Kenrick*, from the Hilly Land,  
Where *Sorbiodunum's* lofty Castles stand ;  
Two constant Friends, whom Fate could not divide.  
Together by the *Briton's* Weapon dy'd.  
Then *Redburg*, *Alfrey*, and *Theodrick* fell,  
Striving in vain the Victor to repell.  
Great Numbers more he slew, whose vulgar Name  
To those, in after Ages never came.  
As a high Rock, which the vast Ocean laves,  
Expos'd to stormy Winds, and raging Waves,  
On its fixt Base, unshaken does defy  
Th' united Fury of the Seas, and Sky :



So 'midst surrounding Foes, brave *Cadwall* stood,  
About him flow'd a Sea of Hostile Blood.  
He flew *Revenar* with his mighty Sword,  
And *Saradan*, a great *West Saxon* Lord:  
Valiant *Elmuer*, to his Country dear,  
And *Ostib* dy'd, by his projected Spear.

*Oeta*, enrag'd to see the numerous Spoils  
Round *Cadwall* spread, sprung thro' the thronging Files  
Rushing with Fury on, and threatening high,  
He thus aloud did to the *Briton* cry :  
*Cadwall*, on me let all your Force be spent,  
Hither be all your r'ated Javelins sent.  
Here see a Foe that will your Pride abate,  
Or in the glorious Combate meet his Fate.  
At this his massy Spear with Vigour sent,  
Thro' Valiant *Cadwall*'s shining Buckler went :  
Thro' all the Plates of Brass, and all the Plies  
Of thick Bull's Hyde, th' impetuous-Weapon flies ;  
Which bruise'd his Thigh, and springing from his Veins,  
A Crimson Stream his polish'd Armour stains.  
*Cadwall* incens'd, his Spear at *Oeta* flung,  
Which in his temper'd Shield arrested hung.  
A second hissing Weapon *Oeta* cast,  
Which th' interposing Buckler never past,  
But glancing on the Steel, away it flew,  
And with an oblique Stroke, *Idwallo* flew.  
Then *Cadwall* chaf'd, exerting all his Force,  
His second sends, with unresisted Course :  
Thro' *Oeta*'s brazen Shield it Passage found,  
Inflicting on his Side, a painful Wound.  
Their missive Weapons spent with equal Chance,  
To closer Fight the Combatants advance.



Equal in Strength, alike in Combate brave,  
 Their Swords on high, like circling Flames they wave.  
 Both traversing the Ground for Fight prepare,  
 And with Heroic Ardor meet the War.

And *Otha* first discharg'd a noble Stroke :

On *Cadwall*'s Crest, which thro' his Helmet broke :

*Cadwall* amaz'd, recoy'd, and backwards reel'd,

And scarce his Spear his tottering Limbs upheld.

A loud Applause rang thro' the shouting Host ;

The *Britons* rag'd, and thought their Hero lost :

But he recover'ing from th' amazing Blow,

Collects his Strength to meet the insulting Foe.

His brandish'd Blade fell with prodigious Sway,

And thro' the yielding Cuirasse, forc'd its way.

The gaping Wound pour'd out a Vital Tyde,

And Crimson Streams his burnish'd Armour dy'd.

*Otha* his wounded Body wreaths in Pain,

And viewing on his Limbs the Bloody Stain,

With angry Eyes calls back his Life again.

And then assaults the Foe with doubled Rage,

Who meets his Arms, as eager to engage.

Fresh Strokes, fresh Wounds, they give on either side,

While Victory does for neither Sword decide.

Weak with their Wounds, and with bruis'd Armour pain'd,

An equal, noble Combate they maintain'd.

Feeble and Breathless still they kept the Field,

Unable more their blunted Arms to wield.

And now the Throng rush'd in, the Combat done,  
 By neither Hero lost, by neither won :

And rending with their Shouts the tortur'd Air,

Back to their Files, the Combatants they bear.

So when two Valiant Cocks in *Albion* bred,

That from th' insulting Conquerour never fled :



A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,  
And with keen Weapons arm'd a'like Engage;  
Each other they assault with furious Beaks,  
And their trim'd Plumes distain with bloody Streaks.  
Each limb'd Warriour from the Pavement bounds,  
And wing'd with Death, their Heels deal ghastly Wounds.  
By turns they take, by turns fierce Strokes they give,  
And with like Hopes and Fears, for Conquest strive.  
Both obstinate maintain the Bloody Field,  
Both can in Combat dye, but neither yield.  
Till with their bleeding Wounds grown weak and faint,  
And choak'd with flowing Gore they gasp, and pant:  
Disabled on the Crimson Floor they ly,  
Both Honour win, but neither Victory.

Then *Morogan*, his Javelin in his Hand,  
Charg'd the fierce Troops where *Ella* did command:  
*Wigmunda*, first his deadly Weapon felt,  
Who on the flowry Banks of *Oza* dwelt,  
Faln on the ground, the *Saxon* groan'd aloud,  
And dying, lay deform'd with Dust and Blood.  
Next *Ethelbright* he flew, the Javelin past,  
Thro' the brave Leader's Hand, where sticking fast,  
He from the Battel flew, and thro' the throng,  
Complaining loud, trail'd the huge Spear along.  
To fight the Briton, *Thefred* did advance,  
And in his Buckler broke his pondrous Lance:  
High in the Air the scatter'd pieces flew,  
When *Morogan*, his ample Fauchion drew;  
He mist the mighty stroke aim'd at his Crest,  
But Cleft his Shoulder down into his Chest,  
Thro' the prodigious Wound, a Sea of Blood  
Spouts from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd,



W-aring in Gore, upon the Ground he stretcht,  
And his last Breath in thick Convulsion: fetcht.  
Next he his Spear at great *Marthellan* throws,  
Thro' Breast, and Back the deadly Weapon goes.  
Then war-like *Ella*, with excessive Rage  
All fir'd, advanc'd the *Briton* to engage.  
As two chaf'd Lyons on a *Lybian* Plain,  
Contending which shall o'er the Desert reign,  
With raging Eyes, and fierce erected Hair,  
Scowr o'er the Sands, to meet the horrid War;  
So furious *Ella*, and great *Morogan*,  
Eager of Conquest, to the Combat ran.  
The *Saxon* first his massy Javelin flung,  
With the vast Stroke, the *Briton's* Target rang.  
The temper'd steel the Weapon did repel,  
Which he aside, and at a Distance fell.  
The *Briton* next, did his bright Javelin throw,  
*Ella* his Head inclin'd, eludes the Blow.  
*Ella* with all his Might his second cast,  
Which mist, but stroke the Plume off, as it past.  
The *Briton* stoop'd, and lifted from the Field  
A pond'rous Stone, which both his Hands did wield;  
So vast, that two in our degenerate Days,  
Tho Men of Strength, the like can scarcely raise;  
With all his Strength he throws the craggy Stone,  
Which thro' King *Ella's* Leg-piece, crush'd the Bone.  
The wounded Warriour fell upon the Plain;  
*Adda* advanc'd the Conqueror to sustain;  
While *Gomel* with his Men did *Ella* bear  
From the hot Place of Action, to the Rear,  
Where Charioteer, and Steeds, and Chariots stay,  
Waiting his coming from the Bloody Day.  
Mean Time great *Morogan*, had *Adda* slain,  
The Spear had thro' his Forehead pierc'd his Brain.



Biting the Ground, th' expiring *Saxon* lies,  
And Death's unwelcome shade o'er spreads his Eyes.  
And with like Courage, and with like Success,  
The brave Prince *Conan*, did the *Saxons* press  
Which *Oswald* led; great Numbers he destroy'd,  
Whose patriot Blood, the slippery Field annoy'd.  
*Sefred*, *Carantes*, *Molinoc* he flew,  
And *Ethelfrid*, in Arms surpass'd by few  
*Oswy*, and *Bassa*, all of warlike Fame,  
And many more, of unrecorded Name.  
Thus Valiant *Conan*, triumph'd in the Field,  
And all he met, did to his Courage yield;  
Until a sculking, unknown hand, at last  
Did unperceiv'd, a pointed Javelin cast:  
Deep in his Arm, th' inglorious Weapon goes,  
His Wound the Blood upon his Armour shows,  
He drew the Steel out from his bleeding Veins,  
And from the Field retir'd in tort'ring Pains.

Mean time, out-number'd in another part,  
*Macor's Danmonian* Troops began to start.  
*Macor* to stop their ignominious Flight,  
And give them Spirit to renew the Fight;  
Now sharp Reproaches used, and bitter Threats,  
And now with Prayers he earnestly intreats.  
Enrag'd, ashamed, and fearing open Rout,  
Exclaiming loud, he wildly flew about.  
He slays them with his Hands, and Voice, and Eyes,  
And to confirm their sinking Courage, cries,  
Whither will my *Danmonians* mally run,  
And leave behind a Victory almost won?  
What pannick Fear does my brave Friends invade  
Till now, you never knew to be afraid.



Then on the Brav'ry you have always shewn,  
 And Laurels you and your great Fathers won.  
 By their great Deeds, and yours, by *Cador's* Name,  
 By all my Hopes and yours which are the same:  
 By the *Damnonian* Fame, I all conjure  
 Trust not to Flight, your Arms must you secure.  
 Who will maintain their Ground, if you recoil?  
 Thus do you mean to guard your Native Soil?  
 To what new Seats will you from *Albion* fly?  
 Or will you in the Rocks and Mountains lie?  
 Britons return from your inglorious Flight,  
 Rally your Forces, and renew the Fight.  
 To Safety, and to Fame the way I'll show,  
 Where it lies, across the thickest Foe.

He said, and straight amidst the Troops he flew,  
 O'er the first he met, the first he flew.  
 He pierc'd his Belly thro' the yielding Shield,  
 And out his Bowels gush'd upon the Field.  
 To aid his Friend, constant *Eballan* flies,  
 But wounded by the *Briton*, with him dies.  
 Then while *Adolphus*, *Bertram's* Offspring stands,  
 Poising a pondrous Stone in both his Hands,  
 The mighty Fragment of a craggy Rock,  
 And aim'd at *Macor's* Head, a deadly Stroke,  
 Thro' his pierc'd Side the Javelin made its way,  
 And buried, in his bleeding Liver lay.  
 Then you brave Youths, *Egbert*, and *Alephas*,  
 Both noble Branches of great *Horfa's* Race,  
 Their Age the same, the same their youthful Charms,  
 Fell in the *British* Fields by *Macor's* Arms.  
 This 'twixt the Ribs receiv'd the fatal Dart,  
 Where transverse Bounds the Breast and Belly part;



Lopt from the Shoulder with a fearful Wound,  
T' other's Right Arm lay quivering on the Ground.

Now the *Danmonians* who began to run,  
Seeing the Wonders by their Leader done,  
With Shame and generous Indignation burn,  
And to the War with doubled Rage return.  
Then *Macor* let his Spear at *Redwall* fly,  
In his bright Chariot, - passing swiftly by.  
It pass'd his Shield, and went into his Reins,  
A Purple Flood, springs from his wounded Veins,  
And mixt with Dust, the fervid Wheels detains. }  
Projected head long on the Ground he lay,  
Fetch'd a deep Groan, and gasp'd his Life away.  
With like Success, his Men no more afraid  
Of *Saxon* Arms, their thickest Files invade.  
So when dissolv'd by Summer Rays, the Snow  
Do's down the Sides of *Alpine* Mountains flow,  
Below the several Rills, and Currents join,  
And different Streams in one great Flood combine :  
Then do's the Deluge rear its foaming Head,  
O'erflow's the Banks, and o'er the Meadows spread ;  
No lofty Mounds arrest h' insulting Tide,  
But o'er the flowry Vale, the Waves triumphant ride.  
So the *Danmonian* scatter'd Troops unite,  
And with associate Arms, revive the Fight.

Here to restrain *Macor's* Victorious Course,  
*Bartha*, oppos'd a fresh collected Force.  
From his strong Arm his singing Javelin flew,  
And passing thro' his Neck *Guitardan* flew.  
He hurl'd his Ball of Iron at the Head  
Of stout *Gomallador*, and struck him dead.



His Helm in Pieces flew, his Bones were crash'd,  
 And from his Skull his Blood and Brains were dash'd.  
*Macor* incens'd, advances to the Fight,  
 And pray'd to Heav'n, to guide his Weapon right;  
 Nor did he pray in vain, th' unerring Dart  
 Transfixt his Breast, and sunk into his Heart.  
 Strong *Bartha* tell, the Blood his Armour stains,  
 And shivering Death crept cold along his Veins.

But to revenge so great a Captain's Fall,  
*Lnthar* aloud goes on his *Saxons* call.  
 First *Lodoic* he flew, who stood the Shock,  
 Of War before unshaken as a Rock.  
 Strong *Mandubrace*, of whom the *Britons* tell  
 Such mighty Deeds, by the brave *Saxon* fell.  
 Beautiful *Armen* the *Silurian's* Pride,  
 And war-like *Harowier* together dy'd.  
 Their Leaders brave alike, alike enrag'd,  
 The *Britons*, and the *Saxons* close engag'd,  
 An obstinate, and bloody Fight maintain,  
 And Heaps of Dead, ly thick upon the Plain.  
 Dark Clouds of Dust thro' th' airy Region fly,  
 And war-like Noise bounds from the vaulted Sky.  
 Helms mix with Helms, and Arms with Arms unite  
 Their bright Reflexion, to oppress the Sight.  
 Now Man at Man, Squadrons at Squadrons rush,  
 And Files at Files with Spears proteuded push.  
 Swords clash with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray,  
 And thro' the Field a horrid Din convey.  
 Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,  
 And Brains and Gore, the slippery Field besmear.  
 So when two adverse Tides their Waves advance,  
 With equal Fury, and with equal Chance;  
 The foaming Forces, doubtful Fight maintain,  
 Where both by Turns lose, what by Turns they gain.



On this Side now retreats the vanquish'd Tide,  
And on its Back th' insulting Billows ride.  
Rallying its roaring Troops with swift Career,  
It soon returns, and re-assumes the War.  
The Conquerour before is forc'd to yield,  
And rolling back its Waves deserts the Field.  
Alternate Conquest, and alternate Flight,  
Between the Foes prolong a doubtful Fight.  
So thick the Troops, so fast and close were prest,  
The wedg'd Battalions standing Breast to Breast,  
They scarce have space their Hands or Arms to move,  
But like contending Waves each other shove.  
Here *Macor* urges, presses, and invades,  
Here *Lothar* stops him with his strong Brigades;  
Equal in Arms, in Beauty, and in Age,  
But not allow'd each other to engage.  
On both the valiant Youths a different Fate,  
From a far greater Foe does shortly wait.

King *Cerdick* then advanc'd, exclaiming loud,  
And with his rapid Chariot cuts the Crowd.  
And to the Troops that stop his way, he cry'd  
Open to right and let, your Ranks divide,  
*Macor* and I, this Contest will decide.  
Nor did the *Saxon* Troops his Will oppose,  
But open, and an ample Space disclose.  
Then leaping to the Ground his pondrous Oak,  
Pointed with polish'd Steel, he threatening shook.  
At such a Sight th' amaz'd *Danmonians* start,  
And their chill Blood congeal'd about their Heart.  
*Macor* undaunted, traverses the Ground,  
And at the *Saxon* aims a fatal Wound.  
Then thro' the Air his Spear projected flew,  
And from its Sheath his flaming Sword he drew.



The Bucklers Brins the glancing Weapons raz'd,  
 And flying off, on the right Shoulder graz'd.  
 Then *Cerdick's* Javelin pois'd, and aim'd with Care,  
 Flew from his Arm, and hissing cut the Air:  
 Who cry'd out as it went, go swiftly fly,  
 And the hard Metal of his Armour try.  
 While *Cerdick* thus insults th' impetuous Oak,  
 Thro' Buckler, Coat of Mail and Cuirass broke,  
 And pierc'd his Breast where the deep Springs abide,  
 Whence Life leaps out upon its circling Tide.  
 The Vital Streams thro' his bruis'd Armour spout,  
 While he in vain wrests the warm Weapon out.  
 After the parting Dart, together crowd  
 From the wide Wound, his Soul, and Life, and Blood.  
 He fell, his Arms upon his Armour rung,  
 And Death in cold Embraces round him clung.  
 Thus fell the brave *Danmonian*, who had slain  
 Such Numbers, pil'd on Heaps upon the Plain.  
 His Friends with Sighs, and Tears upon a Shield,  
 Bear his Pale Corps off from the bloody Field.

*Cerdic* his Weapon warm with *Macor's* Blood,  
 Advanc'd with Fury not to be withstood.  
 With his drawn Sword he does the Foe invade,  
 And midst their Ranks prodigious Havock made.  
 The *Britons* all enrag'd at *Macor's* Fall,  
 With Showers of Darts the raging *Saxon* gaul:  
 On every Side the Monarch they assail,  
 With thick Brigades, but cannot yet prevail.  
 As when a mighty *Stag*, that long had stood,  
 The unmolested Monarch of the Wood,  
 Safe in its Coverts, and protecting Shade,  
 Against the Foe, that would his Peace invade:



If at an ancient Oak, he stands at last  
At Bay, by furious Dogs too closely chas'd ;  
Fearless he looks, and to his clam'rous Foes,  
Does his thick Grove of Native Arms oppose.  
The Dogs with distant Cries infest his Ears,  
And from afar the Huntsmen cast their Spears.  
None daring to approach the generous Beast,  
Project aloof their Darts against his Breast ;  
Thus *Cerdick* stood, nor dar'd the boldest Knight,  
Advance to undertake a closer Fight  
They cast their Darts at distance, and from far,  
Shower on his brazen Shield a rattling War.  
With their loud Cries the ambient Air they rend,  
And raging, all their missile Weapons spend.

mean time around, King *Cerdick's* Jav'lins flew,  
And *Arthur's* Men, with vast Destruction flew.  
*Cadwan* he kill'd, whose Arms great Fame had won,  
And *Vortiger* great *Ganumara's* Son.

Then *Vogan* fell, and *Ottocar*, who trace  
Their high Descent from *Hoel's* ancient Race.  
Great Numbers dy'd where the chaf'd *Saxon* flew,  
And with his Sword cut his wide Passage thro'.  
So when a generous Bull for Clowns Delight,  
Stands with his Line restrain'd, prepar'd for Fight.  
Hearing the Youth's loud Clamours, and the Rage  
Of barking Mastives eager to engage ;  
He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,  
Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round.  
Defiance lowering on his brind'd Brows,  
A round disdainful Looks the grisly Warriour throws.  
His haughty Head inclin'd with easie Scorn,  
Th' invading Foe high in the Air is born,  
Tost from the Combatant's Victorious Horn.

Rais'd



Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastives fly,  
 And add new Monsters to th' affrighted Sky.  
 The clam'rous Youth, to aid each other call,  
 On their broad Backs to break their Fav'rites Fall.  
 Some stretcht out in the Field lie dead, and some  
 Dragging their Entrails on, run howling Home.  
 But if at last on all Sides he's engag'd,  
 By fresh and fiercer Foes, strait all enrag'd  
 He flies about, some with his Horns he gores,  
 Some strikes, and mov'd with Indignation roars.  
 With disproportion'd Numbers prest at length,  
 He breaks his Chain collecting all his Strength.  
 Their Dogs and Masters scar'd promiscuous fly,  
 And fall'n in Heaps, the pale Spectators ly.  
 He walks in Triumph, nods his conquering Head,  
 And proudly views the Spoils about him spread.

*Ayalca* tell, a Lord of *Neustrian* Birth,  
 Struggling with Death he bites the hostile Earth.  
*Rivollan* dies, the brave *Armorican*,  
 Who swifter than a driving Tempest ran.  
*Mador*, not daring *Cerdick* to engage  
 Fled from his Post to scape the Conquerors Rage.  
*Cerdick* pursu'd him close, exclaiming loud,  
 And to o'ertake him, breaks th' opposing Crowd.  
 As when a *Lion* on the Mountains spies,  
 A well grown *Stag*, his furious Bristles rise,  
 And yawning horribly, with Hunger prest.  
 Away he flies to tear the trembling Beast:  
 He leaps upon him with his dreadful Paws,  
 And buries in his Sides his fearful Jaws.  
 So raging *Cerdick* flew, fain *Mador* dies,  
 And everlasting Night shuts up his Eyes.



*Ludvalla*, from the high *Silurian* Hills,  
*Eldubert* flew, *Hoel Edella* kills;  
*Chelrick Adarc*, *Tuair* pierc'd *Alwy* thro',  
*Oswoll Pricarden*, *Oven Kensley* flew.  
*Bladoc* kills *Athelmar* in single Fight,  
 Set goodly Stature, and a Valiant Knight.  
*Echwin* gave *Vortimer* his fatal Wound,  
 Who from his Steed, fell headlong to the Ground.  
*Lovellines* bleed the great *Barnulfa* from his;  
*Kentwin Rodolton*, *Pricel Uffa* kills.  
 Now equal Ruin rag'd on either Side,  
 And Victory mutual Favours did divide,  
 Flowing, and Ebbing with an equal Tide.  
 With like Success, by turns the doubtful Field,  
 The Victors, and the vanquish'd, win and yield.  
 Such was the bloody Labour of the Day,  
 And in such even Scales their Fortune lay.

Now certain Fame had reach'd Prince *Arthur's* Ear,  
 That his lov'd *Macar* dy'd by *Cerdick's* Spear.  
 No Tyde more his Fury could provoke,  
 Or strike into his Breast a deeper Stroke.  
 His Looks reveal'd his Wound, and Grief, and Rage,  
 His conquering Arms in deep Revenge engage.  
 With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his way,  
 Like Grass mown down the slaughter'd *Saxons* lay.  
 His Stroaks are all as sure, as those of Fate,  
 And Death and Victory on his Progress wait.  
 His Arms the Field with vast Destruction clear;  
 Wide Lanes made by his Sword, and spacious Voids appear.  
 Thro' their thick Ranks the raging Tempest flies,  
 And fearful Ruin all around him lies.



In vain his fatal Javelin never flew,  
*Ebissa*, *Edgar*, *Ethelburg* he flew;  
And *Ethelwold*, who fled the Conqueror's Sight,  
But the swift Dart o'ertook him in his Flight.

His deadly Spear at *Kenfred* was design'd,  
Who stooping down the hiss'ning Death declin'd:  
Then at the Conqueror's Feet he prostrate falls,  
And in sad Accents for Compassion calls.  
Spare, God-like *Briton*, and let *Kenfred* live,  
Me to my Father and my Children give:  
Treasures immense of Silver and of Gold,  
My Iron Chests, and buried Coffers hold;  
These Riches from the Sun, so long conceal'd,  
Shall to discharge my Ransome be reveal'd.  
Mine's but a single Life, if that be spar'd,  
It can the Progress of your Arms retard;  
On this does not depend your Empire's Fate,  
Nor can my Life or Death affect your State,

He said, to whom the *British* Prince reply'd,  
The Silver and the Gold your Cellars hide,  
You to your Sons and Daughters must bequeath  
Expect your self, the present stroke of Death.  
That said, he took his Helmet by the Crest,  
And drawing back his Head into his Breast  
Up to the Hilt, he plung'd his fatal Sword,  
And from the Wound a Crimson River pour'd.  
*Colmar*, hard by *Odin's* and *Frea's* Priest,  
Distinguish'd by his Dress, from all the rest,  
And by the Garland round his Temples known,  
In glitt'ring Arms, and splendid Garments shene  
Up flew his Heels while from the Field he fled,  
*Nazaleod* set his foot upon his Head;

And



And struck into the Ground, quite thro' his Breast  
His pointed Spear, and his rich Spoils possess.  
Then *Arthur* with his Spear, pierc'd *Rufa* thro',  
Then *Osmar*, *Seward*, *Ethellar* he flew,  
*Osfa*, *Beorno*, *Kendred*, *Ediswall*,  
*Pend*, *Kenelm*, *Osbert*, *Ethelb*.  
*Pair* *Oswald* fled, the Conquerour to prevent,  
But thro' his Back the swifter Javelin went.  
His darling Sword did ne'er in vain descend,  
But sure Destruction did its Sway attend.  
The reeking Conquerour in Triumph reign'd,  
Glutted with Slaughter, and with Blood distain'd.  
Th' unnumber'd Dead, that round the *Briton* lay,  
More than their living Troops, obstruct his way.  
To teach their Men, that from his Fury fled,  
He climbs their slaughter'd Piles, and scales the Dead.  
Sometimes the *Saxons* with new Fury burn,  
And rallying Squadrons to the War return:  
They pour around the Prince their numerous Swarms,  
And strive to crush him with unequal Arms.  
As when the pestilous Storms o'erspread the Skies,  
In whose dark Bowels inborn Thunder lies;  
The warry Vapours numberless, conspire  
To smother, and oppress th' imprison'd Fire:  
Which thus collected, gathers greater Force,  
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Courie,  
From the Cloud's gaping Womb, in Lightning flies,  
Flashing in ruddy Streaks, along the Skies.  
So *Arthur's* flaming Sword, cuts thro' the Cloud  
Around him spread, and rends th' opposing Crowd.  
With daz'ling Arms, he flies upon the Foe,  
Flashes amidst the throngs, and terribly Thunders thro'.



*Autburn* and *Alfrid*, with fresh Troops sustain,  
Their staggering Squadrons, and the War maintain:  
To these Prince *Arthur* wing'd with Fury flew  
And first stout *Alfrid* with his Spear he flew;  
Thro' the left Groin, the Weapon made its Way,  
And stretch'd along the Ground, the bleeding *Saxon* lay,  
At *Autburn's* Crest, he dealt a furious Stroke,  
The *Saxon* totter'd at th' amazing Shock,  
And fell upon his Knee, and while he pray'd,  
And for his Life, would many Things have said  
His sever'd Head off, from his Shoulders flies,  
And bounded on the Field, his Body lies  
At a great Distance, quivering on the Ground,  
And Streams of Blood spring from his ghastly Wound.  
As when the Summer's sultry Heats, draw forth  
Th' exhaling Moisture, from the thirsty Earth;  
When scorching Rays the gaping Plains have fry'd,  
And from their Banks contracted Streams subside:  
If then a Fire invades a spacious Wood,  
Where ancient Oaks have long securely stood;  
The conquering Flames advance with lawless Pow.  
And with contagious Heat the Trees devour.  
The spreading Burning lays the Forrest waste,  
And footy Spoils lie smoaking where it past.  
So *Arthur* with resistless Rage, around  
Destroys, and loads with slaughter'd Heaps the Ground.  
Next did the Prince at bold *Edburga* aim,  
Who from the fertile Banks of *Aburn* came,  
Prince *Unna's* Son to vast Possessions born,  
Broad Flowers of Gold his shining Coat adorn;  
The piercing Steel deep in his Bosom sunk,  
And Life's pure Stream at the warm Fountain drunk.



His Arms did next valiant *Titus* meet,  
Who fell and quiver'd at the Conquerour's Feet.  
*Olrick*, and beauteous *Hengist* next appear,  
The first his Fauchion fiew, the last his Spear.  
Next *Stor*, *Mdanor* did his Fate provoke,  
And off his Head flew, at a single Stroke.  
And next he threw at *Labert* as he fled,  
The Weapon smote him, as he turn'd his Head,  
In Gore and Traits the glitt'ring Javelin reeks,  
And from his Veins a Purple Torment breaks.

Mean time King *Cerdic* did around destroy,  
And with thick Deaths his massy Fauchion cloy.  
Him from afar the British Hero spies,  
And wing'd with Fury to assault him flies:  
*Cerdic* mean time undaunted did appear,  
And forward stept, shaking his dreadful Spear,  
Like one of *Anak's* mighty Sons he stalk'd,  
Or some tall Oak, that after *Orpheus* walk'd.  
Fixt like a vast *Colossus* by his Weight,  
He stood, expecting his approaching Fate.  
Lowring like rising Terpests from afar,  
He rages, and invites to advancing War.  
Now the British Hero did appear,  
Within the Reach of his prodigious Spear  
King *Cerdic* curst, and by his Gods defy'd  
The Briton, and aloud to *Odin* cry'd ;  
The glitt'ring Arms by this gay Robber worn,  
Great *Odin* soon thy Temple shall adorn :  
Assist great Founder of our State the Dart  
I cast, and guide it to his impious Heart.  
Then from his vig'rous Arm his massy Spear  
Projected fung, and hiss'd along the Air :



Off from the temper'd Shield the Weapon flew,  
 Wounded *Glendoran*, and *Alanto* flew.  
 Then his long Spear the pious *Briton* cast,  
 Th' impetuous Steel, thro' all the Thickness past  
 Of Brazen Plates, rowl'd Linnen, tough Bulls Hide,  
 And entring deep, did in his Groin abide.  
 The fainting *Saxon* fell upon his Knees,  
 Pain'd with his hastily Wound, and trembling  
 The Conquering Prince advancing to assuage,  
 By striking off his Head, his veng'ful Rage.  
 Here the brave *Lothar*, that had Wonders done,  
 And by his Arms immortal Praises won,  
 For thro' the Host, the loud Applauses ring  
 Of mighty Deeds, atchiev'd by one so young,  
 Transported with his pious Care, to bring  
 Assistance to his Uncle, and his King;  
 Spur'd his hot Courser on, and forwards prest  
 Off'ring to *Arthur's* Arms, his Valiant Breast.  
 He bravely undertook th' unequal Foe,  
 To Wound from *Cerdic's* Head the fatal Blow.  
 Then his long Spear he threw, with Manly Force,  
 But *Arthur's* Buckler stop'd th' impetuous Course:  
 Th' applauding *Saxons* gave a Shout to see  
 The Noble Youth's excessive Bravery.  
 But to his Prince's Aid in vain he ties,  
 Who by his former Wound expiring lies,  
 And everlasting Sleep shuts up his Eyes.

But then the *British* Hero's Javelin fled  
 At *Lothar*, but it pierc'd his Courser's Head  
 Rais'd in the Air upright, the generous Beast,  
 Gather'd his shiv'ring Feet up to his Breast,  
 Then springing strook them out, and staggring round  
 Fell head-long with his Rider to the Ground.



A mighty Grief the dying Countess fetcht,  
 And on the Ground a Breathless Carcass stretcht.  
 And here Immortal *Elda*, shall my Verse,  
 Thy unexampled Deeds of Love rehearse :  
 Love which will universal Wonder raise,  
 And scarcely find Belief in future Days.  
 For whilst the British Hero step'd with Speed,  
 To take off, this Fauchion, *Lothar's* Head  
 Who with us Stood opprest, and wounded lies,  
 Fair *Elda* stood between, and thus she cries :  
 Before your fatal Sword takes *Lothar's* Life,  
 Victorious Prince, hear his unhappy Wife.  
 Faln on her Knees she did her Helm unlace,  
 And new'd the charming Beauties of her Face :  
 The blooming Looks of Spring, and lovely Red  
 Of opening Roses on her Cheeks were spread.  
 Her Eyes that sparkled like the Stars above,  
 Appear'd bothe th' Armory, and Throne of Love :  
 Where thousands of alluring Graces wait,  
 And mingling Charms from Love's triumphal State.  
 Bright *Ethelind* her, and all excell'd,  
 Shall next Place in Beauty's Front be held.  
 Nor did her Looks, less Admiration move,  
 While wild Confusion, Sorrow, Fear and Love,  
 With beauteous Conflict, for the Victory strove.  
 A Shower of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,  
 Which from her Grief, receiv'd yet sweeter Grace.

At the great Conquerour's Feet she threw her Charms,  
 And lifting up to Heav'n, her snowy Arms,  
 Aloud she spoke, a wretched Woman's Prayer  
 Great *Briton* hear, and my dear *Lothar* spare.



Since first his Brice, with all his Arms I lay,  
 Scarce two full Golden Months are stoln away,  
 Which in Love's Calendar scarce make a Day.  
 With Traverses, and Tears, and tender Words I strove,  
 And all the engaging Arts of mournful Love;  
 To keep him from the Dangers of the Field,  
 And when th' obdurate Man refus'd to yield,  
 About him despairing Arms I flung,  
 And on his Neck, overwhelm'd with Grief I hung.  
 I then conjur'd him, to avoid with Care,  
 Your fatal Arms, so much renown'd in War.  
 Away he goes, and as he said, adieu,  
 He touch'd my Life, and my stretcht Harp-strings drew:  
 For still I fear'd that the Heroick Fire,  
 And thirst of Fame, that did his Soul inspire,  
 Would make him think no Dangers were too great,  
 Till rushing on your Arms, he urg'd his Fate.  
 My conscious Fears, this sad Event press'd,  
 If e'er with you, in Combat he engag'd.  
 Therefore in Arms I did my Limbs disguise,  
 And undertook this dangerous Enterprize,  
 That if he rashly sought to fight a Foe,  
 I might between him, and your fatal Blow,  
 My Bosom interpose, and in my Heart  
 To save his dearer Life, receive the Dart:  
 Or if Occasion were, to intercede,  
 As now I do, and for his Safety plead.

I pray by all that is to Mortals dear,  
 By all the Gods that you, and we revere;  
 Let this sad Object your Compassion move,  
 Regard his Valour, and regard my Love.  
 Oh! Let his hapless Fate your Soul incline,  
 Pity his blooming Youth, or pity mine.



Oh, melt beneath divine Compassion's Charms,  
 Let not your Breast be harder than your Arms.  
 Save his dear Life, he of his Noble Line  
 The only Branch remains, as I, of mine.  
 Christians profess Compassion, Mercy, Love,  
 Sure such Distress should those kind Passions move.  
 Sheath in my Breast the Sword, and take my P<sup>r</sup>ison  
 But oh prefer his wondrous Youth from L<sup>o</sup>s  
 My self will to my Veins the Sword apply,  
 And to prolong his Life will gladly dy.  
 Hear pious Prince, his aged Father hear,  
 Who thus entreats, 't would if he were here :  
 Oh, spare the spring of all my Hopes and Fears,  
 The only Prop of my declining Years :  
 Your fatal Sword deep in my Bowels sheath,  
 And for the Son's, accept the Father's Death.  
 If great Possessions, or if Gold would buy,  
 His far more precious Life, he shall not dy,  
 His Father will a mighty Ransome give,  
 And mine as much, say but the Youth shall live.  
 Let us your Prisoners be in Chains confin'd,  
 The Chains of Love will make them softer bind  
 There in his dear Presence I may still enjoy ;  
 And for his Ease my thoughtful Cares employ.  
 Free from the Noise of War, and anxious Fears,  
 I'll kiss his Wounds, and wash them with my Tears  
 I'll wash his midnight Slumbers, and by Day,  
 My Love shall Solace to his Grief convey.  
 Let him be banish'd from the *British* Isle,  
 I'll go, and share the lovely Wand'rer's Toil.  
 I'll follow thro' the swarthy, burning Zone,  
 No Flames can scorch me, fiercer than my own.  
 Our tender Words the savage Kind will move  
 They'll stand, and gaze, and wonder at our Love.



Th' inhospitable Desert will appear  
 A flowry Paradise, when he's there.  
 O'er Snows with him, and Hills of Ice I'll stray,  
 I know not how, but Love will find the way.  
 If his sharp Keel shall cut the foaming Tide,  
 In the same Bark, I'll on the Billows ride:  
 No stormy Winds my stable Soul shall move,  
 Or shake the Foundations of my Love.  
 But hurried with distracting Fears away,  
 And wild with Grief, I know not where to stay,  
 And in a Maze of Thought I lose my Way.  
 Oh! let your generous Pity calm the strife  
 In my tost Soul, and save his precious Life.  
 Thus you'll not only Triumph o'er your Foe,  
 But o'er your self, and your own Victory too.

Thus *Elda* pray'd, nor did she pray in vain,  
 Her tender Accents did Admission gain,  
 To the relenting Prince's generous Breast,  
 Who thus the beauteous Suppliant addrest.

This unexampled Effort your Love,  
 Does equal Wonder and Compassion move.  
 True Christian Captains are both brave and good,  
 Victory pursue, but not with Thirst of Blood  
 Revenge and Cruelty we disavow,  
 And only just and generous Arms allow.  
 Go, to your Tears your *Lothar's* Life I give,  
 Pleas'd with each others Love together live.

Then *Cerdick* Iain on whom they trusted most,  
 A shivering Fear ran thro' the *Saxon* Host.  
 The *Britons* now believ'd the Battle won,  
 And sure of Conquest on their Squadrons run.



Prince *Arthur* at their Head breaks thro' their Files,  
And covers all the Plain with Hostile Spoils.  
The *Saxon* Troops dismay'd, began to yield,  
And to the aging Conquerour leave the Field.

Mean time the Prince of Hell, who anxious stood  
And from his Hill the bloody Labour view'd.  
Seeing the *Saxon* Troops at last give way,  
Resolves the *Britons* Progress to delay  
That thro' the *Angelick Guard* he might escape  
His Form he chang'd to a fair *Seraph's* Shape.  
A mild *Celestial* Youth ye did appear,  
Drest in pure Robes of Empyrean Air.  
What once he was, the Friend seem'd charming bright,  
Conceal'd in Beauty, and disguis'd in Light.  
Assuming meek and Heav'nly Looks he strove,  
To imitate the loveliest Face above.  
Then taking from the Mountains Top his Flight,  
Did straightway at the *Angelick* Camp alight.  
And thus transform'd thro' the bright Camp he went,  
As an Express to Heav'n to *Michael* sent.  
Along he march'd, and still looking round,  
While unobserv'd, a fair Occasion found  
Of passing thro' their Lines, without Delay,  
Swift as a Ray of Light, he flew away.  
He mingles with the fighting Armies, where  
He moulds to various Shapes, the thickn'd Air.  
In *Sebert's* war-like Form he did appear,  
With *Arthur's* gasping Head upon his Spear;  
Which newly sever'd from his Body seems,  
So fresh the Wound, so red the bloody Streams.  
*Britons* he cry'd, learn hence ye wretched State,  
See your Destruction in your Leader's Fate.



The towering Hopes you vainly once conceiv'd,  
 Are sunk, nor can your Ruin be retriev'd.  
 Whose Arms can guard your State now *Arthur's* dead  
 His Life, and with it, all your Strength is fled.  
 Fly *Britons*, hence, and to your Hills repair,  
 Fly to your Woods, and in your Caves despair:  
 Protected in your Fastnesses remain,  
 Stay not to count the Number of the slain.  
 Cold to their Hearts this Sight and Language went,  
 And thro' their Veins a shivering Horror sent.  
 Confusion and Despair their Souls oppress,  
 And their sad Looks their inward Wounds confess.  
 Urg'd with their Fear, their Troops began to fly,  
 And leave behind th' unfinish'd Victory.

Prince *Arthur's* Breast with Indignation burn'd,  
 Who from the fierce Pursuit, reluctant turn'd  
 To stop his Army's Flight, stay, *Britons*, stay,  
 He cry'd, and blemish not this glorious Day.  
 Whence this Distraction, whence th' ungrounded Fear  
 And wild Despair, that in your Looks appear.  
 The Battel's won, the *Saxons* quit the Field,  
 And to your Arms a perfect Conquest yield.  
 Let not the vanquish'd Foe escape Pursuit,  
 The Victory's yours, stay but to reap the Fruit.

While thus he spoke, the *Britons* stood amaz'd,  
 And on their Prince with Joy and Wonder gaz'd.  
 Their Grief dispell'd, their dying Hopes revive,  
 And joyful Shouts proclaim the Prince alive.  
 Mean time the Sun declines, and dusky Night  
 Covers the *Saxons*, and protects their Flight.



# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK IX.

**N**OW all the beauteous *Morn* begin to rise,  
 Streaking with Rosy Light the smiling Skies.  
 Prince *Arthur* rose, and solemn Thanks address  
 To Heav'n that had his Arms with Conquest blest:  
 Then rode amidst his Troops, and one by one,  
 Their Brav'ry prais'd, and Conduct lately shown:  
 Dispensing great Rewards thro' all the Host,  
 To those whose Courage was distinguish'd most.  
 The *Britons* in their turn express their Zeal,  
 And to the Prince the highest Love reveal.  
 The Heav'n's around with Acclamations rung,  
 And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng.  
 Then to the sacred Temples they repair,  
 In joyful Crowds to offer Praise and Prayer:  
 In low prostration, they the Sovereign Lord  
 Of Hosts Exalt, and future Aid implor'd.  
 Soon as their Hymns of Heavenly Praise were sung,  
 High in the Temples they their Trophies hung;  
 Bruis'd Armour, broken Shields, and Standards torn  
 From the fierce Foe, the gilded Roofs adorn.  
 This Honour to th' Almighty Saviour done,  
 Prince *Arthur* to the *Britons* thus begun.

Thus far *Success* and *Triumph* on us wait,  
 And to our Arms, presage a prosperous Fate



Propitious Heav'n is to your Part inclin'd,  
 And still more glorious *Victorie* crowd behind.  
 The vanquish'd Foe can't long maintain the Field,  
 But must your ravish'd Land and Cities yield.  
 Chase anxious Thoughts far from your valiant Breast,  
 And on your Cause, and Heav'n's Protection rest.  
 A perfect Conquest shall your Labours Grow,  
 And your Victorious Arms, regain your own  
 Fear not the Relicks of a conquer'd Foe,  
 Their tottering State, falls with another Blow.  
 Now let no *Funeral*-Honours be deny'd,  
 To these brave Men, that for their Country dy'd :  
 Let us with Sighs and Tears lament their Fate,  
 Who fell, while striving to support our State.  
 Ages to come shall their great Virtue-praise,  
 Viewing the Tombs that on their Graves you raise.

And first the Prince to the Pavilion went,  
 Whither brave *Mazor*'s breathless Corps was sent.  
 He lay extended on a Purple Bed,  
 With high rais'd Pillows, plac'd beneath his Head.  
 His Servants standing round their Grief express,  
 With old *Persevan* sad above the Rest.  
*Cador* to him as to his faithful Friend,  
 For wise Instructions, did his Son commend ;  
 His Counsels form'd his Youth, and did prepare  
 His Mind for all concerns of Peace, and War.  
 Now in his Face the deepest Grief appears,  
 He beats his Breast, and baths it with his Tears :  
 He wrings his Hands, and in his mournful Rage,  
 Tears off the hoary Honours of his Age.  
 Immoderate Grief in lamentable sounds,  
 As *Arthur* enter'd, thro' the Room rebounds.



The pious Prince with heavy Sorrow prest,  
Burst out in Tears, and thus his Grief exprest.

Inexorable Death at every Heart  
Without distinction, shoots her fatal Dart.  
Could Beauty, Courage, Virtue, Youthful Age  
Move her Compassion, or divert her Rage;  
Brave Youth thou had'st escap'd, and liv'd to see  
Our Triumphs, for a Victory due to thee:  
But all thy charms by stronger Fate o'ercome,  
Could not reverse th' irrevocable Doom.  
Oh! thy sad Sire, what swelling Grief will roll  
Its stormy Tide o'er his afflicted Soul!  
Can he the News of *Macor's* Death survive,  
Or me, with whom he trusted him, forgive?  
I'll allay the smart may the *Danmonians* tell,  
How bravely *Macor* fought, how Great he fell:  
And how my own with *Cador's* Grief contends,  
He mourns the best of Sons, and I the best of Friends.  
Our Hopes are gone, may the *Danmonians* Cry,  
And what *Britannia* can thy Loss supply?

Then to embalm the Prince he gave Command,  
That he might send him to his Native Land.  
Straight with hot Steams, they wash his Body o'er,  
And purge his Skin from Dust and putrid Gore.  
Then in *Arabian* Spices, fragrant Gums,  
Rare Aromatick Oyls and rich Perfumes,  
They lay his Snowy Body, which they fold  
In Bands of Linnen, round him often roll'd.  
Then from his Troops a Thousand Youths he chose,  
Which might a solemn Equipage compose:  
Which might accompany the Funeral State,  
To the unhappy Father's Palace Gate.



Officious Fame the diſmal News relates,  
 And univerſal Sorrow propagates.  
 Pale Faces, croſſing Arms, dejected Eyes,  
 O'erflowing Tears, and deep, deſpairing Sighs,  
 Compoſe a finiſh'd Scene of Blackeſt Woe,  
 The Tragick place does all ſad Figures ſhow.  
 The *Men* like pallid Ghoſts paſs ſilent by,  
*Women* outrageous in their Sorrow cry  
*Macor* is dead, our Hopes too with him dy.  
 Thro' all the Streets prodigious Numbers flow,  
 And pour'd out from the Gates, promiſcuous go  
 To meet their Hero's *Herſe*, with flaming Brands,  
 And Pitchy Torches lighted in their Hands :  
 Which in long Order ſhone along the way,  
 Diſclos'd the Fields, and call back baniſh'd Day.  
 Soon as they ſpied the lofty *Herſe* from far,  
 Attended with the Pomp of mournful War ;  
 A lamentable Cry the Valley fills,  
 Eccho repeats it louder in the Hills.  
 Wild with their Grief, diſtracted with Deſpair,  
 They ſtrike their throbbing Breasts, tear off their Hair,  
 And with their piercing Screams diſturb the Air.  
 Both Troops unite, Rivals in Love and Grief,  
 And the ſad Conqueſt ſeek with equal Strife.

As *Cador's* Love, no Bounds his Sorrow knew,  
 Who from their Arms and Prayers diſtracted flew.  
 Cloſe in his Arms he did the *Corps* embrace,  
 Kiſs'd his cold Lips, and bath'd with Tears his Face.  
 A Scene ſo tender, ſuch a moving Sight,  
 Melts all their Hearts, and does freſh Grief invite ;  
 Touch'd with Compaſſion to th' afflicted King,  
 From their exhausted Eyes freſh Torrents ſpring.



When the fierce Tempest had its Fury broke,  
With a deep Sigh th' unhappy *Monarch* spoke.  
Ch, my dear Son ! how mild had been my Doom,  
Hadst thou escap'd, I suffer'd in thy Room.  
This Sight kills worse than *Death*, Oh that the Dart  
Had miss'd thy Breast, and pierc'd thy *Father's Heart* !  
Oh, that to see this fatal Hour I live  
And thee, and all that's dear in *Life* survive !  
How much I wish *Life's* tedious Journey done,  
The empty Name remains, the thing is gone !  
But sure I shall not long thy Absence mourn,  
I'll hast to thee, thou'lt not to me return.  
My hoary Head with Sorrow to the Grave,  
Makes hast, the best Repose my Troubles crave.  
Thrice happy *Wife* remov'd from us below,  
You have no share in this sad Scene of Woe.  
My ill presaging Fears are now fulfill'd,  
I started in my Sleep, and cry'd, my *Son* is kill'd.  
I knew too well war'n Blood and youthful Age,  
Eager of Fame, and fir'd with Martial Rage,  
His Arms in greatest Danger would engage.  
I pray'd, and ~~sc~~ conjur'd him to beware,  
Not rashly to provoke unequal War.  
He promis'd me while on his Neck I wept,  
But oh, how ill has he his Promise kept ?  
I can't reproach the pious *Arthur's* Name,  
Nor on his Friendship sworn reflect the Blame.  
If by divine, unchangeable Decree,  
Untimely Fate, *Major*, attended thee ;  
'Tis best that thou art fal'n with such Applause,  
Asserting *Albion's* and the Christian Cause.  
But why do my Complaints thus endless grow,  
And why thus tedious my loquacious Woe ?



Why from new *Laurels*, should I thus detain  
These valiant Troops, to hear my Sighs in vain ?  
Go, *Britons*, to your Prince, at your Return,  
Tell him I live, but only live to mourn.  
I groan beneath the heaviest Load of Grief,  
And spend in Tears my sad Remains of Life.  
May Heav'n his Arms with greater Triumph bless,  
Great as his *Virtues*, let his meek Success.  
Mean time must we this last kind Office pay,  
And *Macor's* Body to the *Dome* convey ;  
Where his illustrious *Fathers* lie interr'd,  
Who reign'd by Subjects lov'd, by Neighbours fear'd.

Soon as the *Sun* had with his early Ray  
Depos'd the Shades, and re-enthron'd the Day ;  
The pious *Britons* their slain Friends inter,  
And on their Graves due Honours they confer.  
Some with their Spades, and with sharp Axes wound  
The groaning Earth, and casting up the Ground,  
They form deep Vaults, and subterranean Caves,  
Then fill up with their Dead, the gaping Graves.  
Some cast up hilly Heaps, and Mounts of Sand,  
Which for their Tombs, and Monuments might stand :  
And to th' admiring *Britons* might declare,  
In future Ages what their Fathers were.  
Some Stones erect of a prodigious Size,  
That bear the Hero's Glory to the Skies.

Mean time the *Saxons* bear away their Dead,  
Whose putrid Heaps, the bloody Field o'erspread.  
Innumerable Piles they raise on high,  
Which kindled, fill with Smoak and Flames the Sky.  
With uncouth Cries, around the Fires they mourn,  
Where vulgar *Dead*, in Heaps promiscuous Burn.



The Lords, and Officers of high Command,  
They send attended with a war-like Band,  
Each to his City, there to be interr'd,  
Where greater Funeral Pomp might be conferr'd.  
But fair *Augusta* chiefly flow'd with Tears,  
Where Grief in all her mournful Looks appears.  
Distracted with ungovernable Woe,  
Into the Streets in Crowds the *Triato* flow.  
Confusion in their Looks, and wild Despair,  
They wring their Hands, and tear their flowing Hair.  
*Parents* on *Children*, *Wives* on *Husbands* call,  
Sons mourn their *Fathers*, *Maids* their *Lovers* fall.  
For their dear *Brothers*, *Sisters*, Tears are spent,  
Servants their *Masters*, *Friends* their *Friends* lament.  
All mingle Tears, their Cries together flow,  
And form a hideous Harmony of Woe.  
Pale *Consternation* sat on every Face,  
They fear'd the Prince would soon invest the Place.  
They oft reproach'd the Monarchs Breach of word,  
That had expos'd them to the Conquerour's Sword.  
They wish'd that this Destructive War might cease,  
And *Ethelina* be the Bond of Peace.  
*Ofta's* Affairs in this ill State appear,  
Such was their publick Grief, and such their Fear.

Mean Time the *Brienn* joyful Sports ordain'd,  
For the great Vict'ry by their Arms obtain'd.  
For Horsemanship the *Erions* always nam'd,  
To run a Course his generous Gifts inflam'd.  
Desire both of the Prize, and loud Applause,  
The *British* Youth to mount their Coursers draws.  
A neighbouring Hill ascending high, but slow,  
Survey'd the Valleys, with his lofty Brow.



Upon the flowry Top a spacious Down,  
 Extended lay, which shady Woods did crown.  
 The grassy Plains, and rising Groves appear,  
 Like a rich furnish'd, native Theater:  
 Where *Sylvan* Scenes, their verdant Pomp display,  
 And charming Prospects to the Eye convey.  
 Soon as the Sun, had wish his Rosie Light,  
 From the cold Air, dispos'd the dewy Night;  
 The *British* Hero with a numerous Train,  
 Directs his Steps, to this delightful Plain:  
 Where high amidst his Friends he takes his Place,  
 Who swarm'd around to view the noble Race.

*Fritons*, *Armoricans*, and *Neustrians* stood  
 Mingled below, the foremost of the Crowd,  
 Stood *Eddelin*, in all his Youthful Pride,  
 His purple Boots were of *Iberian* Hide,  
 Which fast with Golden Buttons held, and grac'd  
 With Silver Spurs, his comely Legs embrac'd.  
 A flaming Ruban of *Sydomian* Dy,  
 In a Close Knot, his curling Locks did ty,  
 Which playing on his Shoulders flew behind,  
 Danc'd in the Air, and sported with the Wind.  
 Close to his well shap'd Waist, he wore his Coat,  
 Of Silk and Silver, by his Mother wrought.  
 A Cap of Crimson did his Head equip,  
 And as he walk'd he flash'd his breaded Whip.  
 His swarthy Groom his generous Coarser leads,  
 That scarcely marks the Ground, so light he treads.  
 Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,  
 His nimbler Feet could overtake the Wind,  
 Leave flying Darts, and Swifter storms behind  
 Illustrious Blood, he boasts with equal Pride,  
 Transmitted to his Veins on either side.

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The Mother Mare was of *Eborac* Race,  
The Sire *Augusta's* Merchants, brought from *Thrave*.  
His inward Fire thro' his wide Nostrils flies,  
And noble Ardor sparkles in his Eyes.  
His well turn'd Limbs did Admiration move,  
Where Strength, and Beauty for the Conquest shrove.  
His Matchless Speed the Prize did ever gain,  
From all the Rival Courfers of the Plain.

Next *Blancoc* upon the Plain advanc'd,  
And led behind, his fiery Courfer pranc'd.  
Lightly equip'd, and ready for the Race,  
He marches to the *Base* with Manly Grace.  
The gazing Crowd admire his comely Steed,  
Nobly descend'd from the famous Breed,  
That on the *Mauritanian* Mountains feed.  
Fam'd for his Swiftness in the dusty Course,  
Of wondrous Beauty, and of wondrous Force.  
And next to him the gay *Lanvallo* came,  
Eager to win the Prize, and raise his Name.  
His dappled Courfer to the *Lead* advanc'd,  
And neighing wantonly along the *Champain* danc'd,  
His high Descent he did from *Draco* trace,  
The swiftest Courfer of th' *Iberian* Race.  
A Race so famous for their speedy Feet,  
*Burus* himself, was not esteem'd more fleet:  
So swift they run, that vulgar Fame declares,  
The Western Winds, impregnated the Mares.

Next the fierce *Tudor* comes into the Field,  
Who did to none for Art or Courage yield.  
A Velvet Bonnet on his Head, and drest,  
For Lightness, in a thin embroider'd Vest.



Thirsty of Honour to the *Base* he flies,  
And with his greedy Wishers grasps the Prize.  
His well train'd Courser was admir'd for Speed,  
Sprung from *Calabrian*, mixt with *British* Breed.  
Lightning flew from his Eyes, and Clouds of Smoak;  
Darkning the Air, from his large Nostrils broke.  
None of the *Prival* Steeds arriv'd before,  
More Wonder rais'd, or promis'd Conquest more.

Next *Trebor* came upon a noble Horse;  
And oft victorious in the rapid Course.  
He gently stroak'd his Mane, and bid him shew  
On this great Day, the Feet he us'd to do.  
With many more, whose long forgotten Name  
Was ne'er enroll'd in the Records of Fame.  
While round the *Base* the wanton Coursers play,  
Th' ambitious Riders in just Scales they weigh:  
And those that by their Rules were found too light,  
Quilt Lead into their Belts, to give them weight.  
All things adjusted, and the Laws agree'd,  
Each eager Rival mounts his gen' Steed.

To whom th' indulgent Prince himself addrest,  
And to inflame their Zeal these Words exprest:  
Let no brave Youth despair of his Reward,  
Due Gifts, and Honours are for all prepar'd.  
Whoe'er are Rivals of the rapid Race,  
Two costly Spears shall win, their plated Base  
Glitters in Silver Sockets, finely wrought  
By rare Engravers, from *Germania* brought:  
Their Points are gilt, illustrious to behold,  
Whence a deep Fring depends of Silk and Gold.  
Besides a Back-sword, whose well temper'd Blade,  
Is of the fam'd *Iberian* Meta made.



The happy Youth that I near'd with Sweat, and Dust,  
 Shall reach the Goal, midst loud Applauses first,  
 This Golden Goblet, his Reward shall boast,  
 By *Dæmon* wrought, with Figures high embost.  
 The second Conqueror shall in Triumph wear,  
 In a rich Belt, this *Persian* Scimiter.  
 The Haft's a costly Stone, that Nature's rains  
 With various Figures, and with blotch'd Veins  
 The chiefest Workmen of the curious East,  
 Have in the mid Blade, their Art exprest.  
 The third shall win a noble polish'd Shield,  
 Three Couriers rarely pourtray'd on the Field.

The Signal given by the shrill Trumpet's Sound,  
 The Couriers start, and scow along the Ground:  
 So Boreas starting from his Northern Goal,  
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole:  
 His furious wings the flying Clouds remove,  
 From the Blue Plains, and spacious Wilds above.  
 Insulting o'er the Seas he loudly roars,  
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.  
 While for the Palm the straining Steeds contend,  
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend.  
 So long and smooth their strokes, so swift they pass,  
 That the Spectators of the noble Race,  
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,  
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.  
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,  
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play:  
 In Sports each other they so swiftly chase,  
 Sweeping with easie Wings, the Meadow's Face,  
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.  
 O'er Hills and Dales, the speedy Couriers fly,  
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.



Curvetting o'er the Plain, to win the Course,  
 All yielded to his Swiftness, and his Force;  
 Strong Limbs now shew his Age, with drudging Pace  
 His sweats behind, and Hours thro' the Race.  
 Now *Tudor* whips, and spurs his Courser on,  
 And near the Goal believ'd the Goblet won:  
 When running o'er a naked, chauky Place,  
 Slipp'ry with nightly Dew, and bare of Grass,  
 Up flew the Courser's Heels, and to the Ground  
 He, and the Rider, fell with mighty Sound.  
 The sudden Danger could not be declin'd  
 By *Eddelin*, that follow'd close behind;  
 For stumbling on young *Tudor's* hapless Horse,  
 His Floundring fell, and lost the hopeful Course.

The mean time *Trebor* spur'd, and forwards sprung  
 While all the Field with Acclamations rung:  
 First to the Goal his reeking Courser came,  
 Next *Blanadoc*, *Lanvallo* third in Fame.  
 The Victors by the Goal triumphant stood,  
 Surrounded by the thick applauding Crowd:  
 When *Tudor* rushing in, came out of wrong,  
 And ~~claiming~~ <sup>claiming</sup> the Prize, broke thro' the Throng.  
 The Judges over-ruled the Youth's Demand,  
 Urging the first establish'd Rules should stand.  
 The Prince confirm'd their Sentence, and declar'd  
 Who first arriv'd, should have the first Reward.  
 But on the two, that by ill Fortune crost,  
 The Victory almost in Possession, lost,  
 Rich Marks of Royal Bounty he conferr'd,  
 And with his Smiles, their drooping Spirits cheer'd.  
 A famous Quiver wrought by *Didon's* Hand,  
 With *Thracian* Arrows stor'd, at his Command



Was first on *Tudor*, as a Gift conferr'd ;  
 And cross his Shoulders hung the bright Reward  
*Eddelin* that never hop'd so mild a Door,  
 Receives a silver Helm, and milk white Plume.  
 This Kindness to th' unfortunate exprest,  
 He gives the promis'd Prizes to the rest.

*Arthur* rose up, and all their Footsteps bend  
 Back to their Camp, which lofty Works defend.  
 And now the *Britons* all their Hands employ,  
 To fetch Materials in, for Fires of Joy.  
 All to the Mountains, and the Woods repair,  
 And with their Labour fill th' echoing Air :  
 They raise their Axes, and with toilsome Strokes,  
 Fell the tall Elm, and lop the spreading Oaks.  
 They bear the nodding Trees to every Town,  
 And from the Mountains draw the Forer's down :  
 In every City with the shady Spoils,  
 The joyfu' Youth erected lofty Piles :  
 Nearer the Skies they raise th' aspiring Wood,  
 Than when before, upon the Hills it stood.  
 Soon as the Sun his Beamy Light withdrew,  
 And the brown Air grew moist with Evening Dew :  
 The shouting *Bruins*, set the Piles on Fire,  
 The tow'ring Flames to Heaven's high Roof aspire :  
 Up the steep Air the ruddy Columns play,  
 And to the Stars their Rival Light convey.  
 Around the burning Piles the Crowds rejoyce,  
 And mingle Shouts, with the shrill Trumpets Voice.  
 Heaven's starry Arch with Acclamations ring,  
 While the glad Throng, *Arthur's* loud Praises sing :  
 Let *Arthur* live, the Towns and Fields resound,  
 Let *Arthur* live, the echoing Hills rebound.



The Evening thus in Mirth and Triumph past,  
The *Britons* to their Rest retir'd at last.

Mean time four Lords arriv'd from *Tollu*, crave  
Audience of *Oeta*, which the *Saxon* gave.  
To hear their Embassy, in regal State  
High on his Throne, the *Saxon* march'd late.  
*Duncan* the chief broke Silence thus, with brave  
This Message from the great *Albanian* King ;—  
He is resolv'd to give that powerful Aid,  
Which by his Orator's King *Oeta* pray'd.  
A valiant Host obeying his Command,  
Whose conquering Swords, no force could yet withstand,  
Who laid the *Caledonian* Forrest waste,  
And from their Forts the fierce *Meatian* chase;  
Halts on a Plain, three Leagues remov'd from hence,  
Ready to engage their Arms in your Defence.  
But our great Father prays, that when you come,  
The *Britons* all subdu'd, in Triumph home,  
Fair *Ethelina* may be then his own,  
The bright Peward that shall his Labours crown.  
If to these happy Nuptials you incline  
He'll straight with you, his valiant Forces joyn.  
Let not the *Saxons* doubt, great *Tollu's* Arms,  
Will free your Kingdom from the Foes Alarms,

He said, forthwith *Oeta* in counsel fate ;  
A Matter so important to debate.  
When *Ofred* thus began :  
Great Exigencies of our State perswade,  
That we comply with this Proposal made  
We are compell'd by hard Affairs to court  
Th' *Albanian* Arms, our Kingdom to support.



I wish that Rupture may not Heav'n provoke,  
 To bring our Necks beneath the *British* Yoke.  
 With all our Force the *Britons* we assail,  
 But *Arthur's* unresisted Arms prevail :  
 How great a Loss the *Saxons* undergo,  
 Our bleeding Wounds and endless Funerals flow.  
 What Hero can be found to guard our State,  
 Against Prince *Arthur's* Arms, and prophane Fate.  
 True, *Tollo's* Deeds give him a war-like Name,  
 But much in Honour to the *Briton's* Fame ;  
 If we confiding in th' *Albionians* Sword,  
 Fresh Triumphs to the *Briton* should afford :  
 Who after, shall contending Bounds oppose,  
 To the victorious Progress of our Foes ?  
 Who then against the Torrent can contend,  
 And from th' overflowing Flood, our Towns defend ?  
 We shall in vain our former Conquest boast,  
 The *Saxon* sinks and all *Britannia's* lost.  
 All things well weigh'd, Prince *Arthur* looks no more  
 As one supported by divine Decree,  
 To Empire rais'd by unchang'd Destiny  
 If so in vain all our Attempts are made.  
 In vain we build our Hopes on *Tollo's* Aid.  
 We shall oppose inevitable Fate,  
 And in our Ruin learn too late.  
 I would Prince *Arthur's* Temper found, and strive  
 Once more the former Treaty to revive.  
 This way we may controul the Conqueror's Arms,  
 And *Arthur* bind by *Ethelina's* Charms :  
 This way perhaps you'll stem the rapid Tyde,  
 And gain a Conquest to your Arms deny'd.

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*Pacientius* ceas'd, *Crida* with Chorus burn'd,  
 And with an Air disturb'd these Words return'd :



We all well know *Pascentius* Tongue, was made  
 Smooth, soft, and fluent to perswade.  
 For courtly Art, and fine Intreagues of State,  
 No *Saxon* Genius can *Pascentius* mate.  
 All to his Eloquence at home must yield,  
 He to all, for Courage in the Field.  
 By of the Cabinet taken Deight,  
 Steep in bloody War, they are too wise to fight.  
 Repose the Briton's Strength, and *Arthur's* Arms I find,  
 Strike fiercely on a prudent timorous Mind:  
 A brave Heroick Spirit can't despair,  
 Who minds the Turns and doubtful chance of War.  
 Join'd by the *Picti* and *Albanian* Horse,  
 We're much superior to the *British* Force:  
*Tollo* and *M...*, both for Arms are fam'd,  
 Whose Deeds with greater wonder are proclaim'd.  
 We too have Heros left, that dare engage  
 The *Briton's* Arms, and can sustain his Rage  
 My self will meet him in the Field, and stand  
 Unmov'd against the Fury of his Hand.  
 Shall we at last a Conquer'd Nation fear,  
 And long inur'd to Victory despair.  
 Let not our vile Submission stain our Name,  
 And lessen thro' the World the *Saxon* Fame:  
 No, let the King, with *Tollo's* army comply,  
 Our Forces join'd must make the *Britons* fly.  
 He ceas'd, the Council murmur'd their Applause,  
 And pleas'd with this Advice King *Oeta* rose.

He straight dispatch'd the *Albanian* Orators,  
 By whom the Valiant *Tollo* he assures,  
 That he the *Britons* by his Aid subdu'd,  
 Shall *Ethelina* wed, for whom he su'd.



Withall he added, that Affairs requir'd  
Their Troops should join, before the Truce arriv'd.

His Orators return'd to *Tollo* bring,  
The pleasing Answer of the *Saxon* King :  
*Tollo* transported with excessive Joy  
Believes no Rival could his Honor overthrow  
As if the Battel were already won,  
He thinks the beauteous Princess is his own.  
Glittering in Arms like a resalgent Star,  
He leads his *Scotish* Nation to the War.  
A Nation fierce and haughty by Success,  
Which *Albion's* Northern Soil did then possess.  
For a rude cruel People, bred to Spoil,  
To Blood and Rapine, from th' *Hibernian* Hill,  
Did in this Age, infest th' *Albanian* Coast,  
And landed there at last their barbarous Host :  
*Scots* they were call'd, from their wild Islands Name,  
For *Scotia*, and *Hibernia* were the same ;  
Here their new Seats the prosperous Pyrates fix.  
And their course Blood, with the old *Britons* mix.  
These their *Albanian* Seats, new *Scotia* stile,  
Leaving *Hibernia*, to their Native Isle :  
The *Calidonian* Britons dispossess,  
And by a hard Tyrannick yoke oppress ;  
Did these *Hibernian*, *Scotish* Lords Obey,  
And felt the Curies of a foreign Sway.  
This Nation then obey'd King *Tollo's* Laws,  
And now in Arms asserts the *Saxon* Cause

The mighty *Donald*, of the *Northern Isles*,  
Of Visage fierce, and dreadful with the Spoils  
of grisly Bears, and of the foaming Boar,  
Which hideous Pride he o'er his Shoulders wore ;



Marches his vigorous Troops into the Field,  
 Whose thundering Swords, themselves could well  
 By their rough Captains led, they left behind  
 Where once the old *Meditians* did Command;  
 And where the Walls from Sea to Sea extend,  
 Romans built their Provinces to defend;  
 And round Bulwarks, with unnumber'd Towers,  
 Had the Incursions of the Northern Powers.  
 But when proud Rome was weak and feeble growing,  
 Th'insulting Foe broke the high Fences down.  
 Now Ruins show where the chief Fabrick stood,  
 Between wide *Tinna's* and *Iunna's* Flood.  
 Youth from all the Towns that did obey,  
 In ancient times, the mild *Novantian* sway.  
 Such as peopled the *Elgovian* Seats, and those  
 Who fill'd the Land, where silver *Devia* flows:  
 Who on the wild and bleak Shore reside,  
 Insulted by the rough *Hibernian* Tide;  
 To aid the *Saxon* from their County came  
 By *Dagobert*, a Lord of Martial Fame.  
 Those where *Kanducæ* rears her lofty Towers,  
 And *Glotta's* Tide into the Ocean pours:  
 And where th' *Orestian* Princes heretofore,  
 And *Attacottian* Lords the Scepter bore.  
 Those where the *Otadenian* Cities stood,  
 Between *Alanus*, and fair *Vedra's* Flood.  
 They march from *Castalata* and the Shore,  
 Where wide *Bodesia's* noisy Billows roar.  
 Then those from *Vindolana* and the Land  
 Where *Ælian's* Bridge and high *Cilurnum* stand.

*Mackbeth* a great Commander of the North,  
 And rocky Highlanders, draws his Nation forth.



Loose Mantles o'er their brawny Shoulders hung,  
 With careless Frieze beneath their midleg hang.  
 Cerulean Bonnets on their Heads they wore,  
 And for their Arms, broad Swords and Targets bore.  
 The Youth pour'd out from fair *Victoria's* Gates,  
 From *Orreä* and the old *Gadenian* States  
 And from the spacious *Caledon* Woods,  
 And when a fair *Celcius* rolls his rapid Flood,  
 These Troops were by the fierce *Longellar* led,  
 Of *Malcol's* Royal Stock the famous Head:  
 Who first from wild *Jene* wafted o'er,  
 His barbarous Fines to th' *Albanian* Shore.  
 Those from the *Vicomagras* Cities came  
 From high *Banatia*, and from ancient *Tane*  
 And they who dwelt on either verdant Bank  
 Of *Iongo's* Stream, and those that *Itys* drank.  
 With those that stretch'd along the *Western* Coast,  
 To whom the old *Creonian* Towns were lost,  
 Where high *Epilium* midst th' *Hibern* Waves,  
 Protrudes his Head, and all their Mountains on  
 Those from the Town along the *Wry* Side,  
 Of Northern *Tinne*, and fur *Tava's* Tide:  
 Where once the happy *Vet*tes dwell'd,  
 Before the foreign Conquerour's Yoke was felt.

There was a Northern Nation fierce and bold,  
 On whose dy'd Bodies, fearful to behold,  
 Wild Beasts inscrib'd, and ravenous Birds were born,  
 Which their vast Limbs did dreadfully adorn:  
 So fierce they seem'd, as ready to devour  
 The naked Limbs, which the wild Monsters bore.  
 Their Hieroglyphick Armies, stain'd and smear'd  
 With various Colours, and strange Forms appear'd.



# Prince Arthur.

## BOOK II.

**A** *Uro*ra's Beams now on the Mountains smil'd,  
 And adverse Clouds with Purple Edgings gild.  
 Boiling with Martial Rage King *Tollo* stands,  
 And his high Chariot, and his Steeds demand:  
 Steeds, whiter than the purest *Alpine* Snows,  
 And faster than the Gales that *Boreas* blows  
 He triumph'd when his noble Breed appear'd,  
 Their Harness thick with Gold and Silver smear'd  
 When he their thundring Neighings heard, and saw  
 Their wanton Hoofs the trembling Valley paw,  
 The Grooms and Charioteers about him stand,  
 Reining the sporting Coursers in their Hand  
 Stroking their Backs, they their hot Spirits footl'd,  
 And their high Manes with Combs, and Sponges smooth'd.

*Tollo* mean time, puts on his mighty Arms,  
 And all the Field resounds with loud Alarms:  
 Each Army does her bloody Toil prepare,  
 And draw their Troops out, to renew the War.  
 The thund'ring Coursers shake the trampled Ground,  
 And war-like Clamours from the Hills rebound.  
 Across the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,  
 And with thick Clouds of Dust annoy the Sky.  
 An Iron Harvest on the Field appears,  
 Of Launces, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears.

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Throng'd Peads : long embattl'd Ranks dispos'd,  
 The lowring Front of Horrid War disclos'd.  
 First furious *Tollo* springs out from the Lines,  
 And on the Plain in radiant Armour shines :  
 His polish'd Helm opprest the dazled Sight,  
 And shone on high, like a Globe of Light.  
 The Golden *Shield* his mighty Arm did bear,  
 Hung like a blazen-Meteor, in the Air.  
 His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,  
 And Golden Pieces his vast Thighs encas'd :  
 The Pieces round his Legs, Gold-Buttons ty'd,  
 And his broad *Smock* hang dreadful by his Side :  
 Which when drawn out, like a destructive Flare  
 Of Lightning, from the ample Scabbard came.  
 In such illustrious Arms King *Tollo* shone,  
 And thought no Strength superior to his own.  
 Then shaking in his Hand his massy *Spear*.  
 He cry'd aloud, that all his Threats might hear,  
 This *Spear* ne'er yet deceiv'd its Master's Hand,  
 Nor could the bravest Knight its Force withstand  
 Witnes *Atrobian*, and great *Loerine* flair.  
 In single Combates, on th' *Albanian* Plain.  
 Witness ye *Caledonian* Princes, you  
 Whom with vast spoil on *Tava's* Banks I flew.  
 Now, by this faithful *Spear* shall *Arthur* dy,  
 If his just Fears perswade him not to fly :  
 T' *Augusta's* Gates I'll bring his fever'd Head,  
 And in his Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Thus *Tollo* boasts, thus did his Fury rise,  
 And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes.  
 So when a tawny Lyon, from the Side  
 Of some high *Lybian* Mountain, has descry'd,



Spotted Leopard, or a foaming Boar,  
To rouse his Courage he begins to Roar ;  
He shakes his Hideous Sides, his Bristles rise,  
And fiercely round he howls his fiery Eyes.  
Again he Roars, his Faws the Mountains tear,  
A fearful Preface to th' ensuing War.  
High in his Chariot *Tollo* then advanc'd,  
And from his Arms amazing Lustre glanc'd :  
A Martial Ardour sparkled in his Ey  
And hot with Choler he the Foes defies.

When the Spring's warm Breath, and chearing Ray  
Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay  
Folded to Rest, while Winter Snows conceal'd  
The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd.  
The Plough, Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,  
And the gay Side of his new Skin disclos'd ;  
He views him with Youthful Beauties crown'd,  
Elated casts his mighty Eyes around,  
And rolls his speckled Spires along the Ground.  
Fresh Colours dy his Sides, and thro' his Veins  
Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.  
The sprightly Beast, unfolds upon the Plain  
The glossy Honours of his Summer Train.  
His Crest erected high, and forked Tongue  
Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.  
Such Life and Vigour valiant *Tollo* shows,  
Marching with eager Haste to meet his Foes.

And now the *British* Host advanc'd in Sight,  
With chearful Locks, and eager of the Fight :  
Prince *Arthur* in refulgent Arms appear'd,  
High in the midst, the *Saxons* saw, and fear'd.  
So when a Merchant richly laden spies,  
A lowring Storm far in th' Horizon rise,



A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,  
 And his chill Blood hangs curdled in his Veins :  
 He furls his Sails, and fits his Ship to bear  
 The dreadful Hurricane, ascending thro' the Air.  
 Now both th' embattled Fleets advancing near,  
 King *Tollu* shakes his long, outrageous Spear :  
 And crying out, and threatening from afar,  
 In his swift Chariot flew amidst the War.  
 His rapid Wheels cut thro' the thickest Files,  
 With fearful Ruine, and prodigious Spoils.  
 Hapless *Vodinar*, first his Arm did feel,  
 And in his Breast receiv'd the pointed Steel.  
 Next *E* on the Sand expiring lies,  
*Orpes* runs to his Aid, and with him dies.  
*Yerwin*, *Morosten*, *Caradoc* he slew,  
 And with his Javelin pierc'd stout *Mervin* thro'  
 Then you brave Youths, *Risān*, and *Tudor* 'e'  
 Who did in Strength, and Martial Skill excel.  
 His fatal Spear transfix'd bold *Arnon's* Side,  
 And from his Neck, his Sword the Head divides.  
 As *Ulas* fled, the hissing Dart he sent  
 Enter'd his Back, and thro' his Navel went,  
 He fell and on the Dust, sad to behold,  
 His Bowels issuing from his Belly roll'd.  
*Runo's* right Knee his Javelin did invade,  
 And in the Bone the glitt'ring Weapon staid.  
 Strong *Runo* fell, and as he wildly star'd,  
 And many moving Word, in haste prepar'd  
 To beg his Life, th' insulting Conquerour flew,  
 And with his Spear pierc'd his pale Body thro' :  
 Groaning he lay, and fetcht long double Sighs,  
 While in thick Mists Death swims upon his Eyes.



The Text *Zeolins*, King *Cadwall's* Son he kill'd,  
 Alacutious Youth, and not in War unskill'd :  
 His Head the Fauchion to the Shielders Cleft,  
 And on the Dust his groveling Body left.  
*Ouenar* felt within a sudden Dread,  
 And turning round his Chariot, would have fled ;  
 When his long Spear the fierce *Allanian* threw,  
 Which crasht the Bones, and thro' the Temples flew :  
 Headlong *Ouenar* fell, and on the Ground  
 Lay weltring in his Blood, pour'd from his Wound.  
 His fatal Weapons vast Destruction made,  
 And where he pass'd, the slain in Heaps were laid.  
 So when a Flood from th' *Hypoborean* Hills,  
 Comes thund'ring down, and all the Valley fills,  
 Where the high Snows dissolv'd by Summer Beams,  
 In one vast Deluge join their various Streams :  
 The roaring Tide with its impetuous Course,  
 O'erflows the Banks, and with resistless Force  
 Sweeps Houses, Harvest, Herds, and Flocks away,  
 Nor can the loftiest Mounds its Progress stay.  
 With equal Rage, with such impetuous Hast,  
 Great *Tollo* thro' the thick Battalions past :  
 The rapid Wheels of his swift Chariot burn,  
 And in their Course the throng'd Brigades o'turn.  
 O'erscatter'd Arms, bright Helms, broad Shields of Brass,  
 And broken Spears, his raging Axles pass :  
 O'er Heaps of Dead the furious Warrior flies,  
 And fills with Dust and rattling Noise, the Skies.  
 The squallid Field a Crimson Torrent choaks,  
 And Dust and Blood oppresses his Chariot's Spoakes.  
 The trembling Ground th' outrageous Coursers tear,  
 And snoring, blow their Foam into the Air :



Their fervid Nostrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,  
 And Flaines of Fire from their hot Eye-tails broke.  
 With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,  
 And dash up bloody Rain, amidst the Sky :  
 Reeking in Sweat, and smel'd with Dust and Gore,  
 They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

Then Valiant *Malgo* with a fresh Prigade  
 Advanced, the mighty *Warrior* to invade ;  
 While from another Part his war-like Band,  
*Bothan* led up, and made a noble Stand.  
 Now Show'rs of Darts, and feather'd Arrows fly  
 Ar *Toll* the least, that darken all the Sky :  
 When *Valiant Marodan* approaching near,  
 With all his Strength, casts his impetuous Spear,  
 It pass'd the Buckler's Plates, and folded Hid  
 And thro' his Armour slightly raz'd his Side  
*Tollo* incens'd, collect'ng all his Might,  
 Broke thro' their Ranks, and put the Foe to Flight.  
 Now dire Destruction reigns amidst their Files,  
 And all the Field was spread with war-like Spoils.  
 So when *Battavian* Harpooniers assail,  
 With their sharp Launces, some prodigious *Whale*,  
 That like a floating Mountain, lies at Ease,  
 Vastly extended on the Frozen Seas :  
 When the *Leviathan* begins to feel,  
 Within his wounded Side, the bearded Steel ;  
 And looking round, sees all the ambient Flood,  
 Deeply distain'd with its old Monarch's Blood ;  
 Straight all enrag'd, he throws himself about,  
 And thro' the Air does Crimson Rivers spout :  
 Swift, as a Storm, he does the Foe assail,  
 With his expanded Fins, and hideous Tail.



Some Barks are crush'd, as with a falling Rock,  
And some c'rran'd, sink with the dreadful Shock :  
    rest ply all their Oars, and frighted Row,  
Thro' Field of Ice, to slay th' ival Foe.

*Canvallo* then brought up a stronger Force,  
Whom *Galbut* join'd, to stop th' *Albanian* Course :  
The fainting *Britons* these fresh Treasures protect,  
And with their Arms great *Tollo's* Triumphs check.  
And now their thick Brigades were close engag'd,  
And thro' the bloody Field Destruction rag'd :  
Now Man to Man stood close, and Spear to Spear  
Helm mixt with Helms, and Shields with Shields  
Arrows also in feather'd Tempests fly,  
Darts hiss at Darts, encountering in the Sky.  
A dreadful Noise instructing all the Air,  
Came from the base *Cerberian* Throat of War :  
While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring,  
Swords clath with Swords, and flying Javelins sing.  
Some threaten loud, while some for Quarter cry,  
And some insult, while some in Torment dy :  
As when a Torrent down some Mountain's Side,  
To the low Valleys rolls its rapid Tide,  
Where mighty Stones and rocky Fragments, high  
Within the rude, unfashion'd Channels ly :  
O'er abrupt Tracts its Course the Deluge bends,  
And roaring down with mighty Falls, descends.  
Prodigious Noise th' Aerial Region fills,  
The Shepherds hear, and tremble on their Hills.  
Or as ;  
When high *Vesuvius* stow'd with wealthy Stores,  
Preluding to some dire Irruption, roars ;  
While horrible Convulsions shake its Womb  
And lab'ring Sides, which hidden War entomb :



Th' surpris'd Thunder bellows under Ground,  
 And the loud Noise fills all the Heav'ns around.  
 August *Parthenope's* gilt Turrets shake,  
 And fair *Campania's* wealthy Farmers quake.  
 Such was the loud distracting Noise of War,  
 Such horrid Cramours tore th' afflicted Air,  
 While the fierce Foes against each other rag'd,  
 And for *Britannia's* Empire were engag'd  
 The neighing Steeds, and wounded Warriors Cries  
 And rising Clouds of Dust confound the Skies.

*Mordred* mean time the *glaucous Pictan King*,  
 Does to Charge, his threatening Squadrons bring:  
 Sticking his Golden Rowels in the Sides  
 Of his huge Steed, amidst the Ranks he Rides.  
 The *British* Horse unshaken as a Rock,  
 Bravely sustain'd th' Invader's thundring Shock.  
 King *Meridoc*, who d'd the Horse Command,  
 Confirm'd his Men, to make so brave a Stand.  
 Yet many Valiant Britons *Mordred* flew,  
 First with his Spear he pierc'd brave *Jasper* thro  
 The Valiant *Giffith* by unhappy Chance,  
 Came in his Way, and felt his fatal Launce;  
 Beneath his Ear, the Weapon pierc'd his Head,  
 He fell, and in a Moment stretcht out Dead.  
 His furious Arm noble *Lodanor* felt,  
 On whose high Crest so fierce a Stroke he dealt:  
 The Briton stunn'd with the prodigious Blow,  
 Drops the loos'd Reins, and lets his Weapons go:  
 The frighted Courser thro' the Battel Flies,  
*Lodanor* in the Dust dismounted lies;  
 The Horses Hoofs in pieces crush his Head,  
 And deep into the Mire his Bowels tread.



Then with great Fury he at *Adel* flew,  
 And grappled him with his furious Hand, and drew  
 The Briton from his Seat, his fiery Steed  
 Scours o'er the Field, from his lost Rider freed.  
 'Vigilant turning in his Arms the Prey  
 'Midst loud Applauses *Mordred* bears away :  
 So when an Eagle from some Mountain's Top,  
 To truss a timorous Leveret makes a Stoop,  
 And in his crooked Pounces takes his prey.  
 Struggling at moments, and squeaks amidst the Skies,  
 And faster than he ran before, he flies.

Then in the *Pict* straight *Guinan* did advance,  
 But in his Shield broke his projected Lance.  
 Then at the Briton *Mordred's* Javelin flew,  
 It mist the Rider, but the Courser flew,  
 Extended on the ground the groaning Beast,  
 Th' unhappy Rider with his Weight oppress'd :  
*Mordred* dismounts, and with his glittering Dart  
 Loudly insulting, stabs him to the Heart.  
*Guinan* a Friend to *Meridoc* was dear ;  
 Who at his Death enrag'd, caught up his Spear,  
 And shaking it from far with mighty Rage,  
 Spurs thro' their Ranks King *Mordred* to engage.  
 The *Pictan* Monarch who elated stood,  
 Like some tall Oak, that overlooks the Wood,  
 Or some high Tower, which with its lofty Head  
 Surveys the Towns beneath, around it spread ;  
 Lifts his Gigantick Spear, and cry'd aloud,  
 To *Meridoc* advancing thro' the Crowd,  
 Briton come on, and but a Moment stand,  
 A glorious Fate expect from *Mordred's* Hand :  
 Let not thy Fears persuade thee hence to flee,  
 Heav'n give thee Courage to come up, and die.



King *Meridoc* his Spear in Answer sent,  
 W<sup>h</sup> in the Shield's third Ply, its Fury spent.  
 Then *Mordred* threw, aloft the Weapon hift,  
*Ludar* it flew, but *Meridoc* it mis.  
 Brave *Ludar* was a Lord of *Neustrian* Blood,  
 Who long in vain the fair *Marinda* woo'd;  
 To bless him with her Smiles, and heal his Wound,  
 But from the scornful Maid no Pity found.  
 Lost in Despair, he left his Native Soil,  
 His <sup>Life</sup> to beguile with Martial Toil.  
 Now wounded by an erring Spear, he lies,  
 Cry'd out *Marinda*, cruel Fate! and dies.

Then did the Briton's second Weapon fly,  
 Which thro' his Armour, pierc'd King *Mordred's* Thigh;  
 Which from the Flesh he strove to draw in vain,  
 Then flew about wreckt with tormenting Pain:  
 Wildly he star'd, and turn'd his Courser's Head,  
 Aloud he roar'd, and from the Combat fled.  
 So when a Sword-Fin, urg'd with generous Rage,  
 Does a vast Whale in Northern Seas engage;  
 The Finny Warriors, with a furious Course  
 To Battel rush, and meet with wondrous Force:  
 A Noble Fight ensues, and dreadful Strokes  
 Afflict the Main, and shake the Neighb'ring Rocks.  
 As they advance they drive high Seas before,  
 The Monsters bellow, and the Billows roar.  
 The boiling Sea with greater Fury raves,  
 Then when incumbent Storms press on its Waves.  
 The Surges raging with intestine War,  
 With high curl'd Heads, look terrible from far:  
 The Foam of breaking Waves, in pointed Sleet  
 Like driven Snow, does on the Ocean beat.



At every Shock the dashing VVaters fly,  
 And Clouds o' Liquid Dust obscure the Sky.  
 At last the VVhale his shining Pelly goar'd,  
 By his fierce Enemy's invading Sword;  
 VVith his Rage and Pain, whole Seas does rout,  
 And like a floating Island, rolls about.  
 The wounded Monster does the Seas out-roar,  
 And tumbles thro' the Billows to the Shore,  
 Leaving behind broad Tracks of Purple Gore.

Thus strove the *Richtan* and the *British* Horse,  
 While pious *Arthur* with resistless Force,  
 In radiant Arms bright as th' Autumnal Star,  
 Fries thro' the Foe, himself a fearful War:  
 With his victorious Sword, which wav'd on high,  
 Made flaming Bows, and Arches in the Sky.  
 The Body of their Pattel he invades,  
 And thro' a Sea of Blood victorious wades.  
 Where'er the Conqu'ror did his progress bend,  
 Ruin and wide Destruction did attend.  
 Prodigious Numbers by his Weapons fall,  
 And on their Gods in vain the *Saxons* call.  
 He made his way, like an impetuous Flood,  
 Or furious Burning, raging thro' the Wood.  
 Where'er he pass'd, the Dead lay thick behind,  
 As sapless Leaves spread by a boistrous Wind.

*Uffina* first, a Valiant Lord, did feel,  
 In his Left Side, the *Briton's* piercing steel.  
 Next *Godred* r<sup>n</sup> from Valiant *Ingulf* sprung,  
 And as he fell, his Arms upon him rung.  
 Next fell the famous *Ethelbert*, betwixt  
 The Head and Shoulders with a Dart transfixt.



Nothing his Courage, or illustrious Blood,  
 Whence to his Veins from mighty *Odin's* flow'd;  
 Nothing his well prov'd Armour, when assail'd  
 By *Arthur's* Hand, the noble Youth avail'd:  
 Struggling he lay, and wailow'd on the Ground  
 In the warm Streams that rush'd out from his Wound;  
 A gloomy Serpents overwhelms his dying Eyes,  
 And his disdainful Soul, from his pale Bosom flies.  
 Then *Imerick* he slew a valiant Chief,  
 Who rush'd to his Relief:

One with his Falchion, th' other with his Spear,  
 That cleft the Head, this pierc'd from Ear to Ear.  
 Next from his Arm a singing Javelin sent,  
 Thro' the left Groin of mighty *Crida* went.  
 The wounded Chief retires in tort'ring Pain,  
 And Tracts of Blood his halting Leg detain.  
 Then *Sigebert* a noble Youth he slew,  
 The fatal Weapon pierc'd his Temples thro'.  
 His furious Dart did next at *Ebald* fly,  
 Which thro' his Shie'd pierc'd deep into his Thigh:  
 Inflam'd with Rage, and roaring out with Pain,  
 He strove to pull the Weapon out in vain.  
 His Javelin next transfixt *Congellar's* Reins,  
 And out his Life gush'd from his open'd Veins.  
 Then *Edbert* fell:  
 Thro' the bright Helmet which his Head encas'd,  
 Thro' Bones, and Brains, the furious Javelin pass'd;  
 And his left Eye from out its Circle struck,  
 On the sharp Point, a ghastly Prospect stuck.  
 Then *Ethelrick* a stout *West Saxon* Lord,  
 And *Ida* fell, by his victorious Sword.  
 The first, his Head down to his Shoulders cleft,  
 Fell to the Ground, of Breath and Sense bereft



The heavy Blade falling with oblique Sway,  
 Half thro' the other's Neck, did make its way.  
 The Head half sever'd on his Shoulders hung,  
 And from the Wound a bloody Torrent sprung,  
 Rolling in Gore upon the Field he lay,  
 Wildly he star'd, and groan'd his Life away.  
 As when a mighty Tempest from the East,  
 The Sea assail'd, and on the Billows prest  
 By Heav'n's Command, that *Jacob's* Fav'rite Race,  
 Might *Pharaoh's* Arms escape, and safely pass.  
 The astonish'd Ocean did its Force obey,  
 Open'd his wat'ry Files, and clear'd the pathless way  
 The Waves retreated, and erect stood,  
 As Fear and Wonder had benum'd the Flood :  
 Then Front to Front they kept their Line unmov'd ;  
 And those that crowd'd behind, they backwards shov'd.  
 Like a long Ridge of Crystal Hills they rose,  
 And the low Wonders of the deep disclose  
 So valiant *Arthur* prest upon the Foe,  
 And so their Troops retir'd, and let the Conqueror thro'.

Now he advanc'd to *Tollo's* foremost Band,  
 Where mighty *Fingal* and *Delavian* stand ;  
 Both which he slew, next valiant *Duncan* falls,  
 While he in vain for Help on *Tollo* calls.  
 And now on every side the *Saxon* Host  
 Began to fly, and yield the Battel lost.  
 Only King *Tollo* with enormous Rage  
 Brecks thro' the Troops, Prince *Arthur* to engage.

Mean time the Prince of Hell stood full of Care,  
 And fear'd th' Event of this unequal War.  
 To save the *Saxon* Squadrons which remain,  
 Whereof such Numbers lay already slain,



And prevent *Tollo's* impending Fate,  
 VVhose Arms the *British* Hero's could not mate :  
 The conquering *Britons* fierce Purport to stay,  
 And once more *Arthur's* Triumphs to Delay,  
 By Heav'n's Permission, causes to arise  
 A dreadful Tempest in the troubled Skies.  
 The blust'ring Powers, and Demons of the Air,  
 Straight at his Summons to their Prince repair

As *Lucifer* :

Aerial Powers, who my Commands obey,  
 And in these Regions own my sovereign Sway ;  
 Know, I intend to end this bloody Strife,  
 To part the Hosts, and guard King *Tollo's* Life.  
 Go hasten then, each to his known Employ,  
 And let your loudest Storms the Heav'ns annoy,  
 Swift, as your own projected Lightnings fly,  
 And in a Moment trouble all the Sky.  
 The dusky Fiends obedient fly away,  
 Some fetch up many Stores to choke the Day.  
 Some Pitchy Clouds of *Stygian* Fleeces made,  
 And in their Bowels Trains of Brimstone laid.  
 Some ram in Seeds of unripe Thunder, some  
 With mighty Hailstones charge their hollow Womb.  
 Some fetch strong Winds, which on their Wings may bear  
 The heavy Tempest lab'ring thro' the Air.  
 O'erspreading mists th' extinguish'd sunbeams drown,  
 Dark Clouds o'er all the Black Horizon frown,  
 And hang their deep Hydropick Bellies down.  
 Hoarse Thunder rolls, and Murm'ring try's its voice,  
 Preluding to the Tempest's dreadful Noise.  
 Infernal Torches now the Fiends apply,  
 And light the fiery Seeds that hidden lie.



The Heav'n's wide Frame outrageous Thunder shook,  
 And the mighty Crack of falling Rocks.  
 The Cloudy Machines burst amidst the Skies,  
 And from their yawning Wounds exploded Lightning flies.  
 Confusion fills the Air, Fire, Rain, and Hail  
 Now mingle Tempests, now by Turns prevail  
 No more the Britons, and the Saxons strove,  
 For that below, yields to the War above.  
 The conquering Britons, to the Camp return,  
 Their Loss in theirs, the vanquish'd Saxons mourn.  
 So when a Summer Cloud the Sky o'erspreads,  
 The Bees that wander o'er the flowry Meads,  
 Or to the Tops of lofty Mountains climb,  
 To fetch the yellow Spoils of od'rous Thyme,  
 Forsake their Toil, and lab'ring thro' the Air,  
 To their known Hives, with hasty Flight repair.  
 All to their Cells returning from abroad,  
 Depose their luscious Dew, and strutting Thighs unload.  
 Perplex'd, and sad, the Saxon Troops appear,  
 And horribly they curse Prince Arthur's Spear.  
 They saw no Saxon could his Arm withstand,  
 And doubt Deliverance from King Tollo's Hand.

When half of this uneasy Night was spent,  
 To all the great Commanders Otha sent,  
 To bring them quickly to his royal Tent.  
 And first the Summons they to Tollo bear,  
 Who to equip himself did straight prepare.  
 A Wolf-skin'd horribly upon his Head,  
 And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.  
 He girds his mighty Fauchion to his side,  
 Which hung across his Thigh, with fearful Pride.  
 Frowning, and on the great Affair Intent,  
 He straight to Otha's high Pavilion went.



t *Mordred* halting with his Wound, and lame  
 And by his massy Spear supported, came.  
 A Beaver's Skin upon his Head he wore,  
 And a fierce Tiger's his wide Shoulders bore.  
 Serious to behold,  
 Held his broad Sword, adorn'd with Studs of Gold.

Then *Ella* rose newly laid down to Rest,  
 And button'd on his rich embroider'd Vest  
 O'er which a pompous scarlet Cloak he threw,  
 Fasten'd with Golden Clasps, and lin'd with costly Blue.  
 Then putting on his mighty sword, in Hast  
 Tho' lame, he to the Counsel sternly past.  
 Then valiant *Amades*, and *Chuline* went,  
 With wise *Pascentius*, to their Monarch's Tent;  
 Follow'd by *Ofred*, *Sebert*, and the rest  
 Of their chief Lords, who great Concern express:  
 And now the august Assembly fill'd apace,  
 Where all the Leaders took their proper Place.

Then their Attention *Oste* did demand,  
 And leaning on his Scepter with his Hand,  
 He thus began, Princes, you see the Field,  
 To the victorious Britons still we yield.  
 By Sea, and Land we've felt their fatal Arms,  
 And all our Realm trembles at their Alarms.  
 Our Heaps of Dead the Field with Horrour crown,  
 And Seas of Saxon Blood the Valley drown.  
 All *Albion's* Isle resounds with dying Groans,  
 White with her Rocks, but whiter with our Bones.  
 Prince *Arthur's* Sword the Field with Ruin spreads,  
 Like Storms, which from the Trees dishonour'd Heads



Their ~~h~~ady Leaves, and spreading Branches tear,  
~~C~~over the Ground, and leave the Forrest bare.  
 On us th' offended Gods severely frown,  
 But on the *British* Arms look smiling down.  
 While we oppose the rapid Tide of Fate,  
 We think to stop, what we precipitate,  
 And learn our Errour, at too dear a Rate.  
 He said, the *Saxon* Chiefs, who found their Host  
 Feeble, and sunk by frequent Battels lost;  
 Thinking their Arms unable to oppose,  
 The rapid Course of their victorious Foes:  
 Upon *Pascentius* straightway cast their Eyes,  
 As one above the rest accounted Wise,  
 And who the King to Peace did still advise.

*Pascentius* then began:  
*O*fta, the Counsel which at first I gave,  
 From *Arthur's* Arms our threaten'd State to save;  
 What since has happen'd, shows was just and right,  
 For who can meet the *British* Prince in Fight?  
 Our sinking State, and hard Affairs demand  
 A Remedy of Force, and near at hand.  
 He that in such a Storm, would safely steer,  
 Must have a Head that's steady, cool and clear.  
 The lab'ring Ship on all Sides feels dire Shocks,  
*Charybdis* thunn'd, she's dash'd on *Scylla's* Rocks.  
 Tis hard to give a Monarch Counsel, where  
 On either Hand such frightful Shelves appear.  
 Statesmen, in such a Case as this, debate  
 How best to save themselves, and not the State.  
 But if my Judgment still I must declare,  
 I would at any Price compose the War.  
 And till a more effectual can be found,  
 This as a safe Expedient I propound.



Sore with their Wounds, and sunk with ill success,  
 The Saxons strong Desires for Peace express:  
 This to obtain, we must to *Arthur* sue,  
 And the first Treaty, which we broke, renew.  
 The Princess *Isabelina's* Heav'nly Charms,  
 Any thing sager, than the Briton's Arms:  
 She must be offer'd as the Prince's Bride;  
 This once prevail'd, and must again be try'd.  
 But then you break the Promise, which you made  
 To *Tollo*, who'll complain he is betray'd.  
 Since hence to Peace, our chief Obstructions spring,  
 I move that *Arthur*, and th' *Albanian* King,  
 May by their single Arms the strife decide,  
 And let the Princess be the Conqueror's Bride.  
 If o'er the Britons we th' Advantage gain,  
 And *Arthur* by th' *Albanian* King is slain;  
 The Britons shall repass *Sabrina's* Tide,  
 And in their Rocks, and Hilly Lands abide:  
 But all the Cities, Castles, and the Land,  
 That lie on this side, *Osta* shall Command.  
 But if King *Tollo* slain by *Arthur's* Sword,  
 New Triumphs to the Briton shall afford;  
 We'll meet no more their Armies in the Field,  
 But all our Towns, and conquer'd Places yield.  
 Those who shall ask it, shall be wafted o'er,  
 To our old Seats along the *German* Shore:  
 The *Cantian* Kingdom still we will retain,  
 And in its Limits circumscrib'd remain.  
 This, as the best Expedient, I propose,  
 He said, the Saxons murmur'd their Applause.

Then *Tollo* answer'd with a haughty Air,  
 Pleas'd with my Fate, I undertake the War.



My Sword and *Arthur's*, shall the Strife decide,  
And let the Princess be the Victor's Bride.  
This conquering Arm the *Saxon* Realm shall guard,  
Repel the Foe, and win the bright Reward  
For if the Foe does not my Sword decline,  
The War is ended, with his Fall or mine.

Th' Assembly rose, and back the Captains went,  
Praising King *Tollo* much, but fear'd th' Event.  
At the first opening of the tender Day,  
Six Orators, King *Osla* sent away  
To *Arthur's* Camp, who introduc'd declare,  
The Measures taken to compose the War:  
The Challenge *Arthur* heard with great Delight,  
And readily accepts the single Fight.

Straight to the sacred Temples all repair,  
Heav'n to solicit with united Prayer,  
That *Arthur* in the Combate might succeed,  
And vanquish'd *Tollo*, by his Weapon bleed.  
With warmer Zeal, and with more earnest Cries,  
The *Britons* never importun'd the Skies:  
A deep Concern at Heart they all express,  
And mighty Passions struggled in their Breast;  
For if the Prince fell in the Combate, all  
Well knew their unsupported State must fall.

Soon as the Sun had streak'd the Skies with Light,  
Prince *Arthur* rose, and arm'd himself for Fight.  
Pieces with Silver Studs his Legs encas'd,  
And Plates of Gold his warlike Thighs embrac'd,  
And on his Head he lac'd his burnish'd Helm,  
Whence flashing Brightness did the Sight o'erwhelm.



Like some Celestial Orb his blazing Shield,  
 Darted amazing Lustre thro' the Field  
 And then he girded to his Martial Side,  
 His faithful Sword, so oft in Battel try'd.  
 Thus arm'd the Hero mount's his thundring Steed,  
 Not *Thrace*, nor *Greece* can boast a nobler Breed.  
 With his strong Arm he grip'd his trembling Spear,  
 His very Friends, tho pleas'd, yet seem'd to fear :  
 And as he spur'd his Courser, and advanc'd,  
 Unsufferable Splendour from his Armour glanc'd.  
 As glorious *Michael*, when the Foe alarms  
 The blissful Realms, clad in Celestial Arms  
 Bright as the Sun, leads forth th' Angelick Host,  
 To chase th' Invaders from the Heav'nly Coast :  
 In such illustrious Arms the Prince was seen,  
 Hi war-like Grace was such, and such his Godlike Mien

Mean time King *Oth* from his Camp proceeds,  
 High in his Chariot, drawn by milk white Steeds  
 And by his Side, *Tollo* appear'd in sight,  
 Compleatly Arm'd, and coveting the Fight.  
 His Coat of Mail was o'er his Shou'lders flung,  
 And by his Side his dreadful Fauchion hung.  
 Like a high Beacon lighted in the Air,  
 His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War :  
 In his right Hand he shakes his pondrous Launce,  
 And on his Steed did to the Lists advance.  
 The Marshals of the Field, had markt out Ground  
 Fir'd for the Fight, and fixt high Pales around,  
 Which with arm'd Troops, on either side were lin'd,  
 Their Spears stuck in the Ground, their Shields reclin'd.  
 On either Side the Armies stood in fight,  
 Drawn up, as they too were design'd for Fight.



Attended with his Heralds on the Place,  
Prince *Arthur* first appear'd with Martial Grace.  
When *Otha* and his Priests advancing near,  
Raising his Voice that those around might hear :  
His Hand devoutly on his Breast, his Eyes  
Fixt in a solemn manner on the Skies ;  
To ratifie the Treaty, thus he swore,  
T' Eternal Mind whom Christians do adore ;  
The God of Truth - I here to witness call,  
That if this Day by *Tollo's* Arms I fall ;  
We will no more Hostilities repeat,  
But o'er *Sabrine's* Waters will retreat  
We will no more the *Saxon* State molest,  
But in our Hills and snowy Mountains rest :  
But if we find this an auspicious Day,  
And by Heaven's Aid, my Arms shall *Tollo* slay ;  
Then if the vanquish'd *Saxons*, shall restore  
The Towns and Lands, which we possess before,  
They in the *Cantian* Kingdom shall reside,  
And unmolested in those Bounds abide.

Then did King *Otha* by an Altar stand,  
Rais'd with Green Turf, and on it laid his Hand ;  
And thus his Idols he invoc'd.  
*Irmanful* God of Arms, and mighty *Jove*,  
*Tuisco*, *Odin*, all ye Powers above,  
And you green Gods, and biew-ey'd Goddesses,  
Who rule the spacious Empire of the Seas :  
And you tremendous Powers, who all resort,  
At *Pluto's* Summons, to th' Infernal Court :  
Ye rural Gods, who rule the Hills and Woods,  
Ye watry Powers, who dive beneath the Floods :



By gloomy *Styx* I swear, bear witness all,  
 That if King *Tollo* does in Combat fall,  
 The Treaty now agreed to, shall be kept,  
 The *Cantian* Kingdom only we except.  
 All other Lands, our once victorious Sword,  
 Won from the *British* Kings, shall be restor'd:  
 He who shall Conquerour in the Field remain,  
 Shall for his Bride fair *Ethelina* gain.

He said, and to confirm the Oath he swore,  
 He drew his Sword, that by his Side he wore  
 And with its Point aid his full Veins divide,  
 And let out from his Arm, the Crimson Tide:  
 A golden Bowl receiv'd the vital Flood,  
 Which *Oeta* took, and drank the flowing Blood.

*Arthur* and *Tollo* now themselves prepare,  
 By a brave Combat to decide the War.  
 The Martials, Heralds, and the Fecial Priests  
 The Ceremonies finish'd, clear the Lists.  
 Then the loud Trumpet's Clangour did invite,  
 The mighty Warriors to begin the Fight.  
 Both in their Hands grasping their pointed Lance,  
 Spur their hot Steeds, and to the War advance.  
 And now the Combatants approach'd so near,  
 Their Voices rais'd, they might each other hear.

Then *Tollo* cry'd aloud:  
 Till now distress'd without a Friend or Home,  
 In foreign Lands, you did an Exile roam,  
 Here stop your Course, your Soul mean time shall go,  
 A wandering Exile to the Shades below.  
 I'll take off with this Sword your gasping Head,  
 And in your Spoils, fair *Ethelina* wed.

Were



Were you brave *Hector*, or his brave *Fee*,  
 Or God-like *Hercules*, I'd stand your Blow:  
 Did you advance, with Thunder in your Hand,  
 Against your Bolts I would undaunted stand  
 But such a mighty Foe I need not fear,  
 You bear not such a Shield, nor such a spear.  
 Oh! that bright *Ethelinda* now stood  
 To see her Lover, and my Rival dy.  
 Thus boastful *Tollo* did his Choler vent,  
 And thus his empty Threats were spent.  
 The pions — engag'd, without Reply,  
 Shakes his long Spear, and hastes to Victory  
 As when a roaring Lyon from a far,  
 Sees a strong Bull stand threatening furious War  
 Who flourishes his Horns, looks sowlly round,  
 And hoarsely bellowing, traverses the Ground.  
 For want of Foes, he does the Wood provoke,  
 Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,  
 Wishing a nobler Object of his Stroke.  
 The Lyon fard, regards him with Disdain,  
 And to insult him scowrs along the Plain:  
 So *Arthur* boiling with Heroic Rage,  
 Springs with a full Career, King *Tollo* to engage:  
 Collected in himself th' *Albanian* stood,  
 Like some tall, shady Pine, it self a Wood,  
 Or a vast *Cyclops* wading thro' the Flood.

Then *Tollo* first, *Arthur* advancing near,  
 With all his Force casts his long Ashen Spear;  
 Which *Arthur* on his temper'd Buckler took,  
 While with the vast Concern the *Britons* shook:  
 Thro' the first Plate of Brass the Weapon went,  
 But in the next its dying Force was spent.



Then from his valiant Arm the Briton threw,  
 His Javelin, singing thro' the Air it flew ;  
 The yielding Buckler did its Force obey,  
 And thro' the Plates, and Hide it its Way ;  
 Thro' the thin Joints of Steel the Spear did fly,  
 And wounded, as it hit, his mighty Thigh :  
 The Blood sprung thro' his Armour, from the Wound,  
 And meeting down the Plate, distain'd the Ground.

Then did King Tollo's second Weapon fly  
 Which broke within the Buckler's second Ply.  
 The British Prince another Weapon threw,  
 Which, Tollo stooping, o'er his Shoulders flew ;  
 And falling went so deep into the Ground,  
 No Arm, of Force to draw it out, was found.  
 These Weapons spent, to end the noble Fight,  
 The furious Warriors from their Steeds alight :  
 And as they nimbly leapt upon the Ground,  
 The most undaunted Chiefs now stood around,  
 So fearful was the Chinck their Armour made,  
 Started, as Men surpriz'd, and look'd afraid.  
 Then furious Strokes on either Side they deal,  
 The echoing Air rings with the dreadful Peal :  
 Pale with the vast Concern both Armies look,  
 And for their Champion's Life with Terror shook.  
 So when two vigorous Stags, each of his Herd  
 The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forrest fear'd,  
 Resolv'd to try which must in Combate yield,  
 In all their Might advance across the Field ;  
 They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar  
 Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.  
 The Combatants their threatening Heads incline,  
 And with their clashing Horns in Battel joyn :

They



They rush to combat with amazing strokes,  
And their high Ankle's meet with dreadful Shocks ;  
The mighty Sound runs ringing o'er the Hills,  
And Echo with the voice the Valley fills :  
Retiring oft, the Warriors cease to push.  
But then with fiercer Rage to battle rush  
The trembling Herds at Distance gaze, and stay  
To know the Conquerour, whom the first obey  
No less concern'd Saxons, and Britons strive  
To see the Victor, who must be in command.

Now *Tollu* backwards shrinks, and panting stood  
Faint with his Labour, and his Loss of Blood.  
The *British* Prince enrag'd to see the Fight  
So far prolong'd, collecting all his Might,  
With double Fury on th' *Aibanian* prest,  
And his bright Sword high rais'd, upon his Crest  
Descended with so horrible a Sway,  
It stun'd the Foe, and took his Sense away ;  
He dropt his Arms, and giddy reel'd about.  
The joyful *Britons* raise a mighty Shout.  
*Arthur* on fire, lets not th' Advantage go,  
But stepping forward with a back hand Blow,  
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from side to side,  
Did his wide Throat, and spouting Veins divide :  
A crimson River gushing from the Wound,  
Ran down his burnish'd Armour to the Ground.  
Reeling and tottering for a While he stood,  
And from his Stomack vomits clotted Blood ;  
Then down he fell, the Field beneath, and all  
The *Saxon* Army tremble at his Fall :  
Groveling in Death, and smear'd with Gore he lay,  
And his dim Eyes scarcely admit the Day :



Rolling in Dust his wounded Body bled,  
 Away his Soul with Indignation fled:  
 Convuls'd and quivering, for awhile he fetcht  
 A dreadful Groan, and breathless went to fetch.  
 As when a Whirlwind, with outrageous Force  
 O'erturns a lofty Oak, stops its Course,  
 Its Roots torn up, the Trees caught from the Ground,  
 And with the furious whirling carried round:  
 Then falling from the top, his stately Head,  
 And shady Limbs, the gro'ing Hill o'erspread  
 So by Prince Arthur's Arms, King Tollo slain,  
 Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain.

## F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

**Book I.** Page 23 line 1 read *Phantom*, p. 24 l. 27 r. *her*. B. II. p. 38 l. 33 add *a*, p. 41 l. 30 r. *were*, p. 49 l. 15 dele *wide*, p. 50 l. 18 r. *Whence*, p. 62 l. 17 add *all*. B. III. p. 80 l. 15 r. *their*. p. 85 l. 25 r. *It*, p. 88 l. 14 add *high*. B. IV. p. 97 l. 19 r. *the*, p. 100 l. 4 r. *his*. p. 117 l. 22 r. *the*, p. 118 l. 18 add *a*. B. V. p. 147 l. 28 r. *Form*, p. 154 l. 28 r. *Mein*. B. VI. p. 167 l. 18 r. *louder*, p. 174 l. 5 r. *arriving*. B. VII. p. 192 l. 19 r. *Darting*, p. 210 l. 25 r. *dusky*, p. 211 l. 7 r. *he*. B. VIII. p. 220 l. 10 r. *to*, *ibid.* l. 21 r. *his*, p. 236 l. 19 dele *then*, p. 241 l. 27 r. *watch*. B. IX. p. 248 l. 9 r. *Rose*, p. 255 l. 5 r. *call'd*, p. 262 l. 5. r. *our*. B. X. p. 274. add *And*.



# THE INDEX,

## EXPLAINING

The Names of *Countries, Cities, and Rivers* &c  
mentioned in this BOOK.

### AND

**A** Bum, *or* Humber.  
Agencourt, *or* Azencourt, in the  
County of St. Paul, in France.  
Alanus, River Aine in Northumberland.  
Alda, a suppos'd Port in Hampshire.  
Allobroges, Inhabitants of Savoy and  
Piedmont.  
Alpes-British, Mountains in Caernarvon-  
shire.  
Apulia, a part of Italy, famous for Wool.  
Ariconium, Kenchester; Hereford is sup-  
pos'd to have its Original from Ariconium.  
Armorica, Little Bretagne, in France.  
Atrebatians, Inhabitants of Berkshire.  
Attacotians; Ortelius makes them to in-  
habit between the Horestii and Otadenii,  
in Scotland: But Camden places them  
more Northward, beyond the Venicones.  
Aufona, River Nine in Northampton-  
shire.  
Augusta, the City of London.  
Ausonia, Italy.  
Ælian's-bridge, an old Town, so call'd by  
Hadrians Wall.  
Ætna, a famous burning Mountain in the  
Island of Sicily.

### B.

**B** Annavena, Wedon in Northampton-  
shire.  
Banatia, Camden supposes it to stand  
where Bean-Castle does, in Murray, in  
Scotland.  
Bardunus, a River near Norwich, in Nor-  
folk.  
Barry-Isle, about three Miles from the Ri-  
ver Taf, in Glamorgan-shire.  
Battavia, Holland.  
Blackmoor-land, that which was call'd  
Whitehart-forrest, in Dorset-shire.  
Boderia, *or* Boteria, Edenburg-frith, in  
Scotland.

**B**olton, the utmost Promontory of Corn-  
wal, *or* the Lands-end.  
Bosworth, a Town in Leicester-shire.  
Bovium, Boverton in Brecknock-shire.  
Brannodunum, Brancaster in Norfolk.  
Brechinia, Brecknock-shire; likewise  
Brecknock-town.  
Brigantes, the Inhabitants of York-shire  
Bishoprick of Durham, Lancashire  
Westmorland, and Cumberland.  
Brigæ, suppos'd to be Broughton, an old  
Town in Hampshire.  
Bulleum, some suppose it to be Bualht  
Castle in Brecknock-shire. The Addi-  
tions to Camden, apprehends it to be  
Caerphili-castle, in Glamorgan-shire  
both under the Names.

### C.

**C** Alabria, the farthest part of Italy.  
Caledonian-forrest, the great Forrest  
in Scotland, divided by Mount Gram-  
pius, *or* Grantzbain.  
Caledonians, those that inhabited on both  
sides of Mount Grampius, in Scotland.  
Camboritum, the City of Cambridge  
near to which are Gogmagog-hills.  
Camelodunum, Malden in Essex.  
Campania, a part of Italy, in the King-  
dom of Naples.  
Canonium, Chelmsford in Essex.  
Cantians, Inhabitants of Kent.  
Carenians, Camden places them in Cath-  
ness, in Scotland. Ortelius, more North-  
ward than the Carnonacæ, on the West-  
side of Scotland.  
Carnonations, they inhabited beyond the Ri-  
ver Longas, on the West-side of Scotland.  
Carphillis, a famous Castle, suppos'd to be  
built by the Romans, in Glamorgan-  
shire.  
Cartinia, a suppos'd Port in Normandy.  
Castralata, City of Edenburg, in Scotland.



# The INDEX.

Repandunum, Repton in Darbyshire.  
Rhemnius, River Remny in Glamorgan-shire.

Rhine, a River which parts France from Germany, after it has run 300 Miles, it falls into the River Mosa, and the German Ocean.

Ricine, the First Island of the Hebudes.

Ri-bean-hills, Mountains of Scythia so call'd.

Roman-military-way, call'd Natlin-street.

Rutunium, Routon in Shropshire.

Rutunium, an old Town Richborrow, near Sandwich in Kent.

— The Foreland in Kent S.

S'Abriia, River Severn.

Salopia, Shropshire.

Scandinavia, or Scandia, the Country between the Belt and the Northern Sea, containing Norway, Swedeland, &c.

Scylla, a dangerous place in the Scicilian Sea.

Scythia, otherwise call'd Sarmatia; now that part of Tartary, which lies in Europe, about the Euxine Sea, and the Meotick Lake.

Segontium, Caernarvan in Wales.

— Silchester, in Hampshire.

Sein, the River on which Paris stands:

Sestus, a Castle of Thrace by the P'les-pont.

Severus-wall, the Picts Wall.

Silures, Inhabitants of South-wales, viz. Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Glamorganshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire.

Sirius, the Dogstar.

Sorbiodunum, Salisbury in Wiltshire.

Spinæ, an old Town hard by Newberry:

Stourus, River Stoure in Dorsetshire.

— River Stoure in Suffolk.

Stuccia, River Yestwith in Cardiganshire.

T. Tame, a Town on the River Celnus in Scotland.

Tava, River Tay in Scotland.

Tegalan-lake, Pimble-mere, in Wales.

Thamisis, River of Thames.

Thanotos, Isle of Thanet.

Thet, the River on which Thetford stands.

Thrace, now Romania.

Tinna, River Tine, Tinmouth stands on it, there is likewise another Tine more Northward.

Trenta, River Trent, it divides Lin-

colnshire, from Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

Trefantona, River Test, it runs into Southampton-Bay.

Trinacrian-Isle, the Island of Scicily.

Tripontium, suppos'd to stand where Towcester does, in Northamptonshire.

Trojans, Troy was a City of Phrygia, in the lesser Asia.

Tuesis, a River in Scotland that rises below Grampius, and falls into the German Ocean.

Turobius, River Teivi in Wales.

Tyber, the famous River of Rome.

U Riconium, an Old Town call'd Wroxcester, near the place where Severn and T'ioyn, Shrewsbury, is suppos'd to have is out of the Ruins of Uriconium.

Ufocona, suppos'd to be Oxenyate in Shropshire.

V. Vaga, River Wye, it rises in Wales, and runs thro' Herefordshire.

Vagniacans, Inhabitants of Maidstone in Kent.

Vandals, they inhabited about Meklenburg in Germany, on the Coast of the Baltick Sea:

Vara, or Bay of Vavaris in Scotland.

Vesta's-Isle, the Isle of Wight.

Vedra, River Ware, in the Bishoprick of Durhan.

Vindogladia, Winburn in Dorsetshire.

Venicontes, or Vernicontes, they inhabited North of Tay in Scotland, Camden places them in Mernis.

Venta, an Old Town near Chepstow in Monmouthshire.

— An Old Town call'd Caster, near Norwich, out of whose ruins Norwich is suppos'd to have its Original.

— Winchester, in Hampshire.

Verolanium, an Old Town near St. Albans, out of whose Ruines it had its beginning.

Vesuvius, a Famous burning Mountain in Italy.

Vicomagians, Camden makes them to inhabit Murray but Ortelius places them between the Creones and Carnonacæ, in the Western part of Scotland.

Victoria, suppos'd to be Inch-Keith-Island, broke off from the Land.

Vindolana, Old Winchester in Northumberland.



# King ARTHUR.

An Heroick

# POEM.

In Twelve BOOKS.

---

B Y

RICHARD BLACKMORE, M. D.

Fellow of the College of Physicians in *London*,

A N D

One of His Majesty's Physicians in Ordinary.

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To which is Annexed,

An INDEX, Explaining the Names of  
*Countrys, Citys, and Rivers, &c.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *Awnsham* and *John Churchill* at the *Black Swan* in  
*Pater-Noster-Row*, and *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges Head* near  
the *Inner-Temple-gate* in *Fleet-street*, MDCXCVII.



# T H F. PREFACE.

**W**Hen I had written *Prince Arthur*, a Poem that came abroad two years ago, I was so diffident of the Performance, that I continu'd unresolv'd for many Weeks, whether I should let it appear, or wholly suppress it, till the Judgment of others, for which I had a great Deference, determin'd me to make it Publick. The Favour and Approbation it met with, was much greater, and far more Universal, even among great Names, and establish'd, uncontested Judges, than I had ever the Vanity to expect. Nor was I in the least surpris'd or troubled, that it met with some Opposers. For I must have been extreamly ignorant of the nature of Humane Passions, if I had not certainly foreseen, that not only the Design of the Poem, but likewise the Provcking Preface to it, must needs have engag'd a Considerable Party, among whom were several Men of Wit and Parts, to use their utmost Endeavours to sink its Reputation; if indeed it should deserve any.

Besides, when I consider'd that I was so great a stranger to the Muses, and by no means free of the Poets Company, having never Kiss'd  
A
their



*their Governors hands nor made the least Court to the Company that sit in Convent Garden; and that therefore mine was not so much as a Permission Poem, but a pure, downright Interloper, it was but natural to conclude, that those Gentlemen, who by Assisting, Crying up, Excusing and Complementing one another, carry on their Poetical Trade in a Joynt-stock, would certainly do what they could to sink and ruin an licens'd Adventurer; notwithstanding I disturb'd none of their Factorys; nor imported any Goods they had ever dealt in. I knew that I ran a very great Risk, while I was so hardy to venture abroad Naked and Unguarded, when none of the Company went out without a notable Convoy of Criticks and Applauders, who were constantly in their Service; Men tho' singly of no great Force, yet when united, considerable for their Numbers. Accordingly when the Poem came forth they outack'd it, tho' perhaps not with all the Discretion, yet with all the Fury Imaginable; But all their Strokes were lost, and all their Efforts made in vain. Impartial Readers, with great Generosity, protect'd the strange Muse from their rude Insults; and rescu'd her from their Noise and Violence. For their Character and Temper, as well as the Grounds and Reasons of their Outcrys and Opposition were so well known, that they could by no means pass for unbyass'd and Disinterested Judges; and therefore all their Attempts either prov'd Unsuccessful, or produc'd a quite contrary Effect; and instead of lessening the Credit of the Poem,*

*in*



*in many Instances: they very much advance it.*

*These Gentlemen seem to be displeas'd with Prince Arthur, because they have discover'd so many Faults in it: But there is good reason to believe they would have been more displeas'd, if they had discover'd fewer. But they say, they have very nicely and carefully compar'd this Poem with Virgil's, and they find that famous Roman has abundantly the advantage of Prince Arthur. This they are Confident of, and are ready to maintain against all Mankind what I must confess, I never in the least doubted of. But in the mean time, the making of that Comparison, and the very starting of the Debate, is a greater Honour done to the Poem than could have been expected from the enemys of it. But they seem to have given it yet a greater Reputation, inasmuch as they have not adventur'd to say, or maintain, that either Homer himself the Prince and Father of the Epick Poets, or any of his Successors, Virgil excepted, has shewn a more regular Conduct, or a more perfect Model, how much greater Genius soever do's appear in their Writings.*

*After all it must be acknowledg'd, that Jetting aside abundance of Frivolous, Fivolicksom, and Groundless Objections which the Enemys of Prince Arthur have made, that several considerable Defects are to be found in that Poem. I was conscious to my self, that the Second and Third Books were too long before I publish'd them, tho' they were not made before the First, as some have imagin'd, but hoping that they would not prove tedious to any impartial Readers, and that*  
it



it might be a useful Entertainment to many. It is contented to let that *rum* pass. And several Friends of Prince Arthur did very early convince me, that in several Instances the Descriptions, Digressions, and Similes, were lyable to the same Objection. I was likewise soon after the Publishing satisfy'd, that I had not well consider'd the Recital made by Lucius in the fourth Book, and particularly that it began too high; as likewise of many other Faults and Inconveniences of less importance.

It is certain, that none could expect from me an Epick Poem in all degrees of Perfection, there is no faultless Writer of that Kind, has ever appear'd in the World, not Virgil himself excepted, tho' his Poem was a labour'd Piece; the Work of great part of his Life; and after revis'd by two Eminent Criticks Tracca and Varius. And as for the great Homer, if any Gentleman is pleas'd to read Rapin's Comparison of him with Virgil, he will be soon convinc'd that the Poems of this Wonderful Man have many considerable Defects. But the Criticks, and particularly the famous Longinus have an Apology that will easily get him off: They say of Writers of the first Rank, such as Homer and Demosthenes, that one or two of their extraordinary and admirable Thoughts will atone for all their Faults, and that a great Man is incapable of attending with anxious Care to matters of little Importance.

And if a sour, pragmatistical Critick would spend a Years time in searching after Objections



to either of these *Authors* he might, perhaps find a great deal to say; but nothing that would lessen their Reputation.

The faults in Prince Arthur proceeded partly from defect of Judgment and Genius equal to, and sufficient for so great and difficult an Undertaking; partly from want of Leisure and Retirement, to consider coolly every part of that Writing, and partly from the hasty Disposition of it; it having been Begun, Carry'd on and Completed, as in the Preface was Suggested, in less than two years time, and by such catches and starts, and in such occasional, uncertain hours, as the Business of my Profession would afford me. And therefore for the greatest part that Poem was written in Coffee-houses, and in passing up and down the Streets; because I had little leisure elsewhere to apply to it.

Another reason of the Defects that appear in that writing is this, That when I undertook it I had been long a stranger to the Muses. I had read but little Poetry throughout my whole Life, and in fifteen years before, I had not, as I can remember, wrote a hundred Lines in Verse, excepting a Copy of Latine Verses in honour of a Friend's Book.

As this Apology will perhaps take off the severity of the Reader's Censure as to Prince Arthur, so I hope it may likewise have the same Effect, as to the following Poem; for all the same things, except the last, can be said to excuse the Defects that shall appear in this. And if it shall be demanded why it was so hastily publish'd, all that



that I shall say is this, *tho* the Judicious Reader will soon find *in* the Poet *it* self, the true Reason why I cannot keep it so longer by me ; which if I could have done, it would, perhaps, have appear'd with more Advantages.

The Reasons which induc'd me to make the former, did likewise engage me in this second Attempt in Pick Poetry ; and among the rest, particularly this, that the young Gentlemen and Ladys who are delighted with Poetry might have a useful, at least a harmless Entertainment, which in our Modern Plays and Poems cannot ordinarily be found. The Candor of the Age has made my Design in a great measure successful, whereby I am abundantly convinc'd that those Poets are under a great mistake, that think there is no other, but that lewd and abominable way of writing which was encourag'd in the late Reigns, that will please the Nation. This is a meer Pretence of ill Poets, whose Imaginations are fill'd only with base and contemptible Ideas ; Men of a poor and narrow Genius, scarce above the level of Writers of Farce, who would not have Images enough left in their Minds to furnish out a Poem, if the prophane and obscene ones were struck out. And tho' these mischievous ways of Writing are still endur'd, to the great prejudice of Religion and good Manners, yet if ever the English Nation recovers it's ancient Vertue, and a just Taste of these Matters, I do not doubt but most of those Writers who have been esteem'd and applauded in the late loose and vicious Times, will be rejected with



with Indignation and 'empt, a the Dishonour  
of the Muses, and the Undermine of the Pub-  
lick Good. But I am carry'd on to a Subject of  
which I have spoken enough heretofore.

Since the writing of this, I have seen a  
Tragedy call'd the Mourning Bride; which I  
think my self oblig'd to take notice of in this  
place. This Poem has receiv'd, and in my C  
very justly, Universal Applause; be-  
ing look'd on as the most perfect Tragedy that has been  
wrote in this Age. The Fable, as far as I can  
judge at first sight, is a very Artful and Master-  
ly Contrivance. The Characters are well  
chofen, and well delineated. That of Zara is  
admirable. The Passions are well touch'd, and  
skillfully wrought up. The Diction is Proper,  
Clear, Beautiful, Noble, and diversify'd agree-  
ably to the variety of the Subject. Vice, as it  
ought to be, is punish'd, and Opprest Innocence  
at last Reward'd. Nature appears very happily  
imitated, excepting one or two doubtfu' Instances,  
thro' the whole Piece, in all which there are no  
immodest Images or Expressions, no wild, unna-  
tural Rants, but some few Exceptions being al-  
low'd, all things are <sup>great</sup> just, and Decent. This  
Tragedy, as I said before, has mightily obtain'd;  
and that without the unnatural and foolish mix-  
ture of Farce and Buffoonry, without so much  
as a Song, or Dance to make it more agreeable.  
By this it appears, that as a sufficient Genius can  
recommend it self, and furnish out abundant matter  
of Pleasure and Admiration without the poultry  
helps



helps above nam'd, so wise that the Taste of the Nation is so far approv'd, but that a Regular and Exact Play will not only be forgiven, but highly Applauded. And now there is some reason to hope that our Poets will follow this excellent Example, and that hereafter no slovenly Writer will be so hardy as to offer to our Publick Assemblies his obscene and prophane Pollutions, to the great Offence of all Persons of Vertue and Sense. The common pretence that the Audience will not be otherwise pleas'd, is now wholly remov'd; for here is a notorious Instance to the contrary. And it must be look'd on hereafter as the Poet's fault, and not the People's, if we have not better Performances. All men must now conclude that 'tis for want of Wit and Judgment to support them, that our Poets for the Stage apply themselves to such low and unworthy ways to recommend their Writings; and therefore I cannot but conceive Great Hopes that every good Genius for the future will look on it self debas'd by condescending to Write in that leud Manner, that has been of late years introduc'd, and too long Encourag'd. And if this comes to pass the Writers in the late Reigns will be ashamed of their own Works, and wish they had their Plays in again, as well as their fulsome Dedications.

Some Persons have demanded the Reason, seeing I had a Fancy to be an Author, why I had not written on some useful Subject in Physic or Philosophy: this they imagin'd would have become me better than the engaging my Thoughts



on a Subject so far as + from the Business of my Profession. I desire these gentlemen to receive this answer; First, That the writing of this, as well as the former Poem was not Business, but Diversion and Recreation; an Innocent Amusement to entertain me in such leisure hours which were usually past away before in Conversation, and unprofitable hearing and telling of News. But if I had set my self to writing on matters of Physic or Philosophy, this would not have been a Recreation, but another Business and Labour, for which I was unfit, and that requir'd the Liberty of my Books and Closet, and some sort of Retirement, which the Continual Dutys of my Profession would not allow me. But I have also another Reason to give to the Persons who ask the Question above mention'd; and that is, that I am so far fallen out with all Hypotheses in Philosophy, and all Doctrines of Physic which are built upon them, that in such matters I am almost reduc'd to a Sceptical Despair. The Almighty's Creation is like his Providence, unsearchable; his Works, and his Ways are equally past finding out; the raising of an Hypotheses in Philosophy obtains little more Credit with me, than the erecting a Scheme in Astrology; and the Judgments and Decisions that are given upon them seem to me alike Precarious and uncertain. I was once enamour'd with the Cartesian System, but the warmth of my Passion is quite extinguish'd. It may indeed make a Man capable of entertaining and amusing others, but not of quieting and satisfying himself. All Knowledge is



is valuable according to degree of Usefulness, as it does more or less promote the benefit of Mankind, and for this Reason tis a great mortification to consider how little the Pains and Time I have bestow'd in Philosophical Enquirys, have contributed to my Knowledge in Curing Diseases. I am now inclin'd to think, that 'tis an Injury a Man of good sense and natural Sagacity, to be hamper'd with any Hypothesis before he comes to the Practice of Physic. For this prepossession restricts the Freedom of his Judgement; puts a strong Byass on his Thoughts, and obliges him to make all the Observations that occur to him in his Practice, to comply with, and humour his pre-conceived Opinions; whereas in Reason, his Observations on Nature should be first made, before any Hypotheses should be establish'd. A clear and penetrating Understanding, Cultivated and Matur'd by repeated Diligent Observation, will in my Opinion, make a more able and accomplish'd Physician, than any Philosophical Scheme that has yet obtain'd in the World. And what useful Knowledge I have gain'd this way in my Profession, may perhaps sometime be made Publick.

I look on my self to have greater obligations to the Studies of Logic and Metaphysics, wherein I was carefully instructed in the University, which improve and advance our reasoning Faculty, teach us to think clearly and distinctly, to speak pertinently, closely, and justly; and thereby fit a Man for any kind of Business or Profession, than to all the Searches which I have made after the Reasons and Causes of Natural Phænomena.



I am very sensible, that these Studies are in great Contempt with many Ingenious Men; the subject of much Railery, and the great Abomination of the Wits. But I am likewise very sensible, that these merry Men very rarely become eminently useful in any sort of Profession; for the most part they continue Triflers all their Days; and a meer Jester, when he comes abroad into the World, makes a very mean Figure among Men of Business. 'Tis remarkable that those Idle, and almost illiterate Young Men, that are call'd Wits in our Universities, are very inconsiderable Things elsewhere; for Mankind will never be perswaded to have those Men, who can only make them laugh, in equal Esteem with those that can do them Good.

Thus much in answer to those who have demanded, Why a Physician instead of communicating his Knowledge and Experience in his Profession, busys himself in Writing Heroic Poems.

As to the following Performance, tho the Hero be the same, yet 'tis another entire Poem, distinct from the former: For 'tis the Diversity of the Action, and not of the Hero, that diversifies the Poem. And that the Reader may better observe whence the Action of this takes its Rise, I will tell in short King Arthur's Story, as 'tis related by Geofry of Monmouth. That there was about the end of the Fourth, or the beginning of the Fifth Century, a King of Britain nam'd Arthur; a Prince of extraordinary Qualities, and Famous for his Martial Achievements,



chievement, who just as his Father Uter  
 Pendragon, & all our Historians agree; and the  
 eminently learned Bishop of Worcester in his  
 Origines Britannicæ, do's acknowledge it. And  
 tho' the above-cited Geofry of Monmouth is  
 indeed a Fabulous Author, yet his Authority,  
 especially considering that there was such a War-  
 ling Prince as Arthur, is a sufficient Foundation  
 for an Epick Poem. This Author says,  
 that after King Arthur had Conquer'd the Sax-  
 who being call'd in by Vortigern to pro-  
 tect him against the Incursions and Depredations  
 of the Scots and Picts, took the advantage, and  
 settled themselves in this Island; he prepar'd a  
 Royal Navy, Embark'd his Troops, and di-  
 rected his Course to the Coasts of Norway;  
 then called, according to Cluverius, Nerigon,  
 or the Western Part of Scandinavia. This  
 Kingdom being subdued, he carried his  
 Arms into the Country now call'd Den-  
 mark, then inhabited by the Cimbri: And by  
 the Writers of the Age in which Geofry of  
 Monmouth liv'd, call'd commonly, but erroneously,  
 Dacia. This Kingdom he likewise quickly over-  
 run: For it seems nothing could stand before  
 him. This done, he return'd home in Triumph, and  
 having for a while, entertain'd at his Court with  
 great Splendor and Magnificence, multitudes of  
 Foreign Princes, and Knights famous for Chi-  
 valry, who came to signalize their Valour at the  
 Jufts and Tournaments which King Arthur  
 had proclaim'd; He Embark'd his Army to In-  
 vade Gallia, sate down before Lutetia, once  
 the



*the Capital City of Paris, and in Arthur's days of the Franks, and soon made himself Master of the Place. This Expedition and the Conquest of Lutetia, is the Subject of the following Poem.*

*The Model of it is New, and therefore now I hope I shall not be Censur'd for an Imitation, tho' I must confess, I cannot believe my Imitation of Virgil in the former Poem to be the least dishonour. Would the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller think it a Reproach if any should say, that his Pencil too nearly follow'd that of Raphael Urbin? Or can it be imagin'd, that Sir Christopher Wren would be offended, if it should be objected to him, that in his building of St. Paul's Church he too much imitated Michael Angelo.*

*And as I had not my Eye upon any other Model, so I am not conscious to my Self of having us'd any Antiquary's Thoughts or Expressions, excepting two or three Images taken from Homer, and a few allusions to some Inventions of Milton, whom I look on as a very Extraordinary Genius. If there be any other Thoughts that are not my own, they are taken from the Sacred Writers of the Bible, which I hope I shall not be condemn'd for. I have in the Sixth Book adventur'd on an Allegory, finding Homer has done the like in his Story of Circe. His Example, I imagin, as well as the Nature and Design of Epick Poetry will justify that Attempt, especially since I have not dwelt long upon it.*

*Whether the Fable of this Poem be a regular Contrivance, whether there be but One, Un-*  
d
broken



broken, Compleat Action, whether the Choice, the Conduct, Connexion, and Extension of the Episodes, and whether the Diction and Narration be such as the Rules of Epick Poetry require, must be left to the Decision of the Judicious Reader. It would be a wild Imagination to think of pleasing all the Criticks who are no better agreed among themselves. Till the Rules of Writing are Setled by some Infalible Judge of Controversys among Poets, there will be different Opinions and disagreeing Sects in Parnassus, who will always treat and persecute one another as Obstinate Hereticks. The Essential and Fundamental Articles, for want of which a Poet is justly condemn'd, are very few. There are Abundance of probable Doctrines which the Schoolmen of Parnassus and the Poets in Speculation may hold affirmatively or negatively, they please, and yet be look'd on as very good Sons of the Muses. If there appears enough in this Poem to Entertain those candid Readers who were not displeas'd with the Former, I shall be abundantly satisfy'd, and easily pass by the Censures of those who are declared Enemy's before hand. The Ingenuous part of Mankind will not fall unmercifully on a Writer of Epick Poetry, wherein only two Men, I mean Homer and Virgil have succeeded. Whatever Genius others have discover'd, none have left any Thing that came near to a perfect Model, but these two great Masters: and I do not think it amiss in this place to make a Comparison between them, with which I shall end this Preface.

Homer



*Homer excels* Genius, Virgil in Judgment. Homer as conscious of his great Riches and Fullness entertains the Reader with great Splendor and Magnificent Profusion. Virgil's Dishes are well chosen, and too not Rich and Numerous, yet serv'd up in great Order and Decency. Homer's Imagination is Strong, vast and Boundless, an unexhausted Treasure of all kinds of Images; which made his Admirers and Commentators in all Ages affirm, that all sorts of Learning were to be found in his Poem. Virgil's Imagination is not so Capacious, tho' his Ideas are Clear, Noble, and of great Conformity to their Objects. Homer has more of the Poetical Inspiration. His Fire burns with extraordinary Heat and Vehemence, and often breaks out in Flashes, which Surprise, Dazzle and Astonish the Reader: Virgil's is a clearer and a chaster Flame, which pleases and delights, but never blazes in that extraordinary and surprising manner. Methinks there is the same Difference between these two great Poets, as there is between their Heros. Homer's Hero, Achilles, is Vehement, Raging and Impetuous. He is always on Fire, and transported with an immoderate and resistless Fury, performs every where Miraculous Atchievements, and like a rapid Torrent overturns all things in his way. Æneas, the Hero of the Latine Poet, is a calm, Sedate Warriour. He do's not want Courage, neither has he any to spare: and the Poet might have allowed him a little more Fire, without overheating him. As for Invention, 'tis evident the

Greek



Greek Poet be mightily to advantage. Nothing is more rich and Fertile than Homer's Fancy. He is Full, abundant, and Diffusive above all others. Virgil on the other hand is rather dry, than fruitful. 'Tis plain the Latin Poet in all his famous *Æneis*, has very little, if any Design of his own. The Recital of the Destruction of Troy, and the Story of the Wooden Horse, Macrobius says, is almost word for word taken from Pisander. The Navigation of *Æneas*, and his Dangers and Adventures by Sea, are drawn from the example of Homer's *Ulysses*. His Descent into Hell, which makes the Noble Sixth Book, is likewise in Imitation of the Hero before-mention'd. The Shield of *Æneas* is form'd by that of *Achilles*. The Battels in the *Æneis* very much resemble those in the *Ilias*. A great many of the Pictures are taken from thence, and abundance of the Warriors are the same with those who fought before the Walls of Troy.

And tho' tis true the Story of *Æneas* and *Dido* is not to be trac'd in Homer's Works, yet Macrobius tells us in his *Saturnalia*, that this likewise is borrow'd from what is said of *Jason* and *Medea* in the Fourth Book of *Apollonius his Argonautica*. Those who are willing to see how much Virgil is indebted to Homer, and the rest of the Greek Poets, and also to the Latins themselves, as *Ennius*, *Lucretius*, *Varius*, &c. from whom he has taken his Designs, or his particular Images; or whose very Lines he has Translated almost word for word,

of



*of which an Incredible number of Instances may be given, may consult the before nam'd Macrobius in his Saturnalia, Fulvius Urfinus his Comparatio Virgilij cum Scriptoribus Græcis & Guellius, his Comments on this great Poet. They will then see plainly, that Virgil's Materials were all borrow'd, who the Noble Structure be his own. The Excellency of this Extraordinary Man lay in his Judicious Contrivance, Regular Conduct, the Skilful Accomodation of other Mens Conceptions to his own Purpose, and in the Propriety, Decency, Beauty and Majesty of his Expression, which in the finish'd Parts of his Poem are Admirable and Inimitable. If therefore the Question be, who had the greater Genius, Homer or Virgil, there is no doubt but Homer must be Prefer'd? But if it be whether Virgil's be a more Regular, Artful and Judicious Poem than either of Homers, then Virgil must be acknowledg'd to have the advantage?*



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## ERRATA.

**P**Age 46. line 11. read can, l. 27. r. those Torments, p. 56. l. 23. r. flow, p. 68. l. 18. r. flowry, p. 77. l. 20. r. Brandishing, p. 85. l. 1. r. The Noble Briton  
straitway, p. 97. l. 11. r. with, p. 115. l. 3. r. Ticker, p. 116. l. 5. r. his great, p.  
130. l. ult. r. Fire ev'n from, p. 151. l. 13. r. ate, p. 161. l. 8. r. *Fascini*, l. 14.  
r. *Fascinia*, p. 172. l. 3. r. Bowers, p. 173. l. 7. r. Retirement, p. 248. l. 21. r. Fear  
perswades, p. 257. l. 22. r. distinction, p. 277. l. 7. r. while these great Leaders. p.  
316. l. 24. r. Will from.

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# KING ARTHUR.

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## BOOK I

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**C**elestial Muse, instruct me how to sing  
The generous Pity of the *British* King,  
Who mov'd by *Gallia's* crys, and Heav'n's Command,  
Sustain'd excessive toy! by Sea and Land,  
The *Gallic* Christians Freedom to restore,  
And save *Neustrasia's* Realm from *Clotar's* power.

The Valiant *Briton* from the *Cimbrian* Coast  
Was newly lauded with his Conq'ring Host,  
Leading his Spoils and Captive Lords along  
*Augusta's* Streets, amid th' applauding throng,  
Who sung his Triumphs and proclaim'd aloud  
His mighty Deeds on *Eyder's* wond'ring Flood:  
When num'rous Envoys drawn by *Arthur's* fame,  
From distant Kingdoms to *Augusta* came.  
Faces so strange, and Habits so unknown;  
Had ne'er before pass'd thro' th' admiring Town.  
They made their publick Entrys at her Gate  
With great Magnificence and Princely State.  
They strove in Pomp each other to out-do,  
And who should most their Master's Greatness shew.  
Thick at the Court did Forreign Lords appear,  
Some by Affection brought, but more by Fear.



Some League of lasting Friendship offer'd, some  
 Did for Protection from Oppressors come  
 But all, O *Albion*, did applaud thy fate  
 Blest with so just a Prince to guide thy State.

The Night her Sable Banner did display,  
 And from the Air to chase the Light away  
 Drew out her must'ring Shades in black Array :  
 When *Britain's* King dissolv'd in balmy rest  
 Dismist the Cares of Empire from his Breast.  
 But Heav'n mean time, which such a Noble Mind  
 For Dangers, and for glorious toyl design'd,  
 Did by a Dream sent in the silent Night,  
 To fresh Heroic Deeds the King excite :  
 I Spring's divinely touch'd, his lab'ring Brain  
 Did this Celestial Vision entertain.

The pious King fear'd in his Dream to stand  
 On *Albion's* Shore, and to the adverse Strand  
 Looking across the interposing Tyde  
 Which so's the *Briton* from the *Frank* divide,  
 He saw upon the Beach Seven Men appear  
 Of Noble Form, and more than Vulgar Air.  
 Advancing to the Margin of the Flood,  
 And lifting up their hands they cry'd aloud,  
 Oh, come and help us, come victorious King,  
 And quick Assistance to th' afflicted bring.  
 The strong Impression Sleep's soft Fetters broke,  
 And from his Dream the *British* King awoke :  
 Who in his thoughts revolv'd what Heav'n should mean  
 By this surprizing Visionary Scene.

When



For by the Father's side he was near ally'd  
To *Gallia's* King, and by the Mothers side  
He from the *Catuclanian* Princes came  
A house in *Albion* of Illustrious Fame.  
He with a Mournful and Pathetic Air  
To *Britain's* King address'd his humble prayer.

When Heav'n with deep Compassion mov'd to see  
Mankind Destroy'd by raging Tyranny,  
Is pleas'd to raise some mighty Chief, to ease  
Kingdoms laid waste, and Captives to release ;  
To pull proud Monarchs and Oppressors down  
And Right, and Liberty to re-enthroned ;  
When such a Gift-Divine from Heav'n is sent,  
The Poor, th' Opprest, th' Afflicted Innocent  
Think they have Right to tell to him their Grief,  
And from his generous Arms to crave Relief :  
Heros are Blessings on the World bestow'd,  
They reap the Honour, but Mankind the Good.

Torn by a fierce Destroyer's bloody Jaws,  
And gripp'd between Oppressions Iron Claws,  
Tormented with unsufferable Pains,  
Bow'd down with Grief, and laden with our Chains,  
Low at your feet, we for your Pity cry,  
To whom th' Afflicted for Protection fly.  
We ask Redress from your Victorious Sword,  
To ease sad *Gallia's* Realm your Aid afford.  
Th' Oppressor *Clotar* with a cruel hand  
Spreads fearful Desolation thro' our Land.

He



He mocks his Gods, their Laws he disregards  
And scorns alike their Vengeance and Rewards.  
Ours Noblest Virg from their Parents torn  
Are to his Bed with Barb'rous Outrage born.  
In every Town unheard of Rapes assuage  
His Lust, as endless Murders do his Rage.  
His dreadful Court, like a *Cyclopien Den*,  
Is fill'd with Rapine, and half-eaten Men ;  
Where lies of mangled Limbs an endless store,  
And wide mouth'd Caldrons flow with Hamane Gore.  
For he his Subjects on his Table sets,  
And their raw Limbs (a horrid Banquet) eats :  
With Savage Riot on th' unnatural food  
He pours down mighty Bowls of reeking Blood.  
Pleas'd with the monstrous Luxury he draws  
Into a hideous Smile his squallid Jaws.  
Vast Magazines appear within his Court  
Where Torments are dispos'd of various sort ;  
Where Cruelty with bloody Trophys crown'd  
Views all her Deaths and Tortures spread around :  
Wheels, Crosses, Racks by able Masters wrought  
Who had with Hellish Skill and anxious thought,  
Refin'd Destruction to Perfection brought. }  
And here their Curst Inventions all remain  
Which Death improve, and manage ling'ring Pain  
Th' Oppressor teaches Fate a slower pace,  
And rarely gives the Deadly stroke of Grace.  
He thinks to those he does Compassion show,  
Who die but once, and at a single blow.



His Guards and bloody Servants of his will  
With Spoil and Runn all our Cities fill.  
These Ministers of Hell with Sword in hand  
Infall our Doors, and all our Wealth demand.  
The Farmer sows and tills in vain the Soil,  
These reap the Harvest and enjoy his Toil.  
Merchants who Foreign Treasures bring are lost  
Upon their own unhospitable Coast.  
Those who escape loud Tempests, Rocks, and Waves  
The inexorable *Clotar* never saves.  
Our Sons and Daughters to the Mountains fly,  
Where Grass and Roots their want of Bread supply  
The Men in Heaps are spread upon the Ground,  
And half chewn Herbs within their Mouths are found  
Our Towns are Empty, and the tender Grass  
Springs in the unfrequented Market-place.  
If to our Cruel Masters we complain,  
They mock our Sufferings, and increase our Pain.  
Licentious Troops not sparing Sex or Age,  
Leave all the marks of their unbridled Rage.  
Bloody Assassins force our Doors by Night,  
And stab the Children in the Parents sight.  
Matrons and Maids together die, when first  
They've been dishonor'd by the Murd'rer's Lust.  
Some the Destroyer puts off from the Shore  
In Barks, without a Rudder Sail or Oar,  
To be convey'd, as Winds and Billows please,  
'Midst all th' amazing Terroures of the Seas.  
Some Gally Slaves with Endless labour sweat,  
And on the Ocean's back their strokes repeat,

While



While from their cruel Masters they receive  
More frequent wounds, than to the Seas they give.  
The Christians are Christian Temples slain,  
And the Priest's blood do's his own Altar stain.  
Some doom'd in Mines to subterranean toyl,  
Enrich th' Oppressor with the wealthy spoil.  
To Prisons some are drag'd in pondrous chains,  
Where Ruffians Whips inflict tormenting pains.  
In Dungeons some 'midst loathsome Vermin lie,  
Some by the Rack, some by the Jav'lin die.  
Thy *Nero's* and thy *Maxims*, O *Rome*,  
And all the Spoilers which thy savage womb  
Fruitful of Monsters ever yet brought forth,  
Are all out done by *Clotar's* single birth.  
His unexampled Cruelties surpass  
The Deeds of thy Persecuting Race.  
Ages to come with their weak Rage forget,  
And only *Ciccar's* Violence repeat.  
They seem'd contented only to destroy,  
And Death and Torment did their Fury cloy.  
But none of all th' Inexorable kind  
With *Clotar's* Genius Cruelty refin'd :  
No Master Tyrant had so vast a reach  
To find new Plagues, none so much Zeal to reach  
His Ministers strange Methods to destroy,  
None e'er before with such transporting joy  
O'er tortur'd Innocents insulting stood,  
None with such Pleasure bath'd himself in blood,  
Or in Tormenting e'er such Judgment show'd.



What Monarch e'er before stood scoffing by,  
 To see his Subjects in slow Torments dy,  
 And told the Sufferers there was no pretence  
 To blame such soft and gentle Violence :  
 Such mild enlightning Pains, that might display  
 Their Erroneous Minds Celestial Day.  
 And who these barbarous Cruelties survive,  
 The bloody Ruffians to their Altar drive ;  
 Down their Reluctant throats they thrust the Meat,  
 And force them of their Sacrifice to eat.  
 Conversions are by Arm'd Invaders made,  
 Who with resistless Arguments perswade :  
 Who for Conviction shed the People's blood  
 And ruin wretched Mortals for their Good.  
 The mocking Hypocrite's unjust pretence  
 Is, to reduce by Racks and Violence  
 Perverted Judgments to a righter Sense.  
 The Converts of the Sword Compliance show,  
 And full of horour to their Idols bow ;  
 By this they hope the Conq'rou's Sword to stay,  
 And to secure their Lives their Faith betray :  
 But that internal Malice may be cloy'd,  
 That Soul and Body both may be destroy'd,  
 The Cruel Infidel with Sword in hand  
 O'er the new Convert do's triumphant stand :  
 Then in his Bowels do's the Weapon sheath,  
 Who loses both his Innocence and Breath,  
 Rack'd with the torments of Despair and Death.  
 Some fore distressed to Wilds and Desarts fly,  
 In Caves and Rocks, in Woods and Mountains ly.



While, like the Jews abandon'd Nation, some  
Thro' Forreign Regions-poor and naked roam.  
What Kingdom is not conscious of our Moans ?  
Who have not seen our Tears, or heard our Groans ?  
Do's the laborious Sun survey a Soil,  
In his Diurnal, or his Annual toil,  
Which to our Fugitives ne'er gave Relief,  
And never entertain'd our wandring Grief.

This is the Gallic Christians wretched fate,  
Which not the liveliest Ascents can relate.  
And now the Moon twice dips her silver horns,  
And with fresh rays her changing face adorns ;  
Since I, and these sad Friends together met,  
Resolving from *Lutetia* to retreat,  
And seek in Forreign Climes a milder feat.  
Then while our Country's fate we did lament,  
And flowing Tears gave to our sorrow vent ;  
A glorious Form like some Inferior God,  
Newly descended from his blest abode  
Entring the Room, Celestial Lustre spread  
From his Immortal Eyes, and radiant Head.  
A Heav'nly bloom adorn'd his youthful Face,  
And Starry Robes did his bright Limbs embrace :  
When first the Lovely Stranger did appear,  
We bow'd with Rev'rence, and we shook with fear.  
Then strait th' Illustrious Person silence broke,  
And thus my trembling Friends and me bespoke.



The God who rules as well the spacious Sky,  
As this low Ball, who from his Throne on high  
Encompass'd with impenetrable Day,  
Doe all his Worlds with one quick glance survey ;  
Who loves the Proud and Haughty to debase,  
And sets the Meek and Humble in their place ;  
Touch'd with Compassion hears your mournful Crys,  
Which mixt with dying groans to Heav'n arise.  
He now Decrees th' Oppressor *Clair*'s fall,  
Whose full grown Crimes for swift Destruction call :  
For tho' his Vengefull Thunder rises now,  
'Tis to discharge a more tremendous blow.  
Indulgent Heav'n by *Arthur*'s hand has broke  
*Britannia*'s Fetters, and Tyrannie Yoke.  
His Pious Arms shall ease *Lutetia*'s Pains,  
Release her Sons, and break their pondrous Chains.  
This Great Deliv'rer shall *Europa* save,  
Which haughty Monarchs labour to enslave.  
Then shall Religion reer her starry head,  
And Light Divine o'er all the Nations spread.  
Quickly embark and steer for *Albion*'s Shore  
To seek King *Arthur*, and his Aid implore.  
Your prayer shall move, that Pity in his breast,  
Which shall engage his Arms to give you rest.  
He said, and strait the glorious Youth withdrew,  
Display'd his shining Wings, and Upward flew.

Cheer'd with his words we with our utmost care  
Did all things for the Voyage soon prepare.

When



When thrice the Sun had his mild splendor shed,  
And o'er the East Ethereal-purple spread:  
We all embarkt, and soon to *Albion's* Coast  
Born with a prosperous Gale the Ocean crost.  
Thus the Celestial Message we obey'd,  
Sent by Supreme Command, to crave your Aid.

He ceas'd. King *Arthur* carefully suppress  
The generous Passion struggling in his breast.  
He look'd on this as on a Call Divine  
Which did this noble Enterprize enjoyn,  
The *Gallic* Christians Freedom to restore,  
And give that Aid the Sufferers did implore.  
Then to the *Franks* the *Briton* thus reply'd,  
Your Prayer is neither granted, nor deny'd:  
What you have now propos'd I'll duly weigh,  
And then my Answer give without delay.  
The *Franks* withdrawn, the Hero order gave  
That *Neustria's* Lords should next Admission have:  
Soon as the Monarch did the *Neustrians* see,  
He strait discern'd these were the other three,  
Who in the Heav'nly Dream the Night before  
To give them Aid his Pity did implore.  
They to the Throne advanc'd when thus begun  
Wife *Oleron Giranda's* Noble Son.

Victorious Prince!  
We know what Miracles your Arms have shown  
In *Neustria's* Soil, what greater in your own.



From East to West loud fame extends her Wings,  
And thro' th' applauding World your triumph sings.  
Your mighty Deeds by wondrous Moors are nam'd,  
From Zone to Zone, from Pole to Pole proclaim'd.  
Compassion fills your Pious Breast  
To wretched States by heavy Yokes oppress'd.  
Mov'd by the groans of dying Liberty,  
You arm'd to set afflicted *Europe* free.  
You are by Heav'n a great Deliverer sent,  
The World's entire Destruction to prevent.  
Empires from Desolation to secure,  
From savage Rage, and wild unbounded Power.  
From all the dire Calamities that reign  
Where no fixt Laws th' Oppressor's Lust restrain.  
The wasted World has long with fervent Cries,  
With groans, and tears solicited the Skys,  
To give fierce Tyranny a fatal stroke,  
To break her Murd'ring Teeth, and Iron Yoke :  
With in' universal prayer kind Heav'n complies,  
Causing so great a Monarch to arise,  
Whose Soul is bent to stay the Fury's course,  
And whose *Herculean* Arm alone exceeds her force.  
In vain with rage her turgid Volumes swell,  
In vain around her womb her Monsters Yell,  
You all the Hydra's hissing heads despise,  
All her wide Jaws, sharp Tongues, and fiery Eyes.  
Your mighty Arm will give the deadly wound,  
And leave th' expiring Monster on the ground.  
Fertile in Death your Sword Destruction spreads  
Fast as her fruitful Necks can bring forth heads.



Besides you lead a Nation brave in Fight  
Pleas'd to procure to injur'd States their Right.  
When such a Prince with such a People takes  
The Field in arms, the pale Oppressor shakes.  
In Liberty's defence the warmest Zeal  
The nobly Jealous *Britons* still reveal;  
Asserting with their Lives her sacred Cause,  
They justly gain th' admiring World's applause.  
While neigh'bring Nations Tyrants never check,  
But bow to take the Yoke, their passive Neck;  
The *Britons* stem Ambitions rapid course,  
Debarring secret frauds, and open force.  
Designing Princes still they have withstood,  
To Guard the Rights, bought by their Fathers Blood  
But Liberty which they to Life prefer,  
Could not escape the *Saxon* Ravisher.  
Rifled and spoil'd of all her Heavenly Charms,  
She had expir'd in the rough Conq'rou's Arms;  
And *Albion*, soon had shar'd her Neighbours fate,  
And felt the Mischiefs of a slavish State:  
Had not your generous Arms and noble Toy',  
Sav'd from Destruction this despairing Isle.  
Had you not chas'd Tyrannic Lords away,  
And from their griping Arms releas'd the trembling *Free*.  
Blest Isle! that in the lowest Ebb of fate,  
Found this strong Arm to prop her sinking State.  
Happy *Britannia*, did thy Sons but know,  
What to their brave Deliverer they owe!



And now, Dread Monarch, whose victorious Arms  
 Have freed *Britannia* from her Foes alarms ;  
 Whose great Example do's her Sons inflame  
 To aim at Glory, and their ancient Fame ;  
 Unhappy *Neustria* by her Prince betray'd,  
 Implores Deliv'rance from your pow'rtul Aid.  
 Scarce had you sail'd from grateful *Neustria's* Shore,  
 Which ne'er receiv'd so great a Guest before,  
 Where first your Sword Immortal Laurels won,  
 And the first Triumphs of your Youth begun :  
 When sudden Death, King *Odar* did remove,  
 From *Neustria's* throne to the blest Seats above.  
*Sardan* his Brother to his Crown Succeeds,  
 Not to his Vertues, and Illustrious Deeds.  
 This Prince Luxurious, and Effeminate,  
 Averse to Arms, and Business of the State,  
 Do's Vertue more than Arms, or Business hate.  
 Uninterrupted Riots only please  
 His Mind dissolv'd in long inglorious Ease.  
 While Neighb'ring Kings their Course of Glory run,  
 With Laurels crown'd from Vanquish'd Nations won :  
 Ours Bacchanalian wreaths can only boast,  
 Only the Triumphs of his mighty Lust.  
 Our Wives and Noblest Virgins are abus'd,  
 Compell'd by force, or by his wiles seduc'd.  
 Lascivious Concubines their Prince surround,  
 They're in his Bed, and in his Counsels found.  
 These Female Ministers by turns create  
 Our Judges, Captains, Officers of State :



Our Priests themselves their vile submission make  
To the soft Favourites, for Promotion's sake  
Jesters for Statesmen in his Council sit,  
Not chosen for their Wisdom, but their Wit ;  
Empty Buffoons, unequal to the weight  
Of all th' important Business of the State.  
Those Ministers he thinks can serve him best,  
Who flatter most, and know their Business least  
Who all Debates to please their Prince decide,  
And from the People's Interest, his divide.  
This feeble Race attends this Monarch's Throne,  
Whose Wit and Vice resemble most his own.  
The *Augean* Stables, cleaner than the Court,  
Whither the Vicious and the Lewd resort ;  
Th' infectious Plague by *Sardan's* Influence fed,  
Do's o'er our Noble Youth resistless spread.  
Poets the most Flagitious, and Prophane,  
*Neustria* e'er fed, his bounty do's maintain.  
~~While~~ by their Wit procure to Vice applause,  
And loud Derision draw on Vertue's Cause.  
They say Nature with fit Baits excite,  
And Youth to Crimes too prone before, invite.  
By artful Eloquence they strive to show  
Those Pleasures Lawful, which they wish were so.  
Against their Country they their Wit engage,  
Refine our Language, but corrupt the Age.  
Our Noble Youth enervated with Vice,  
Abhor the Field and Martial Fame despise.  
The Sacred Muses, and the Letter'd Train  
They Mock, and Camps and Schools alike disdain.



Riot, Debauch, Masks and Unmanly Sport,  
Are all the Triumphs our soft Hero's Court.  
*Sardan* all mark of Lust of Empire gave;  
None more desir'd his Country to Enslave:  
But the designing Monarch was afraid  
With open force, our Freedom to invade.  
His want of Courage his Ambition checkt;  
And his strong Fears his People did Protect.  
Oft on the Banks of *Rabicon* he stood,  
But ne'er was bold enough to leap the Flood  
But that with crafty Arts he might prevail,  
And undermine the Fort, he durst not Scale:  
That those he could not force he might decoy,  
He labour'd *Neustria's* Virtue to destroy.  
His great design was to Emasculate  
Our Martial Youth, and then destroy the State.  
Thus he believ'd he might *Neustria* bring,  
Beneath the Yoke of *Gaul's* aspiring King.  
Whose growing Power he did with pleasure view,  
And gave him Aid his Neighbours to subdue.  
Whence he contracted Everlasting Shame,  
And future Ages must despise his name.  
So ill he wish'd to the *Neustrian* State,  
So much he courted *Clotar's* prosp'rous Fate,  
That to advance the Triumphs of his Crown,  
He sacrific'd the Int'rests of his own.  
He therefore sent to *Clotar* to demand,  
A force sufficient to subdue the Land.  
*Clotar* whose num'rous Armys ready lay,  
Watching a season fit to seize the Prey,

Invades



Invades our Coasts, and soon was Master made  
Of our strong Places to his hands betray'd.  
Thus did he force *Neustrasia* to obey  
A Neighb'ring Monarch's Arbitrary Sway.  
*Sardan* was pleas'd so *Neustria* was undone  
To wear himself a Tributary Crown.  
Since that, our Land the worst of Plagues torment,  
Which Power could e'er inflict, or Wit invent.  
This mighty Prince is our Afflicted State,  
These the deep Sufferings, which our Grief create.

We pray by that Immortal Fame you won,  
By all your Wonders in *Neustrasia* done :  
We pray by yours, we pray by *Oðar's* name,  
And by your ancient Friendship's sacred flame :  
To *Neustria's* Sons their ravish'd Rights restore,  
And free her Soil from cruel *Clotar's* Power.  
From her gaul'd Neck remove th' uneasy Yoke,  
Only by Valiant *Arthur* to be broke.

He ceas'd. The King from his high Throne descends,  
Mov'd with Compassion to his ancient Friends.  
Declaring e'er he rose, he would prepare  
A speedy answer to th' important prayer.

Twice on the World the Sun his beams bestow'd,  
And twice his glorious tyde had ebb'd, and flow'd :  
When *Franks* and *Neustrians* at the King's Command  
Call'd to attend before his Throne did stand,



The Pious Monarch this kind answer made  
To these sad Strangers who had crav'd his aid.  
The Christians' sufferings by Tyrannic might  
Against the Law of Heav'n, and civil Right,  
All who wish kindly to Mankind lament,  
And Christian Kings more deeply must resent.  
My Troops I'll therefore for the *Neustrian* Shore  
Embark, your Rights and Freedoms to restore.  
Where if propitious Heav'n affords us Aid,  
Our Arms shall next the haughty *Frank* invade.

He ceas'd, the Captains did for Arms declare  
Nobly impatient of the Righteous War:  
Heroic Ardor all their Vitals warm'd,  
And on the Plains the must'ring Cohorts swarm'd.  
A War with *Gaul* so much, so long desir'd  
The joyful *Britons* with fresh Life inspir'd.  
Long had they wish'd to see on *Britain's* Throne  
A warlike Prince, one that himself would own  
To be the Christians' chief Protecting Head,  
Who would the *British* Troops to *Gallia* lead.  
Indulgent Heav'n at last their wishes grants,  
Raising a Prince who answers all their wants.  
One that to *Albion's* eager Youth will show  
The *Gallic* Fields, and their old haughty Foe.  
Each brandishes his Spear, his Fauchion weilds,  
And seems already in *Lutetia's* Fields.  
The Noise of Arms and marching Soldiers toyl  
And Warlike Preparations fill the Isle.



The Trumpet's Voice do's *Britain's* Sons excite,  
And waving Banners to the Field invite.  
The Shepherd on the Hills his Flock forfakes,  
Casts by his Crook, and the bright Javelin takes.  
The Husbandman do's from his labour reap,  
To plough the Seas, and *Gallic* Laurels reap:  
He beats his Foughshares into Helms and Shields,  
Leaves his Harvest, and his flowry Fields,  
Neglects his Tillage, and his Rural Gains,  
To plant with *British* Spears *Parisian* Plains.  
The Lords forsake their Woods, and Sylvan Sport,  
And from the Forrest to the Camp resort.  
They leave the Mountains, and the flying Game  
To follow Honour, and immortal Fame.  
Some few Inglorious Youths for Arms unfit  
Refus'd the Pleasures of the Stage to quit.  
Who only War in Theaters have seen,  
And Camp and Battles only on the Scene.  
Fit only shews and Laurels to prepare  
For *Arthur* come victorious from the War:  
To run, and shout amidst th' applauding throng,  
As *Britain's* Sons in Triumph pass along.  
Refulgent Arms *Augusta's* Merchants weild  
And to the busy *Change* prefer the Field.  
These brave Adventurers in the noble War,  
Will Honour fetch, as well as Wealth from far.  
Some mount their Steeds, and to the Field advance,  
Some shake the Spear, and some the Warlike Lance.  
Part arm'd with feather'd Death their Quivers throw  
Across their Shoulders, and new string their Bow.



Some round their Necks the martial Coflet clasp,  
 Some the broad Shield, and glittering Javelin grasp.  
 Part on their heads the burnish'd Helmet lace,  
 And all in Plate their vigorous Limbs encase.

The Royal Fleet with equal haste and care,  
 The rigid Captains of the Sea prepare.  
 The craggy Rocks and crooked Shores around  
 With labour, and promiscuous cry resound.  
 The Sailor's toil fills every Beach and Strand,  
 And the Sea-Clamours vye with those by Land.  
 Some from their Magazines draw Naval Stores,  
 Long trembling Masts, and Cordage to the Shores.  
 Some in the Hills with loud repeated strokes,  
 Dismember nodding Pines and groaning Oaks.  
 The lifted Axe thro' all the Mountain sounds  
 To heal the Navy's with the Forest's Wounds.  
 For Masts, and Planks, they fell the fairest Trees;  
 The rest, for supplemental Ribs and Knees.  
 They draw the Spoils from the dishonour'd Wood,  
 Whose Trees, that once fixt and unshaken stood,  
 Must now find Wings to fly upon the Flood.  
 Some from wide Bellows mouths whole Tempests blow,  
 To make vast Anchors in the Forges glow;  
 Then choak'd with flame and smoke, and smear'd with swart,  
 Scanian Youth the Red-hot Iron beat.  
 Some on the Strand Careen, and fresh adorn  
 The Ships grown foul, and with their labour worn.  
 Some new ones Launch, which with surprising Art  
 From all their Bands, and Wooden Fetters start:

They



They break away, and from their Cradles flee  
Now to be rock'd upon the restless Sea.  
Some carry Arms, and Warlike Stores aboard,  
Some in the Ship's deep Caves Provisions board.  
Whole Herds of fatted Swine and Oxen dy,  
The Ships capacious Bellies to supply,  
Furnish'd by *Polcaran's* toilsom care,  
The first that cloy'd the hungry mouth of War.

Then all the expected Equipage on Board,  
The Topails loos'd, and all the Ships unmoor'd;  
The Royal Navy on the Billows rode,  
And prest with heavy War th' uneasy Flood.  
The fierce Commanders stand in awful State,  
On their high Decks, and *Arthur's* coming wait.  
The Monarch with his valiant Troops arrives,  
And strait to embark his Army order gives.  
The *British Cohorts* at the King's Command,  
~~Mount~~ their tall Ships, and long for *Neustrian* Land.  
Loud Bore to extend the spacious Sails,  
From Northern Prisons frees his chosen Gale,  
All bold and vigorous, and refresh'd with ease,  
All vers'd in toil, and conscious of the Seas.  
These swell the Canvass with their utmost force,  
And strait to *Neustria's* Shore direct their course.  
The panting Winds to shove the Navy strain,  
And of the Squadrons weight in Sighs complain,  
The Labour of the Air, and Burden of the Main.  
The bounding Castles on the Billows dance,  
And in long Order on the Deep advance.

While



While wanton Dolphins round the Squadrons play,  
 And sporting Course each other o'er the Sea.  
 Huge Porpoises and the great Lords that reign  
 O'er all the Scaly People of the Main,  
 Attend the Navy with an endless train.  
 The Finny Murd'ers that the Deep infest,  
 Forsake their Prey, and give the Ocean rest:  
 While they at distance gaze, and fawning nod  
 To Court the Prince who do's their Seas controul;  
 Fearing the great Deliv'rer came to free  
 The watry Nations too from Tyranny.

On the high Cliffs in throngs the *Neustrians* stood,  
 And on the Sandy Margin of the Flood,  
 Advanc'd, as far as Waves permit, to meet  
 Europe's Restorer and his Potent Fleet.  
 And when they saw, the Navy under Sail  
 Advancing to them with a prosperous Gale,  
 With such loud Shouts they made the Mountains ring,  
 As sunk the Winds which should their wishes bring.  
 So Thund'ring Cannons, when two Fleets engage,  
 With their loud roar the angry Seas asswage,  
 Awe list'ning Winds, and calm their weaker rage.  
 King Arthur's Navy made the *Neustrian* Land,  
 And strait the *Britons* leap'd upon the Strand:  
 Their warlike Ensigns on the Hills display'd  
 Declare th' arrival of th' expected Aid.

Now Muse the Names of those great Hero's sing,  
 And mighty Chiefs, who with the *British* King



On this illustrious Expedition went,  
And pitch'd in *Neustrian* Fields the warlike Tent.

*Shobar* was first, sprung from a Noble Line,  
Which dwelt upon the Banks of rapid *Rhine*.  
His martial Genius early did appear,  
Danger he knew, but knew not how to fear.  
Eager of fame he fought with studious care  
Battles, and Camps, and all the Seats of War.  
His valiant Deeds won Universal Fame,  
And every Soil his Triumphs did proclaim.  
His mighty Name was thro' *Europa* spread,  
All Armys strove to have him for their head,  
For these were sure of Conquest, which he led.  
A noble Fire did in his Veins abide,  
And the severest Wisdom was its Guide.  
His Camp the only School of War was thought,  
Which all young Hero's for Instruction sought,  
For none had Martial Art to such Perfection brought.  
But worn with Labour, Battles, Camps, and Age  
The Hoary Warriour left the bloody Stage.  
Back to his Fields, and Rural Seat he came  
Laden with Laurels and Immortal Fame.  
Resolving, far remov'd from noise and strife,  
To spend in Peace his short Remains of Life.  
But when he heard how *Arthur's* Arms were prais'd,  
And what a great Restorer Heav'n had rais'd,  
Nations oppress'd from Bondage to release,  
And to procure to suffering Christians, Ease



The Pious Chief resumes his Sword and Shield,  
And once again resolves to take the Field.

The ancient Warriour felt a youthful flame,  
And from the *Rhine* to find King *Arthur* came.  
*Arthur* who knew what Deeds he had achiev'd,  
With high respect the brave Old Man receiv'd.  
He always to his Counsels did attend,  
Call'd him his Father, and his Faithful Friend.

Next mighty *Solmar* who was near ally'd  
To pious *Arthur* by the Mother's side;  
Who by his Strength and Skill in Arms had won  
Authority, Esteem, and great Renown,  
Brother to *Meridoc*, of glorious fame  
With th' *Ordovician* youth to *Arthur* came,

Next faithful *Lucius* *Arthur's* fav'rite Knight,  
An able Statesman, and as brave in Fight.  
Who from his Youth his Monarch serv'd and lov'd,  
And in the greatest Streights his Zeal approv'd,  
No Servant from a Monarch e'er before  
Receiv'd more Love, and none deserv'd it more;  
He the *Silures* from their Country led,  
O'er whom the King had plac'd him as their head.

The stout *Cornavians* to engage the Foës,  
The Region left where fam'd *Sabrina* flows.  
The fertile Soil where *Etocetum* stands,  
And which obeys *Branonium's* high Commands.  
Some left *Presidium* still a noble Town,  
And the rich Soil, that did her Empire own.

And



And some the *Clitys*, that on *Dorus* lay,  
 And where fair *Deva* do's her Stream convey,  
 Thro' smiling Vallys to th' *Hibernian* Sea.  
 The *Strebatian* and *Dobunian* Lords  
 Brought their Battalions from *Sabrina's* Fords.  
 And from the Soil where *Oaze* and *Tam* meet,  
 The Muses Garden now, and high Imperial Seat.  
 Prince *Ofor* worthy of his noble Line,  
 Whose mighty Deeds in *Albion's* story shine,  
 Warm with a generous and Heroic flame,  
 Fearless of Death, and fond of warlike Fame,  
 Zealous to give the suffering Christian rest,  
 To break th' Oppressor, and defend th' Opprest  
 Into the field these Various Nations brought,  
 Who armed with Spears, and Battle Axes fought.  
*Ofor* so high in *Arthur's* Favour stood  
 For Martial Virtue, and Illustrious Blood,  
 That in the Youth to ancient Chiefs prefer'd,  
 And Gen'ral of the Cavalry declar'd.

*Malgo* King *Arthur's* Master of the Horse  
 Fam'd for his Courage, and his wondrous force,  
 Whose Courteous Manners and Deportment won  
 No less Applauses, than his Sword had done,  
 The brave *Dimetians* to the Army led,  
 All valiant Troops to warlike labour bred.  
 The *Trinobantes* with the Region blest,  
 Which the Victorious *Saxon* once possess'd,  
 Left the Delightful Banks of *Thamisis*,  
 The Seat of Plenty and Terrestrial Bliss.



They left *Augusta* which by *Arthur's* Sword  
 To Truth divine, to Right, and Law restor'd,  
 From Pagan Gods, and from th' Oppressor freed,  
 Reer'd up to Heav'n her high Imperial head :  
 For stately Domes and lofty Tow'rs renown'd,  
 With Arts and Arms, and Wealth and Empire crown'd.  
*Capellan* valu'd for his Youthful Charms,  
 For his high Birth, and forward Zeal in Arms:  
 The warlike Deeds of whose Illustrious Line,  
 As well as Sufferings, in our Annals shine,  
 Into the field the *Trinobantes* led,  
 And shone in splendid Armour at their head.  
 Some bore the gitt'ring Spear, and some the Bow  
 All bold in Arms, and pleas'd to meet the Foe.

The warlike Youth rul'd by *Icenian* Lords,  
 Some arm'd with Halberts, some with two edg'd Swords,  
 Left all the Citys which adorn the Coast,  
 Where the *Germanic* Ocean's waves are tost.  
 The *Catuclanian* Cohorts left the Soil,  
 That lay the inmost of the *British* Isle.  
 Those who in *Lactodorum* did reside,  
 Which *Ufa's* Stream did in the midst divide.  
 And those who all the Region round possess  
 Adorn'd with Citys, and with Riches blest.  
 These valiant Squadrons arm'd with Slings and Bows,  
 Brave *Talmar* led to charge the *Gallic* Foes.  
 A truly martial, but impetuous Fire  
 Did with immoderate heat his breast inspire.



Nobly impatient of unbounded Power,  
 He strove *Britannia's* Freedom to secure.  
 A brave Assertor of her ancient Laws,  
 Of Pious *Arthur's*, and the Christian Cause.  
 Onwards he always prest, and Danger sought,  
 Patient of toyl, and fearless to a fault.  
 His Courteous Manners, easy, free Address,  
 Th' indulgent care he did for all express  
 Providing due supplies for all their Wants,  
 And kindly hearing all their just Complaints.  
 Made the brave Chief the *British* Youths Delight  
 Of *Arthur's* Camp the most applauded Knight.

The *Ottadenians* left *Alaunus* flood,  
 Near which the famous *Roman* Bulwark stood,  
 Rais'd with prodigious labour to protect  
 The Frontier, from th' *Jernian*, and the *Pict*.  
 With these the stout *Brigantes* who confin'd  
 On th' *Ottadenian* Towns, their Ensigns joyn'd.  
 They from *Galatum* on *Ituna's* Stream,  
 And from delightful *Aballaba* came.  
 With these appear'd the fierce *Arbeian* Youth,  
 And those who dwelt near *Moricambe's* Mouth.  
 Fair *Gabrosentum* did her Squadrons send,  
 As did the Towns that on her Power depend.  
 The Troops *Mancunium* left, and all the Fields  
 To which *Merseia* verdant Riches yields.

These *Maca* led a *Caledonian* Knight,  
 Long vers'd in Arms, Sedate, yet brave in Fight.



He still advanc'd by Military Rule,  
Vig'rous in Action, but in Counsel cool.  
He all the *British* Captains did out-shine  
For pure Devotion, Zeal and Love divine.  
Just, Upright, Faithful, and with Vice unstain'd  
Eu'n in a Camp the Pious Chief remain'd :  
And nobler heats Religion do's inspire,  
Than what from Honour spring, and native Fire.  
These aim at transient Empire and Renown,  
But those at Heav'n, and an Immortal Crown.

*Coril* a valiant *Durotrigian* Knight,  
Who ever made the Camp his chief delight ;  
A great Commander, to the Soldier dear,  
Void of all Pride, uncapable of Fear,  
Brought his bold Troops from *Darn-varia's* Fields,  
With mighty Fauchions Arm'd, and spacious Shields.

The *Regnian* Troops came from the Hilly Land,  
Which lies direct against the *Neustrian* Strand.  
From all the Citys, Castles, and the Towns,  
Or in the Vales, or in the airy Downs  
Which stretch on great *Augusta's* Southern side,  
Between the Ocean, and fair *Isis* tyde.  
With these the *Belgian Britons* did unite,  
Who did in Battles and in Camps delight.  
These came from *Venta*, and the Citys found  
On the delightful Plains which lye around.  
Great *Cutar* Viceroy of fair *Vecta's* Isle,  
Brought these Battalions from their native Soil.



A generous Impulse, and a noble Flame  
Urg'd the brave Man to seek Immortal Fame.  
Ravish'd with War's and Danger's horrid Charms,  
He with impetuous Ardor flew to Arms.  
Triumphant Conquerors with their Laurels crown'd,  
Not more delight, than he in Combate found.  
He midst the Foe the hottest Battle fought,  
And grown with Death familiar, fearless fought.  
His strong desire of Arms was never cloy'd,  
With such a Relish Danger he enjoy'd.  
Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in fight,  
He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,  
And shudder'd with his eagerness to Fight.  
What flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far  
View'd the fowr Brows, and murth'ring jaws of War?  
He midst the Heros was for Valour fam'd,  
And midst the bards, with envy'd Honour nam'd.  
He by his matchless Seng, as well as Sword  
The Laurel gain'd, and loud Applause procur'd.

The *Cangian Britons* left the wealthy Soil,  
Which with abundance crowns the Farmer's toil.  
Where fair *Uzella* rolls her noble tyde,  
And o'er the Meads unfolds her silver pride.  
They left the Citys rais'd on *Thona's* flood,  
And on the Fields round *Coitmaur's* spacious Wood.  
From all the Towns round airy *Camelet*,  
Which bears the name even now, of *Arthur's* feat;  
Where winding *Bruis* with her lazy Stream  
Surrounds *Glascona's* Isle, where antient fame



Has plac'd the Seat of th' *Arimathean* Saint,  
Who first in *Albion* did Religion plant :  
Which do's with pious Sepulchers abound,  
And where King *Arthur's* blest Remains were found.  
From high *Mendippa* and the spacious Plains  
Blest with rich Entrails, and Metallic veins.  
Where rapid Floods flow roaring under ground,  
Where the fam'd Grotto *Ochi Hol* is found  
Which do's *Parthenope* all thine out-do,  
That of *Lucullus*, and the *Sybils* too.  
The warlike Youth from *Aqua Solis* came,  
Whose wholsom Baths give Sinews to the Lane.  
Their Healing Power the wise affirm proceeds,  
From unform'd Minerals, and Metallic Seeds,  
Which wash'd away from Subterranean Caves  
Impregnate with their Heat the flowing Waves.  
Whether these Seeds which in the Water strive,  
Or some good Angel do's the Vertue give,  
'Tis sure that Health and Vigour they impart  
Above the reach of *Æsculapian* Art.  
Witness the Spoils and Trophys which are shown  
From vanquish'd Death, and from Diseases won.  
*Erla* of Lands of great extent posselt,  
With Ease, with Honour, with Abundance blest,  
By Pity mov'd, and martial Ardor warm'd,  
To aid th' oppress'd *Lutetian* Christians Arm'd.  
For Danger, and for Honourable toil  
He left his Ease, his Wealth, and Native Soil



The bold *Danmonians* did attend their Lord,  
Each took his Shield and wav'd his threatening Sword.  
Active and vigorous they advanc'd their Names  
By Wrestling, Whorlbat, old Heroic Games.  
They left the Southern, and the Northern Shore,  
Where *British* Seas, or where th' *Hibernian* roar.  
Th' undaunted Youth from ~~the~~ *Tamara* came,  
And from the Flood that gave the Town its name.  
They left *Voluba*, and *Cenonis* Mouth,  
The most applauded Haven of the South.  
They left the Banks of *Isca* and the Town  
For Commerce, Wealth, and Power, of great renown.  
These mighty Men to warlike labour bred,  
Came from their hilly Land by *Trelon* led.  
For old indulgent ~~Cador~~ at his Death  
To Pious *Arthur* did his Realm bequeath.  
Viceroy of which King *Arthur Trelon* made,  
Whom the *Danmonians* as their Head obey'd.  
His Martial Vertue do's in Story Shine,  
A Vertue common to his ancient Line :  
For *Trelon's* Noble House was so renown'd,  
For mighty Deeds, that none was ever found  
Who wanted Valour, or did e'er debase  
By one inglorious Deed the Martial Race !  
True Eagles they, when Infants, could behold  
A Burnish'd Helm, or blazing Shield of Gold :  
Ev'n then no horrid object mov'd their fear,  
And their first play was with a Sword, or Spear.



The *Coritanians* left the Towns that stood,  
 Along the Banks of swift *Aufona's* flood.  
 Their Squadrons left the fat and fertile Land,  
 Where *Verometum's* Towers and *Raga's* stand.  
 Where *Margidunum* from the Mountain's brow  
 Proudly surveys the wide stretch'd Vale below.  
 Where *Lindum* rears her ancient, awful head,  
 By all the Fenny-Region round beset.  
 Where famous *Pontis* stood an ancient Town  
 By *Roman* Coins and checker'd Pavements known:  
 Brave *Stannel* patient of Heroic toil,  
 Sprung from a Race of Kings whom *Mona's* Isle  
 Insulted by the wild *Hibernian* Sea,  
 But blest with temperate Empire, did obey:  
 Who always for his Country bravely fought,  
 To *Neustrian* Fields the *Coritanians* brought.

The valiant Youth advanc'd their warlike Ranks  
 From noble *Abum's*, and *Darventio's* Banks.  
 Some from *Calcaria* came, from *Danum* some,  
 Some from the Tow'rs of high *Eboracum*.  
*Gotric* a Chief Majestic, Awful, Grave,  
 Wise in the Senate, and in Battle brave;  
 Of unstain'd Honour, and uncommon worth,  
 Brought in these bold *Brigantes* from the North.  
 All Men of Courage and of subti'e Wit,  
 All for the Camp, and some for Counsel fit.

The warlike Squadrons from *Meldunum* came,  
 Almost encompass'd by *Antona's* Stream.



From old *Verlucio*, and the fertile Land.  
Where *Leckham* now, and ancient *Elsam* stand  
*Cosam*, with Plenty blest and temperate Air,  
To me a Soil above all others dear.  
The valiant Youth from *Sorbiodunum* came,  
Of all their Towns the Chief, in Power and Fame.  
Whose gilded Domes and towers amidst the Sky,  
With all but those of great *Augusta* vie.  
Around her Walls lie stretcht the famous Plains,  
Which Ecche with the toil of joyful Swains,  
Where happy Snepherds with more Flocks are blest,  
Than the *Sicilian* Mountains e'er possess,  
Who fill the Air with loud, and sweeter Lays  
Than those which once did fann'd *Arcadia* raise.  
They left the Bourns, and all the fertile Plain  
Where the high Monument do's still remain  
Of *Albin's* Lords by *Saxon* Treach'ry slain.  
An awful Pile wondrous in every part,  
Not wholly wrought by Nature, nor by Art.  
The Stones are all of such prodigious weight,  
And raise their heads to such amazing height,  
Such is the Structure's rude Magnificence,  
And proud Disorder, that it makes pretence  
To be Gigantic work, wherein are shown  
High Rocks on Rocks with careless labour thrown.  
Where now th' admiring Traveller may behold  
What mighty Men *Britannia* bred of Old.  
They left *Cunetio* still a noble Town  
Rais'd on a fair, delightful, spacious Down,



Which over-looks the Vale, whose fruitful Crops  
Out-do the greedy Farmers utmost hopes.

*Vebba* a *Cangian* Chief of great Renown,  
Who by his Arms had sequent Laurels won ;  
A Leader worthy of the high Command,  
Brought to King *Arthur's* Camp this *Cangian* Band.  
These mighty Warriors from the *British* Isle,  
Attended *Arthur* to his Foreign *War*.

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King

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# KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK II.

**S** Trait thrē' the neighb'ring Citys welcom Fame  
 King *Arthur's* Landing did aloud proclaim.  
 The *Neustrian* Youth by *Gullic* Power oppress'd,  
 Reviving Hopes, and wondrous joy exprest.  
 In shouting throngs they left the *Oazy* Coast,  
 And Inland Towns to joyn King *Arthur's* Host.  
 They came from *Juliobana* and the Land  
 Which *Breviodunum's* Castles did Command.  
 From all the Towers and pleasant Towns that stood  
 On the sweet Banks of fam'd *Sequana's* flood.  
*Gomar* and *Rollo* two illustrious Lords  
 Whose Deeds adorn *Neustria's* old Records;  
 Who lov'd their Country and its Freedom sought,  
 To joyn the *Briton* their Battalions brought.  
*Arthur* advanc'd, and all *Neustria's* Fields  
 Shone bright with polish'd Helms and blazing Shields.  
 The Host in warlike Column took the way  
 To the rich Fields where *Remagum* lay.

Mean time the *Gauls* who *Neustria's* Soil possess  
 By *Sardan* entertain'd, and much carest,  
 Did *Arthur's* fame and valiant Army dread,  
 Deserted *Neustria*, and to *Clotar* fled.



With these inglorious *Sardans*, who the fight  
Of Swords and Spears detested, took his Flight.  
*Arthur* did soon the *Gallic* Frontier gain,  
And lay encamp'd ~~near~~ *Lutetia's* Plain.

There stood a Dome whose *Emnacles* did rise  
Above the Clouds, and entered from Skys,  
Surveying proud *Lutetia* far and wide,  
Which aw'd the Nations with Imperial pride.  
Along the flowry Banks the City stood  
Where silver *Sein* rolls down her noble flood.  
The Prince of Darkness from the Temple's head  
View'd *Arthur's* Army o'er the Vally spread.  
Enormous Rage distended every vein,  
And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.  
Sworn with Revenge his blood-mo' Eyes did glare  
Like Ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air !  
He gnash'd his Teeth and his black Brows he beat  
Then thus he spake to give his Anger vent.

How great and wide is my Imperial Sway,  
Whom all the Peers of Hell's dark Realms obey ;  
I over all th' Aerial Powers preside,  
Who raise loud Storms, and on wild Whirlwinds ride.  
These Powers at my Command the World Assail  
With blended Ruin, Thunder, Rain and Hail.  
All the dire Ministers of Death and Hell  
That chain'd in gloomy Prisons howl and yell ;  
All the fierce Furies fly at my Command,  
To spoil a Town, or waste a fruitful Land.



My hollow Caves and Magazines contain  
 Endless variety of Grief and Pain.  
 Where panting Thirst with ghastly Famine dwells,  
 And pois'nous Dumps in raw unwhol'd Cells  
 Engender livid Plagues; where how to moan  
 Sad Grief first learnt, and Ferment how to groan.  
 Here uninstructed Death first learnt her Arts,  
 First strung her Bows, and pointed first her Darts.  
 These all obey me, in my Court beside,  
 Haughty Ambition, Riot Lust and Pride,  
 Revenge and Envy my Domesticks dwell,  
 My fav'rite Plagues, that all the rest excel,  
 And vastly have enlarg'd the power of Hell  
 These always foremost in my Troops appear,  
 And for my following Plagues the passage clear.  
 These make th' Assault, and all my Furies teach  
 To mount the Walls where they have made the Breach:  
 Their mighty Triumphs and Victorious fame  
 Kingdoms laid waste and ruin'd Worlds proclaim.  
 What blest Destruction have th' Invaders spread  
 O'er Christian Realms by me their Monarch led?  
 What States have they attack'd and not prevail'd,  
 Who have escap'd their Arts, if Power has fail'd?  
 And shall this Briton still advance his Arms,  
 And shake my Temples with his proud alarms?  
 Shall he my Priests from my high Altars chase,  
 And dispossess the Franks Victorious Race,  
 Who such a Passion for my Empire show,  
 And are so dear to all the Powers below?



Shall this fair City, this new *Babilon*,  
This other noble *Rome*, this pious Town,  
Where all in prostrate Adoration ly  
Before our Shrines, and for Protection cry,  
Where with such strains of pure Devotion all  
Our Temples fill, and us their Guardians call;  
Shall *Arthur's* invincible Arms this Fort deface  
And thro' her Streets in haughty Triumph pass?  
Shall the proud Christian this fair Region gain?  
Expel my *Franks*, and o'er *Lutetia* reign?  
Shall these sweet Vineyards, this delightful Soil  
With a rich Vintage crown the *Briton's* toil?  
Then I in vain immortal vigor boast,  
My Scepter's gone, and all my Empire lost.  
All will Revolt who now obey my Laws,  
And *Rome* her self desert my righteous Cause.  
Nor Vot'rys here, nor Subjects will below,  
To me, as to their God, or Monarch bow.  
By any means, by Stratagem, or Force,  
I must arrest th' ambitious *Briton's* Course.  
If all Hell's Power thy Empire can sustain,  
*Lutetia*, thou thy Greatness shalt maintain.  
But whether Force or Fraud we shall employ  
In this Conjunction *Arthur* to destroy,  
Must be debated and consider'd well,  
On this I must Consult the Powers of Hell

He said, and strait th' enrag'd Arch-Traytor flies  
To Hell's Abyss, and leaves the Crystal Skys.



As when an Eagle from a Mountain's head  
Surveys the flowry Vale around him spread,  
And sees a Snake along the Meadow play  
Enliven'd with the Spring's reviving Ray ;  
The Eagle stoops down from the Mountain's top,  
And in a moment takes the Viper up :  
The twining Beast his crooked Pounces bear  
Wriggling and hissing swiftly thro' the Air.  
So swift a flight the wing'd Apostate made,  
And in a moment reach'd th' Infernal Shade.  
High on the gloomy Banks of *Lethe's* flood  
The haughty Monarch's awful Palace stood ;  
Built with Angelic Art and cost immense,  
With fearful Pomp, and vast Magnificence.  
The lofty Roof, amazing to behold,  
Was all of burnish'd, ~~fine~~, *Tartarean* Gold,  
Which dismal Glory did around display  
Thro' the Dun Air, and made a hideous Day.  
The high rais'd Pillars were of *Stygian* Jet,  
Of *Doric* Order in high Ranges set.  
The Walls were Marble, streak'd with bloody stains -  
And Azure intermixt with Purple veins.  
Around thick Groves of many Cypress grew,  
O'er which prodigious Bats, and croaking Ravens flew.  
Poppys the Gardens bore, and Hollioaks,  
Henbane, and Nightshade and unwholsom Box.

Hither the summon'd Spirits did resort,  
And with their numbers fill'd their Prince's Court.



Th' Assembly made a murmuring hollow sound,  
Like that of Torrents rolling under ground ;  
But all the busy Spirits, when they saw  
Their Monarch enter, with a silent Awe  
Attentive waited, he ascends his Throne,  
Which high erected o'er the Assembly shone:  
Then with a frowning Look yet haughty Air  
He thus began. High States of Hell, th' Artair  
Which now demands your Counsel, I'll declare.  
*Britannia's* Monarch our Inveterate Foe,  
Who do's such hatred to our Empire show,  
Who has our Temples and our Groves laid waste,  
Destroy'd our Vot'rys and our Shrines defac'd,  
To storm *Lutetia* has the Ocean crost  
And shakes our Altars with his impious Host.  
All means yet us'd his Progress to oppose  
Have fruitless been, the *Briton* greater grows.  
He has eluded all our deep Designs  
And now in Arms before *Lutetia* Shines.  
Against her Towers his Ensigns are display'd,  
And our fierce *Franks* are of his Fame afraid.  
If by the *Briton* this fair City's won,  
*Gallia* farewell, that Realm from Hell is gone.  
There, we no more shall be as Gods ador'd,  
No praise return'd, no more our Aid implor'd.  
No Victims more shall at our Altars dye,  
No Vot'rys more before us prostrate lye.  
No more your Pamper'd Nostriks shall be fed  
With fatty steam from burning Entrails spread.



No more you'll wanton in aspiring flames,  
 Nor revel more in blood of Goats and Rans.  
 In your high Groves you must no longer stay,  
 Nor in sweet Clouds of rising Incense play.  
 If *Gallia's* lost, *Iberia* may be too,  
*Ausonia* next the Conqueror will subdue.  
 If this Success attends an Ambitious Foe,  
 Illustrious Peers, say whither will you go:  
 If to the Frozen or the Burning Zone,  
 To Heats and Colds not much unlike your own.  
 Or shall we always here despairing ly,  
 Freeze on this Ice, or in these Burnings fry?  
 Shall we take up with this Infernal Shade,  
 Content no milder Regions to invade?  
 Did we such wondrous Labour undergo,  
 Such God-like Wit, and God-like Courage show,  
 To win this Province from th' Almighty Foe;  
 And shall we tamely yield the noble Spoil,  
 And just Reward of all our ancient toil  
 Speak, Princes, how shall we *Lutetia* Aid,  
 Whether by Art or Power we shall invade  
 The *British* King; propound the likeliest way  
 To check his Arms, and his swift Progress stay.

He said, and straightway *Belus* rose, outdone  
 In Fierceness, Pride and Insolence by none  
 Of all th' Apostate Spirits, who combin'd  
 To take up Arms against th' Eternal Mind:  
 Who with th' Almighty for Dominion strove  
 Troubling with Civil War the Realms above.



Fir'd with excessive Rage he Silence broke,  
And thus th' attentive Senators bespoke.

Prudent, Considering Spirits may destroy  
Those whom their Arts and subtle Wiles decoy :  
I hate your wise Expedients, I declare  
For generous Arms, and honourable War.  
Tricks amongst Angels must our fame debase,  
And stain the Glory of our Heav'nly Race.  
Our Mould's Divine, of pure E'therial Light,  
We the first Offspring of Eternal Might.  
An unextinguish'd flame dilates our Veins,  
And thro' our Limbs Immortal Vigour reigns.  
Shall such a Race to Shifts and Cunning fly,  
And not on Power, and matchless Strength rely ?  
I scorn a sordid un-Angelic course,  
Unworthy of our Birth, and of our Force.  
In our first Wars what Courage did we show  
Shaking the Throne of our Almighty Foë ?  
'Tis true we fell, but yet the glorious Field  
Do's greater fame than thousand Conquests yield  
Won from Created, Vulgar Enemys ;  
Great was th' Attempt, and bold the Enterprize.  
Success we wanted, but the brave Design  
In Heav'n's and Hell's Records shall ever shine.  
And shall we think our Strength and Courage less,  
And by our Shifts our Impotence confess ?  
That which perhaps may Cautious Spirits damp  
Is this, that drawn out round the *British* Camp



Of the Seraphic Guards a Party stands,  
Which *Michael* our old Enemy Commands.  
We know this *Hallelujah* singing Host,  
Who such Devotion and Religion boast:  
Who look on us, Curses on their Gracious Seet  
As *R* probates, with scorn and proud neglect.  
They would not with our Arms their Forces joyn,  
T' assert our Right, and gain our high Design.  
They would no Succours to our Army send,  
But still their tender Conscience did pretend.  
Yet Conscientious *Michael* and the rest  
Who such abhorrence of our Cause express,  
Beneath the Veil of Sanctity and Zeal  
Falshood, Revenge, Malice and Pride conceal.  
On Heav'n with open Arms they will not fall,  
For this the timorous Saints Rebellion call.  
But oft I've heard their best Arch Angels Ly,  
I know their Fraud, and deep Hypocrisy.  
These Godly Seraphs let our Arms attack,  
And to their Praying Regions chase them back.  
To us their Numbers and their Strength are known,  
We know their Courage, and we know our own.  
Thro' Hells dark Realms let's sound the loud alarm,  
And give Command for all our Youth to Arm.  
Your Ensigns on the Dusky Plains display,  
And draw your Legions out in long Array:  
Legions that Life, and Strength Immortal feel,  
Arm'd all in Adamant and treble Steel.  
Let's empty all our Arsenals, and drain  
Our stores of Death, and Magazines of Pain.



We'll draw out all th' Artillery of Hell,  
Artillery, like that by which we fell.  
We'll ride in flaming Tempests thro' the Air,  
And on the Foe discharge amazing War.  
Blue flames we'll carry from these Sulphurous Caves,  
And live into the Air these boiling Waves.  
With this Tormenting Fire the Foe we'll burn,  
And against Heav'n, will Heav'n's own Vengeance turn!  
Up from their Roots these burning Hills we'll tear,  
And Hell's tremendous Spoils aloft we'll bear,  
And hurl our Racks and Tortures thro' the Air. }  
With Storms of Fire, with Thunder, Rain and Hail,  
Mingled Destruction, we'll their Camp Assail.  
For our great Prince is Monarch of the Air,  
Our Empire still is uncontested there:  
Thus we th' Angelic Guards will soon remove,  
And send them to excuse themselves above.  
When they dismay'd back to their Seats are fled  
We'll o'er the Britons dire Destruction spread.  
Thus we'll *Lutetia* save, and Blood and Spoil  
Shall sooth our Torments, and our Pains beguile.

He said. Then *Rimmon* rose up from his Place;  
Of noble Stature, and Majestic Grace.  
In Eloquence and soft persuasive charms  
He much excell'd, but little car'd for Arms.  
No Seraph of a vaster Genius fell  
From the blest Regions to the Gulph of Hell.



No Lord, that in th' Infernal Council fate  
Sustain'd with greater skill a high debate,  
Or seem'd more fit for Business of the State.  
None spoke with so much Ease, and such Address,  
None Business better knew, or lov'd it less.  
Envolv'd in Luxury, in Sloth and Ease,  
He War declin'd, and pleaded still for Peace.  
No nobler Presence in the Court appear'd,  
None by the Senators was better heard.  
They knew his falsehood, yet th' attentive throng  
Lov'd the soft Music of his charming Tongue.

Who thus begun. Immortal Potentates,  
Illustrious Princes, high Seraphic States !  
To uphold this ancient Monarchy, a Zeal  
Greater than mine no Seraph can reveal.  
None to Obedience more Reluctance show,  
Or greater Hate to our Almighty Foe.  
None more to enlarge our Empire can desire,  
None feel more sensibly this painful Fire.  
Who more delights in a Terrestrial Seat,  
That from our Torment yields a mild retreat?  
Scorcht with corroding flame no Seraph loves  
More to frequent our cool refreshing Groves.  
Who's pleas'd with Incense more and od'rous Gums,  
Or the sweet Steams of burning Hecatombs?  
Therefore no likely means I would neglect  
To save our Altars, and our Priests protect.  
*Arthur* assisted with Celestial Aids  
Our Empire with resistless course invades.



He his bold Cohorts round *Lucretia* powers,  
And threatens with his Arms her lofty Towers.  
A Guard of Seraphs round his Army stands,  
Celestial Sabres flaming in their hands.  
Now valiant *Belus* wondrous Courage shows,  
Offering in Arms t' assault our potent foes.  
I'm not for Arms by long experience taught;  
What have we gain'd by all our Battles fought?  
In Heavenly plains fir'd with a noble rage  
Our Troops did all the Almighty's Host engage.  
Of which brave Deed what Seraph cant Report;  
But when our Strength and all our Arms were spent,  
You all remember *Michael's* dreadful Sword,  
What fiery Darts we felt, what Thunder roard.  
As drunk with wrath divine our Army reel'd,  
And with Celestial Spoils o'erspread the Field.  
Seraph on Seraph heap'd, and Shield on Shield.  
Then did the Chariots which our Troops did chase,  
O'er fain Arch Angels Necks, and growling Cherubs pass!  
Ignoble Rout deform'd th' Etherial Plain,  
When wounded Seraphs first had sense of Pain.  
Close on the Reer th' insulting Conq'rors hung,  
And with the pointed Lightnings which they flung.  
With massy Bolts and Darts of poison'd Steel,  
From which our Limbs did raging Anguish feel,  
Cross the steep Gulph they chas'd us till we fell  
To scape these Torments, down to these of Hell.  
This Fire, these Shades are all our Arms have won,  
The sad Reward that do's our labour crown.



This Language is not to reproach our Flight,  
For who can stand against Eternal Might?  
But to dissuade you from unequal Fight.  
Since first this famous War broke out in Heav'n,  
Since our fierce Troops from those mild seats were driv'n,  
We've oft with all our force the Foe assail'd,  
With wondrous Bravery, yet we ne'er prevail'd;  
But Art has prosper'd, where our Arms have fail'd.  
Yet the Terrestrial World by Art did gain,  
And must by Art our Conquest still maintain.  
Well-laid Temptations and enticing Charms,  
Which propagate our Guilt, are our successful Arms.  
Here lies our Strength, by these we must support  
The Power and Greatness of th' Infernal Court.  
We with our Heav'nly Foes engage in vain,  
For those who know no Guilt, can feel no pain.  
Invulnerable they no hurt receive,  
Nor can they feel deep wounds, like those they give.  
But we can suffer, we can Torment feel,  
From wounds inflicted by their glittering steel.  
Our penetrable Plate and brittle Shield,  
Will to their keen Etherial Weapons yield.  
In these strange Flames by skill divine prepar'd,  
Our Mould grows tender, as our hearts grow hard.  
Such disadvantage justly may persuade,  
No more with force their Armys to invade.  
Let us known Arts and try'd Temptations use,  
That may from Heav'n the Britons Minds seduce.  
If our Enticements take, we gain our Cause,  
For Heav'n from Rebels straight its Aid withdraws.

Then



Then you may Chase the Briton to his Ile,  
And spread *Lutetia's* Fields with Christian Spoil.

Then *Milcom* rose full of Revenge and Scorn  
A ghastly, meagre Fiend with Envy worn,  
His pale, lean Cheeks his restless Mind express'd,  
And Spite and Spite his hollow Eyes possess'd.  
His wrinkled Forehead, fowr and sullen Brow  
Did deadly Hate, and deep Resentment show.  
He Seeds of Strife and sharp Contention sow'd,  
And call'd his Private Quarrel, Publick Gorr.  
With execrable Words and desperate Speech  
Th' Apostate still th' Almighty did impeach.  
No ruin'd Angel so audacious seem'd,  
Or with so black a Tongue his God blasphem'd.  
Ev'n when in Heav'n blest with his Maker's Smile,  
The mocking Spirit would his Lord revile.  
Cast down from Heav'n he rav'd and curs'd the Best  
Who still their Thrones and Innocence possess'd:  
Above the rest he show'd his Discontent,  
And more impatient seem'd of Punishment.  
None yet was found thro' all the Courts of Hell  
So Enterprizing, more Inplacable.  
None of th' Apostate Host would sooner joyn  
To carry on a bold and black Design.

And thus he spoke. Lords of Celestial Race,  
Let not our Fears Seraphic Might disgrace.  
I'll to th' Almighty ne'er be reconcil'd,  
Who er our Thrones our Birthright, us despoil'd;

And



And in Exchange has made Arch-Angels take  
A low black Prison and a fiery Jail.  
I'd be reveng'd for this unrighteous Deed,  
And still attack him tho' I ne'er succeed.  
Whatever, Seraphic Heroes, be your Fate,  
Appear true Patriots of th' Infernal State.  
I would, as generous *Belus* do's propos  
With Arms and Force invade our Godly Foes.  
I would, tho' they our Arms should still defeat,  
The noble War eternally repeat.  
I would alarm, assault, molest, annoy  
And still disturb the Foe, I can't destroy  
For this an endless Pleasure would create,  
And with Revenge sooth our Immortal Hate.  
Why should we fly to Frauds, will Frauds obtain  
A Conquest which by Power we cannot gain?  
Do's not th' Eternal Foe as much excel  
In Wisdom, as in Strength the Peers of Hell?  
Will not his Circumspection undermine  
What you believe a deep and wise Design?  
Some have this true succeeded by their Fraud,  
But I th' Ignoble Way could ne'er applaud.  
Let us, as *Belus* urg'd for Arms declare,  
Our Forces Muster, and denounce the War.  
Our eager Troops will cheerfully obey;  
I'd be reveng'd, and War's the quickest way.  
I long the pious Squadrons to engage----  
More had he said, but wild and mad with Rage  
He to th' Assembly could no longer speak,  
But his Discourse did here abruptly break.



Then *Ammon* rose a Prince of high Renown,  
 Awful in Flames, and haughty tho' undone.  
 On his grave Brow deep Myfterys of State  
 Prudence, Advice, and Contemplation fate.  
 No Minister of all the *Stygian*-Court  
 Declining Empires better could support.  
 The State of Hell's affairs none better knew,  
 None did their Int'rest with more Zeal pursue.  
 Important Looks and solemn Air confest  
 Labour and vast Concern within his Breast.  
 The Fate of Kingdoms seem'd his anxious Care,  
 Ruptures of Peace, and high Designs of War.  
 He seem'd engag'd in searching proper ways  
 To prop old Monarchys, or new ones raise.  
 When he began, all great attention paid,  
 And silent fate and hush, as midnight shade.

Then thus he spake. Spirits of Race divine  
 What *Belus* offer'd, tho' a brave Design,  
 Suits not with *Rimmon's* Judgment, nor with mine.  
 Should we by gen'ral Vote for Arms declare  
 And Heav'n once more invade with open War,  
 If we the Conqu'ror should again incense,  
 What can we hope from arm'd Omnipotence,  
 But greater Wrath, and Torments more intense  
 Can't he fresh Treasures open that contain  
 Yet fiercer Vengeance, more destructive pain.



His secret stores yet deadlier Lightnings yield,  
More massy Bolts his vengeful Arm can wield.  
In his high Arsenals will yet be found  
Much keener Arms, and Darts that deeper wound ;  
Where he preserves his chosen Torments wrought  
With greater Labour, greater Skill and Thought.  
Where Swords of handest Heav'nly Metal-made,  
And Shafts in strongest Fury dipt are laid.  
Cannot th' Almighty Conquerour if he please,  
From Hell's deep Vaults more dreadful Plagues release,  
And with new Racks our Tort'ring pains increase ?  
Can't he these fiery Mountains on us turn,  
Enrage our flames, and make them fiercer burn  
Or may we not in Hills of Ice immur'd,  
Feel sharper Cold, than e'er we yet endur'd ?  
May not his hand bar fast the Gates of Hell,  
Confine us to Despair, and make us dwell  
Close Pris'ners chain'd in these Sulphureous Caves,  
Or overwhelm us with these boiling Waves ;  
That we no more may our sad hours beguile,  
In the soft Air of the Terrestrial Isle  
Nor our fry'd Limbs repose by shady Trees,  
Nor fan our Burnings with a gentle Breeze.  
Our open force must meet this dismal end,  
And these sad Triumphs must our Arms attend.  
But of *Lutetia* why should we despair,  
And of our *Franks* so much renown'd in War ?  
Great *Clotar* do's in Wiles and Arts excel,  
That scarce inferiour are to those of Hell,  
By Force or Fraud the *Briton* he'll repel.



A numerous Army he together draws,  
Resolv'd t' assert ours, and the *Gallis* Cause.  
But grant that high *Lutetia* should submit,  
And the proud Conqu'ror on her Throne should sit.  
Grant all the Towns and Provinces of *Gaul*  
Should yield, and follow great *Lutetia's* fall :  
Must all our other Vetarys Rebel,  
And take up Arms against the Power of Heil ?  
Mankind Obedience-hate, as well as we,  
In Guilt and Temper we so much agree,  
A great Defection from us cannot be.  
*Rome* ever faithful to our Cause appear'd,  
To us by constant Services endear'd.  
Her strong Affection all her Deeds proclaim ;  
Her Aims and Interests are with ours the same.  
Besides, *Iberia* is a faithful Friend,  
And will her Troops to our Assistance lend.  
But what if all th' *European* Realms were gone,  
*Asia* may still her fixt Obedience own.  
There we with Incense may our Nostrils cloy  
And all the pleasures of the East enjoy.  
There we may sport in mild, indulgent Beams,  
And cool our Scres in sweet refreshing Streams.  
There we may wander o'er a flowry Land,  
And see in Spicy Groves our Altars stand.  
Then add to this that our Imperial Sway  
The Black and Tawny Nations all obey ;  
Who lie extended o'er the spacious Soil  
From famous *Memphis* to the head of *Nile*.



From th' *Ethiopian* Region to the Shore  
On which th' *Atlantic* Ocean's Billows rear ;  
And from the Northern to the Southern Moor.  
Besides a Western World is still our own.  
Where *Arthur* and his God are yet unknown.  
This undiscover'd Soil, this Golden Coast  
Serves as a Refuge to receive our Host,  
Were all the Eastern World to *Arthur* lost.  
These are the Reasons which with me prevail,  
Not with our Arms the *Briton* to Assail.  
I would from Hell the Fury discord send,  
That her swift Flight might to *Britannia* bend.  
Since *Arthur's* absent, she may soon embroil  
The wav'ring State, and trouble all the Isle.  
She midst the *Britons* may Dissention sow,  
And into noble flames may quickly blow  
The Seeds of Strife that in their Bosoms glow.  
She'll all the Fuel find she can require  
To feed and entertain her raging fire.  
*Arthur* who chas'd us from the *British* Coast,  
And to pursue us has the Ocean crost,  
Quitting his high Design, must then be gone,  
And leave this Kingdom to Secure his own.  
He said. The Synod gave a loud Applause,  
And with this Counsel pleas'd, their Monarch rose.

Mean time the *Gallic* Monarch took th' alarm,  
And gave Command for all his Men to Arm.  
Resolv'd to stop th' Invading *Briton's* rage,  
And in the Field his Army to engage.



*Lutetia* first the Cry of Arms began,  
Which soon thro' *Clotar's* wide Dominions ran.  
The zealous Leaders did their Troops Collect,  
To form an Host their Kingdom to protect.  
With wondrous speed they did together draw  
Their Squadrons, which did distant Citys awe.  
The Valiant Lords from various Regions came,  
To save their Country, and to raise their Fame.  
The Pagan Priests wild with the dismal Fright,  
With their loud Crys did all to Arms excite ;  
Who for their Altars might their Lives expose,  
And guard their helpless Gods from Christian Foes.  
Thro' every Town the *Franks* in Arms appear'd,  
In every Street the Voice of War was heard.  
Load Clamors, and the Soldiers mingled Crys  
Shook all the Azure Arches of the Skys.  
Some on their Coursers mounted did advance,  
Arm'd with a Shield, a Sword, and glittering Lance,  
Some came on Foot and for their Arms did bear  
A dreadful Halbert, and a Masty Spear.  
They came from every Soil and every Town  
Which did the haughty *Franks* Dominion own.  
Round high *Lutetia's* Walls to stop the Foe  
Their Confluent Troops did in a Deluge flow.  
All were compleatly arm'd, and here my Verse  
The Names of those fam'd Heros shall rehearse,  
Who had in *Clotar's* Army high Command,  
And the great *Briton's* Triumphs did withstand :  
It shall the warlike Nations too relate,  
Who joyn'd their Arms to Guard the *Gallie* State.



*Gaston* for Conduct strength and Martial Flame  
Among the *Franks* acquir'd the greatest Name.  
*Clotar* this mighty Man his General made,  
And next to him, he was by all obey'd.

*Villa* was next in Dignity and Power,  
Prais'd as a Chief, but as a Courtier more.  
A gaudy General glorious to behold,  
Adorn'd with splendid Arms, and smear'd with Gold.

*Arbel* was of his ancient noble Blood,  
Of his Successes, and high Station proud  
Vast was his Bulk, prodigious was his Strength,  
Porous his Spear, and of amazing length.

The *Franks* did next Prince *Ansel* most admire  
Both for his Manly Wit, and Martial Fire.  
Whose Praises *Clotar* did with Envy hear,  
And thought his Name was to the *Gauls* too dear.

Great *Oromel* of Princely Parents born,  
Whose Deeds his Line and Country did adorn,  
Came with his Troops from the high Mountain's side  
Which do's *Iberia* from the *Gaul* divide.

*Bofar*, to Honour by his Valour rais'd,  
Heard his great Deeds by all *Lutetia* prais'd.  
Cruel and Proud, but Vigilant and Brave,  
Who that his Wealth and Honour he might save,  
Aided his Prince his Country to enslave.



*Moloc* was next, a Captain fierce and bold,  
Known for his Thirst of Blood, and Love of Gold.  
This Man was one who with his Sword pursu'd  
The Christians, and his hands in Blood embrued.  
Some he destroy'd with ling'ring Torments, some  
To shun his barb'rous Outrage left their home ;  
And thro' the Woods and Hills did naked roam.

*Olcanor*, fam'd for Wealth and Courage, led  
His valiant Troops from Silver *Liger's* head.

*Ruthen* a Chief, tho' by his Prince esteem'd  
By Christian Franks and Pagans too condemn'd,  
Was a fierce Minister of *Clotar's* Will,  
Employ'd to Burn, to Ravage, Spoil and Kill.

*Miran*, a Prince eager of Martial Fame,  
Sprang from a Vig'rous, but forbidden Flame ;  
*Mantana* was his beauteous Mother's Name.  
He the bold Youth of *Francia's* Island led,  
All Valiant Troops, to Arms and Labour bred.

They left the Land with beauteous Citys stor'd,  
Which once obey'd their *Bellovasian* Lord.  
The bold *Senones* came, whose Castles stood  
Between *Jcauna's* and *Sequana's* Flood.  
The *Catalaunian* who *Matrona* drank,  
And the *Mandubian* from swift *Arar's* Bank.  
They left *Augustodunum*, and the Field  
Which once the *Vadicaasian* Farmer till'd.



The *Lemovician* from *Vergenna's* Stream,  
And the *Velaunian* Youth together came.  
The bold *Burgundian* Leaders from the Banks,  
Of *Alduabis* brought their Warlike *Franks* ;  
Where nobler Vineyards crown the fertile Field,  
Then *Thufcan* Hills, or thine, *Iberia*, yield.  
They left the Towns that thro' the Region lay,  
Which the *Vogefian* Hills around survey.  
They came from *Dola* and the fruitful Land,  
Which *Arborosa's* Towers did then Command.  
And where *Lugdunum's* lofty Castles rise,  
Whose gilded Battlements invade the Skys.  
The *Helvian* and *Rutenian* hardy Troops  
Came from sublime *Gebenna's* airy Tops :  
Both Warlike Nations who did far surpass  
In Martial Glory all the *Gallic* Race.

*Arausio* sent her valiant Troops, a Town  
Which then the *Gauls* did with their Praises crown.  
But since it grew a more illustrious Place  
Rul'd by the mild, *Nassovian* Godlike Race.  
Whose great and glorious Deeds have rais'd her name,  
Above the Citys of the highest fame.  
Great *Huban* from the Coast which with its Waves  
The *Aquitanian* rolling Ocean laves ;  
And from the Towers along *Garumna's* Banks,  
Brought to King *Clotar's* Aid his valiant Ranks :  
Unnumber'd Squadrons fill'd the *Gallic* Host,  
Which left the Citys on the Southern Coast,



Which from *Boiatum* to *Nicea* lay,  
 And various Lords and Leaders did obey:  
 For so far *Clotar* o'er the *Gadlic* Land,  
 Had by his Arms extended his Command.  
 The numerous Nations which the Lands did own,  
 Between *Garumna* and the rapid *Rhone*;  
 Where high *Tolosa* and *Carcassum* stand,  
 And where rich *Tarnis* rolls her Golden Sand.  
 The Youth from *Alba* and *Nemausus* came,  
 Where numerous Martyrs dy'd by Sword and Flame.  
 For tho' with Christians *Gallia* did abound,  
 Yet they were chiefly in the Cities found,  
 Which o'er the fair and fertile Region lay  
 Between *Gebenna* and the Midland Sea.  
 Between the *Alpine* Mountains on the East,  
 And th' *Aquitanian* Ocean on the West  
 These *Clotar* with inexorable Hate  
 Strove to Extirpate from the *Gallic* State.  
 Ruffians, Tormentors, black Assassins sent  
 By his Command all Methods did invent,  
 By which the Pious Race might be destroy'd,  
 And Hell's and *Clotar's* Malice might be cloy'd.  
 The dreadful Marks of Persecuting Rage,  
 Frequent appear'd o'er all this horrid Stage.  
 O'er all the Fields unbury'd Bones were spread,  
 And bloody Torments dy'd their Rivers Red.  
 Here Salvage *Moloc*, and fierce *Ruthen* strove,  
 Whose Cruelty should greatest wonder move,  
 And who should most engage their Monarch's Love.



The various Nations came who did reside  
On *Rhodanus* and swift *Isara's* ride.  
They left the Region near the *Alpine* Snows,  
Where old *Brigantium* stood, and where *Drientia* flows.  
They left the Citys on the Shores that stay  
The rolling Waves of the *Ligustic* Sea.

Such a mighty *Allobrogian* Lord  
Fam'd for his Stature and prodigious Sword,  
The Fierce *Helvetian* Cohorts did Command,  
Which *Clotar's* Cold brought from their Native Land.  
One part the *Urbigenian* Lords obey'd,  
And Till'd the Soil by *Jura's* Pikes survey'd.  
Some did *Bromagus* and the Towns forsake  
Which lay, *Lausanna*, on thy spacious Lake.  
They left the Mountains where the melted Snow  
Do's down the Sides in unform'd Channels flow,  
And when beneath their Confluent Streams combine,  
They form the *Rhone*, the *Danaw*, and the *Rhine*.  
Their Mercenary Citys ever Sold  
Their Youth to kill, and to be kill'd for Gold.  
They Fought for him who best their Country fed,  
And did not Fame and Glory seek, but Bread.  
These Nations all were Vigorous, Strong and Bold,  
Patient of Labour, Hunger, Heat and Cold.  
*Clotar* this Valiant People much Carest,  
And by their Arms the Neighb'ring States Opprest.  
These foremost in his Battles always fought,  
He his Chief Conquests by their Courage got.



These mighty Leaders did for Armour wear  
The Skin of Beasts slain by their fatal Spear.  
Some march'd before their Troops in dreadful Pride,  
Arm'd with a raving Lyon's grisly Hide.  
The Shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread  
With formidable grace, and on their Head  
The Tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,  
And cross their Breasts were lap'd the hideous Paws :  
The Tawny and Savage Beard the Hero's Face  
Did with becoming Martial Horror grace.  
Some did the Wolf, and some the Tyger wear,  
The Spotted Leopard some, and some the Bear  
Some a vast Stag, some a wild Bull adorn;  
With his Curl'd Forehead and his go'ring Horns  
Their Shields with dreadful Figures were embost,  
And Belts of Hyde their Spacious Shoulders Crost.  
The Warriours for Offensive Arms, did bear,  
A massy Sword, and vast enormous Spear,

These were the Warlike Nations, these the Lords,  
Heros, and mighty Chiefs who drew their Swords  
In *Clotar's* Cause, and made the last Effort,  
*Lutetia's* Power and Greatness to support.



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KING ARTHUR.

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BOOK III.

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**M**Ean time the Prince of Darkness flew away,  
To send fierce Discord to the Coasts of Day  
Far on th' Infernal Frontiers near the Shore,  
On which th' insulting Waves of Chaos roar  
The utmost limits of *Tartarean* ground,  
Which Hell's dark Realms from Night and Chaos bound  
There stands a high and craggy Cliff that braves  
The neighb'ring Tempests and tumultuous Waves.  
On this sharp Rock did the dire Fiend remain  
Bound with a vast, unwieldy, brazen chain.  
Whose hideous yelling did the Deep affright,  
And interrupt the Peace of lonesome Night.  
A Thousand horrid Mouths the Monster shew'd,  
And each had twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud.  
Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,  
And from her wounds she drank the flowing Gore.  
With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,  
And from her head pull'd off her Snaky hair.  
The Breath she belch'd out with a fearful sound,  
Made Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around,  
Her glaring, fierce, mis-plac'd, distorted Eyes,  
Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skys,

Their



Their fiery Orbs against each other brnd,  
Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.  
So glows the Furnace which the flowing Mass  
Of liquid Flints, transforms to Crystal Glass  
Round her foul wast a thousand Monsters rag'd,  
A dreadful fight, in endless Strife engag'd.  
Some Serpent like their spotted Volumns roll'd,  
Some a *Cerberian* Offspring grinn'd and howl'd.  
Like Lyons some, like Tygers some appear'd,  
And part their hissing heads like *Hydras* reer'd.  
Part Leopards seem'd, part were of Vulture Kind,  
Part seem'd for pois'nous Basilisks design'd.  
Some were an odious Harry-footed Race,  
Some Dragons Tails joyn'd to a *Gorgon's* face.  
Some blended Forms did compound Horror show,  
Such as from foul unnatural Mixtures flow  
When all the various Beasts of *Lybia* meet  
At some refreshing Spring to cool their heat.  
Where Lyons, Bears, and all the Savage Kind  
A horrid Congress, are in Friendship joyn'd;  
And when the Stream has quench'd their burning Thirst,  
Form dire Conceptions with promiscuous Lust.  
These all each other, and their Parent tear,  
And rend her Bowels with Eternal War.  
Raving and restless on the Rock she turn'd,  
And with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd.  
Her Parent Ignorance close by her stood,  
And from her Breast squeez'd Juice like blackish blood,  
Her hateful Offsprings most delicious food.



A formidable Figure black as night,  
 That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight,  
 Exceeding force, but destitute of fight.  
 A crowd of howling Hellhounds round her staid,  
 All hideous Forms that her Commands obey'd.  
 Contention, Zeal, Inexorable Rage,  
 And Strife that wretched Men in Arms engage.  
 Various Division, Malice, deadly Hate,  
 That rend a Kingdom, and dissolve a State.  
 With these a cur'd Figure did attend  
 Ecclesiastic Wrath, a furious Fiend  
 That did the rest in Cruelty surpass,  
 Deform'd beyond the whole Infernal Race.

Swift as exploded Lightning thro' the Sky,  
 To this wild Rose did Hell's proud Monarch fly.  
 The Fiends, ~~and~~ alighted on the place,  
 Before him bow'd with awkward, horrid Grace.  
 Strait with his hands the brazen Chain he broke,  
 And then the raging Fury thus bespoke.  
 Thou by whose Aid, we founded first our State.  
 Who didst these gloomy Seats of Death create,  
 Of whose great Power all Nature stands afraid,  
 Hither I come to ask thy speedy Aid.  
 The *British* King th' inveterate Foe of Hell,  
 By whose prevailing Arm, the *Saxon* fell,  
 Musters in *Gulic* Fields his *British* Ranks,  
 And threatens Ruin to our Warlike *Franks*.  
 Go haste to *Albion*, and her State embroil,  
 With Heats and Strife and Tumult fill the Isle.



That *Arthu* from *Lutetia* may retire,  
To quench distracted *Albion's* raging Fire.

He said, The Fiend pleas'd with the high design,  
Reply'd, this graceful Enterprize be mine.  
I first in Heav'n did Strife and Uproar move,  
And next with War the Realms of Peace and Love.  
Cast down from Heaven to *Eden's* Walks I came,  
Where *Adam's* Breast receiv'd my powerful Flame.  
From Heaven his yielding Heart I did divide  
Tho' by the Bonds of Love and Interest ty'd.  
Against his God I arm'd the Rebel first,  
And then against himself with Guilt and Lust.  
His Veins inspir'd by me, distracted *Cain*  
Did first with humane blood the ground distain.  
Subjects by me dethron'd their Rightful Lord,  
Scas in their Parents Bowels sheath their Sword.  
Empires whose deep foundations laid in blood,  
Collected in their Strength unshaken stood,  
Viewing their spacious Conquests far and wide,  
And all their Foes Associate Arms defy'd,  
By my Superiour force at last attackt,  
Have fa'n with inward, strong Convulsions rackt  
Nations insulted by their Tyranny,  
Have seen with Joy their Wrongs reveng'd by me.  
The *Roman* vanquish'd Eagles must have fled,  
And left Unconquer'd proud *Judea's* head,  
Had not my Fury and resistless Flames  
Annoy'd the Walls, more than their Batt'ring Rams.



High *Rome* by all the trembling World ador'd,  
Inspir'd by me, plung'd her Victorious Sword  
Within her own full Breasts, and with her Darts  
Wild with Diffraction pierc'd her Childrens Hearts.  
Her mighty Sons in Arms and War renown'd,  
With the rich Spoils of Conquer'd Monarchs crown'd,  
Drunk with my Fury, with each other's blood  
Delug'd the Plains, and swell'd full of blood.  
Ev'n Christians whom their Founder had enjoyn'd,  
To live in Bonds of Peace and Love combin'd;  
Whence both their Strength and Beauty should arise,  
And on them draw the World's admiring Eyes,  
Inspir'd by me against each other rag'd,  
For Empire strove, and in fierce War engag'd.  
I taught them to despise the gentle Dove,  
And into Savage Fury chang'd their Loye.  
They soon deserv'd by Lights deriv'd from me,  
That Kindness, Meekness, low Humility  
Those Gospel Vertues that to Peace inclin'd,  
Enfeebled and debas'd a Noble Mind.  
The Street which sounded with Seraphic Lays,  
With Songs of Heav'nly Love and Sacred Praise,  
Now with the Din of Arms and Trumpets sound,  
And warlike noise shake all the Heav'ns around.  
Their Mitred Captains spring into the Field,  
Lay down the Crosier, and the Fauchion weild.  
Th' outrageous Preachers of a Law of Peace,  
From Strife and fierce Contention never cease.  
The Sacred Prelates now for Arms declare,  
Unfold their Gowns, and shake out horrid War.



The furious Shepherds o'er the Mountains scour,  
 Prevent the Wolves, and their own Flocks devour  
 Their Love extinguish'd by my stronger flame,  
 Their Church a bloody Theater became,  
 Where with a Zeal that gives all Hell delight,  
 Ecclesiastic Gladiators Fight.  
 In bloody Prizes with prodigious rage,  
 The eager Champions the Church engage  
 That Church has found mine, a more fatal Fire  
 Than that wherein her Martyrs did expire.  
 The beauteous Charms and Graces that arose  
 From perfect Health which Unity bestows,  
 Soon wither'd and decay'd, and in their place  
 A sickly Hue deform'd her meagre face.  
 My single hand has nobler Conquests won  
 O'er the vile Sect, than all your Arms have done.  
 In vain you brought your *Scythians* from the North,  
 In vain you led your *Roman* Armies forth.  
 Oppos'd by these the Christians greater grew,  
 And all their Sufferings did their Strength renew.  
 Confederat Earth & Hell could never move  
 This Sect supported by their mutual Love.  
 I broke the strong Enchantment, and infus'd  
 Dissensions which all the binding Cement loos'd.  
 The Bond dissolv'd which did the frame connect,  
 Into a thousand parts was rent the scatter'd Sect  
 Each Fragment strait aspir'd to sovereign rule,  
 And every separate Part would be the whole.  
 They did each other black Apostates deem,  
 But all themselves the Orthodox esteem

With



She said. And strait she mounted in the Air,  
 And all behind her flew her Snaky Hair.  
 Thro' the dark Realms she swiftly wing'd her way,  
 And quickly reach'd the Silver Coasts of Day.  
 To *Morogan's* high Seat she took her flight,  
 Where she arriv'd when blotted Shades and Light,  
 A brown Confusion on Day and Night.  
 When Birds obscene fly from their dark abodes,  
 And prowling Wolves forsake the shady Woods.  
 The Lyon now who in his Den by Day  
 His lazy Limbs extends a slumbering lay,  
 Yawning and stretching from his Covert corners,  
 Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams.  
 His lofty Palace near *Augusta* stood,  
 On the sweet Banks of *Iris* famous Flood,  
 Whither the Peer sov'rn with his Discontent  
 Came, in *Augusta* Faction to foment.  
 Along the Shore his flowing Gardens lay,  
 Which did with smiling looks the Stream survey.  
 Here walk'd proud *Morogan* with Cares oppress'd,  
 Holding his Arms across his anxious Breast.  
 When hither with her Crew the Fury came,  
 Whole poisonous Breath, and the malignant flame  
 That thro' the Air her glaring Eye balls cast,  
 All the delicious Gardens Glory blust.  
 The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,  
 And shrivel'd Fruit drop from the wither'd Boughs.  
 Flowers in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,  
 And round the Trees their scatter'd Beautys lie.



With all th' abstracted Points the Schools could  
 And Notions by th' acuteſt Wit refin'd  
 I entertain'd and had the glowing Flame,  
 Till it arriv'd at force too great to tame  
 Sometimes the Zealots ſhed each others blood,  
 For Points by neither Party underſtood.  
 Fruitfull in Creeds and Councils, *Aſia's* ſoil  
 Is fam'd for fierce Eccleſiaſtic toil.  
 Anti-Neſtorian at Neſtorian rag'd,  
 And *Arrian* War with Anti-*Arrian* wag'd.  
 Their Synods oft adjourn'd into the Field,  
 And thoſe were Hereticks, who firſt did yield.  
 And for the Conqu'ring Faith did ſoon declare,  
 And Creeds were vary'd by the chance of War.  
 In Orthodoxal Pride by turns they reign'd,  
 As they by the Battle loſt or gain'd.  
 Theſe furious Zealots thus the World embroil'd,  
 And with unheard of Rage each other ſpoil'd.  
 So ſoon the Laws of Peace they did decline,  
 Deſpis'd their Maſter's Badge, and put on mine.  
 An idle Notion and an empty Word  
 I ſay'd with Chriſtian Blood the reeking Sword.  
 Thus has the ruin'd World my Power confeſt,  
 And ſo much Zeal have I for Hell expreſt :  
 Nor will I future Services decline,  
 But undertake the Province you enjoyn.  
 Strait to *Britannia* will I make my way,  
 She's Conſcious of my Power, and muſt obey.



Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades,  
 And sudden Autumn all the place invades.  
 So when the Field their flow'ry pomp display,  
 Sooth'd by the King's sweet Breath and cheerin'  
 If *Boreas* then designing envious War,  
 Disperses his swift wing'd Legions in the Air,  
 And then for sure Destruction marches forth,  
 With the Cold Forces of the Snowy  
 The opening Buds and sprouting Herbs, and all  
 The tender First Born of the Spring must fall.  
 The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,  
 And on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gardeners tread.

The Fury strait compress'd the ambient Air  
 Moulded a shape, and did a Dress prepare  
 So just, that disguis'd the crafty Fiend,  
 Proud *Algal* seem'd the Peer's departed Friend.  
 A Mitre did his hoary Temples crown,  
 Pride in his Eyes, and on his Brow a frown.  
 Pondrous with Gold a Scarlet Cope made fast  
 With Silver Clasps, his Reverend Shoulders grac'd.  
 A white hung Robe as white as Snow he wore,  
 And in his hand a Golden Crozier bore.  
 She did a haughty Air and Mien assume,  
 Such as we see in the proud Sons of *Rome*.  
 Gravely she then advanced, and coming near  
 She stood, and thus bespoke the thoughtful Peer.

Let not my coming, *Morgan* affright,  
 The Seats of Bliss and of Immortal Light.

Where



Where d Minds their Golden hours employ  
 In drinking in unutterable joy,  
 By antient Friendship mov'd I now forsake  
 To give that Counsel *Morgan* should take.  
 While all your Injrys tamely you sustain,  
 You tempt th' Oppressor to increase your pain.  
 Wrongs unreveng'd new sufferings will invite,  
 And not asserting it, yield your Right.  
 Prince *Arthur* and for ever may be curst  
 That impious Tongue which call'd him Monarch first  
 The *Britons* and their Merit disregards,  
 And on the *Newstrian* only heaps Rewards.  
 These know his Secrets, and enjoy his Smiles,  
 Pamper'd with Ease, and rich with *Albion's* spoils.  
 The flighted *Briton* at a distance stands,  
 Not to receive his Favours, but Commands.  
 You that advanc'd him to th' Imperial Throne  
 And for his safety did expose your own,  
 Who did till now his tottering Crown Support,  
 For this are banish'd from th' ungrateful Court.  
 Commands and Honours are confer'd on those  
 Who chiefly did his Arms, and yours oppose.  
 The Preits these enjoy, for which you fought,  
 And reap the Fields, which by your Blood were bought.  
 You all are left to tell of Camps and Wars,  
 To show your Wounds, and unrewarded Scars.  
 In vain your Merit in the Scale you lay,  
 Against your Neighbours Gold can Merit weigh?  
 This Court the Man that's useful now rewards,  
 And future Service, not the past regards



This Prince whose Subjects only will prefer,  
Who always please, or necessary are.  
When *Arthur* first the *Saxon* did invade,  
What Forces did you raise to bring him Aid?  
What mighty Deeds were at *Gallena* done,  
What Trophys by your Conqu'ring Sword were won?  
What Strength, what Godlike Courage did you show,  
Passing like Thunder thro' the broken Snow?  
How much that glorious Day was due to you,  
You beat the Foe, whom *Arthur* did pursue?  
For this he envy'd your Heroic Fame,  
And griev'd that yours did Rival *Arthur's* Name.  
For this, from your Commands you are displac'd,  
Strip'd of your Honours, and at Court disgrac'd.  
Excess of Worth is some as a Crime regard,  
And hate the Virtue, which they can't reward.  
The Merit which these does most commend,  
Is on their favour wholly to depend.  
Your Vertues make you to the People dear,  
And whom the People Love, ill Princes fear.  
You once were Valu'd, when besmear'd with blood  
For ever the slaughter'd *Saxons* Conqu'ring rode.  
But now the Statesman does your hopes defeat,  
And reaps the fruits of all your Blood and Sweat.  
Your Merit ceases now the Foe's O'ercome,  
The brave abroad fight for the Wife at home.  
You are but Camp Camellions fed with Air,  
Thin fame is all the bravest Hero's share.  
Yet the good Monarch would no longer give  
This meagre Sustenance on which you live.



His Engins he has wafted o'er the Main  
New Laurels in the *Gallic* Fields to gain.  
But you are left neglected here behind,  
Such Scorn must deeply wound a generous Mind.  
*Solmar* enjoys the Honour which to you  
Is for your Courage and Experience due.  
Your noble Soul this treatment does resent,  
Nor do you spare to give your Passion vent.  
But what will words do? they may prove a Crime  
Dangerous indeed to you, but not to him.  
Resentments till by Sweet Revenge reveal'd,  
Deep in your Breast should wisely be conceal'd.  
Repeated threatening, only wound the Air,  
The Sword alone your Injrys can repair.  
In vain your empty Words your Passion show,  
He should not hear it, till he feel it too.  
Heav'n now has plac'd Revenge within your power;  
Had you a Heart to use the happy Hour.  
While *Arthur's* absent from the *British* Isle  
To seek new Triumphs in a Forreign Soil,  
Some Pious Prelates are enrag'd to see  
Their Prince protect audacious Heresy.  
These in their Zeal to their Restorer cool,  
Why should they serve a Prince they cannot Rule?  
*Adal* and many Noble Leaders more  
Who call'd their Hero from the *Neustrian* Shore;  
Who from the Cliffs th' Ocean oft survey'd,  
And with Impatience dy'd to be delay'd;  
Who, when he came, unheard of Joy exprest,  
And their Deliverer, as they call'd him, blest;

Thousands



Thousands of these grown Wiser wish to be  
From th' Deliv'rance, and Deliverer free.  
Now the warm Passion has its Vigor spent,  
They Cool to Sense, and their rash Choice repent.  
Inlighten'd they, their fatal error own,  
And crush'd beneath too much Redemption groan.  
Power and Promotion were the dazzling Prize,  
The bright Illusion that engag'd their Eyes,  
Which not obtain'd the strong enchantment's broke,  
And now their Reason's free, they find the Yoke,  
The heavy Yoke is not remov'd, the Name  
Is only chang'd, the Thing is still the same.  
Ill blood encreases thro' the murr'ring State,  
And unpromoted Friendship turns to Hate.  
Pernicious Counsellors your Prince misguide,  
And from the People's Int'rest his divide.  
These Sycophants address with Courtly Skill  
Not to his Wants their Counsel, but his Will.  
They hide ungrateful Truth and speak no more  
Than what they knew would please their Prince, before.  
Bright Schemes of Power before him they display,  
And the sweet Charms of Independent Sway,  
Till him Kings then only great appear,  
When Arm'd with Force they move their Subjects fear.  
Princes whose Will pretended Law restrains,  
Are only Royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.  
That he's a King who triumphs free from Law,  
Like the fierce Monarchs which the Desert awe.  
Which uncontroul'd range the wild Mountains o'er,  
And shake the Forest with their dreadful roar.



Whose haughty Ned the trembling Herds obey,  
 And are not Subjects only, but their Prey.  
 To such a Power they teach him to aspire,  
 And such a savage Empire to admire  
 More than *Elysian* Groves, and Spicy Woods,  
 And flowry Gardens stretch along the Floods,  
 Ev'n more than *Eden's* Paradise, if there  
 Does one high Tree above his reach appear,  
 On which does hang the People's Golden Meat  
 Which Right protects, and Law forbids to Eat.  
 To ravish beauties Liberty they first  
 Excite their Monarch, then assist his Lust.  
 By all her Crys unmov'd, and all her Charms  
 They bring her struggling to th' Oppressor's Arms.  
 These are the Tyrant's Pioneers that lay  
 All the high Fences flat, and clear the way,  
 For his destructive Arms to fill with Spoil,  
 And fearful Ruin all their native Soil.  
 These in the *Saxon* Int'rest still abide,  
 And with design the lab'ring State misguide,  
 If Arms you take, no doubt but these will joyn,  
 And with their Squadrons aid the just design.  
 Others by favour rais'd to high Command,  
 Weak and unskilful in the Steerage stand,  
 To guide the Vessel, till 'tis almost lost  
 Midst frequent Rocks, and on a thorny Coast.  
 Indulgent Heav'n of Miracles profuse  
 Religious admiration to produce,  
 Protecting Care has of the *Britons* mov'd,  
 Against their En'mys Wisdom, and their own.



But will you still on Miracles rely?  
You must the means to heal the state apply,  
The Sword's a sharp, but sov'raign Remedy.

She said. And from her odious head she tore  
A chosen Viper swollen with poisonous Core,  
She prest and grip'd him hard, and flash'd him thrice  
Against the ground, to make his fury rise.  
Then with a nimble hand the twining Beast  
She secretly directed to his Breast.  
Which pass'd as swiftly as a *Parthian* Dart,  
Or pointed flame of Lightning to his Heart.  
Where while she fixt her Teeth, into the Wound  
She prest out all th' envenom'd Juices found  
In yellow Cells, wherewith her Jaws abound.  
The secret Plague with which his heart was stung  
Close to his Life in chill Embraces Clung.  
A shivering horror thro' his Vitals struck,  
And every Limb with strong Convulsions shook.  
The cold to heat no less excessive turn'd,  
And with a sudden Fire the *Briton* burn'd.  
All *Etna's* Caves strove in his lab'ring Soul,  
And *Stygian* Tempests in his veins did rowl.  
His panting Heart threw out a boiling tide,  
And circulating flames their winding Channels fry'd.  
Distracting fury all the Man possest,  
And Agonys of rage o'erwhelm'd his Breast.  
Taking long strides sometimes he Slowly stalk'd,  
And then Distracted rather ran, than Walk'd.



Oft stopping on a sudden would he stand  
Striking his Breast, and stamping on the Sand.  
Sometimes his Eyes were fixt upon the Ground,  
Then starting up he wildly star'd around.  
He bit his Lips, and with his Hands did tear  
From his distemper'd Head his curling Hair.  
Death! Heav'ns! 'tis so. Ungrateful Man. Abus'd.  
Were broken Forms of Speech his Passion us'd.  
Then on his mighty Sword he laid his Hand,  
And muttering to himself did threatening stand.  
So when a Bull nodding his brindled Head,  
And softly bellowing traverses the Mead,  
While the warm Sun darts his indulgent Beams,  
And most refines the Earth's exhaling Steams;  
If then he finds th' invading Hornet cling,  
Close to his Flank, and feels the poison'd Sting,  
The wounded Beast enrag'd, and roaring out  
Whisks round his Tail, and flings, and flies about:  
Mad with th' adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,  
He Scares the Herds, and raving scowrs the Plain.

Then her Disguise and Shape of Air dissolv'd  
Which all her Monsters, and dire Lirabs involv'd,  
Strait did the Fiend her *Stygian* Wings display,  
And to *Miraldo's* Palace flew away.  
He, tho' a Prelate was a Male-content,  
Impetuous, hot, revenge'ul, turbulent.  
False to his Vows, to Brils and Strife inclin'd,  
A Mitred Christian with a Pagan Mind.



The Fury pois'd with her unerring Art  
Her flaming Torch, and aim'd it at his Heart.  
Across the Air the Firebrand swiftly flew,  
And lightly pass'd his purple Garments thro'.  
His Breast was strait on Fire, thro' every Vein  
The hot Contagion did resistless reign.  
The haughty Prelate strait outrageous grew,  
And wild and raving round the Palace flew.  
His swelling Eyes did from their Orbit start,  
And Streaks of Fire across th' Apartment dart.  
He gnash'd his angry Teeth, his heaving Breast  
And trembling Joynts the Fiend within confest.  
So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Shower  
Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar.  
The grisly Beast provok'd with every Wound,  
Rages, and casts his threatening Looks around.  
High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,  
And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes.  
He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,  
And brandishes his Fangs invites the War.  
Part of his over boiling Fury spent,  
The Prelate spoke to give his Passion vent.

Does *Arthur* thus my service past requite,  
Despise my Power, and thus my Int'rest flight  
Is he so firm, so fixt upon his Throne,  
That we Supporters once are useless grown,  
Remov'd as Scaffolds now the Building's done ;  
My Power and Strength th' ungrateful King shall know  
And find a Churchman is no vulgar Foe.



That the kind Miser must support the Crown,  
 That Arms are impotent without the Gown.  
 He shall a Churchman's Strength superiour find;  
 He rules the Body only, we the Mind.  
 Against their King my Sons will me obey,  
 My Power's Divine, and do's the Conscience sway.  
 The People of their Error I'll convince,  
 And make it Treason to obey their Prince.

Distracted thus he pass'd the wearing Night,  
 Watching with eager Eyes the springing Light.  
 And when the Morn did her grey Wings display,  
 From whence she gently shook the tender Day.  
 Strait Messengers he thro' *Augusta* sends  
 To call with Speed his most confiding Friends,  
 Who chiefly by his Eloquence was sway'd,  
 And his Advice as Oracles obey'd.

Of the deep Hate to ~~Arthur~~ some declar'd,  
 And for Rebellion had been long prepar'd.  
 These in the Church a Separation made  
 Because King *Arthur* she as Head obey'd.  
 Some whom Promotion only did convert  
 To *Arthur's* Cause, still lov'd his Foes at Heart.  
 By solemn Vow they did the Monarch own,  
 But labour'd hard to undermine his Throne.  
 While *Albion's* famous Church Obedience paid  
 And for the King her great Defender pray'd,  
 These few, for some amongst the best are bad,  
 Ev'n Christ among his twelve one Traitor had,



As open Schifzmaticks or secret Foes,  
Did both the Pious Church and Pious King oppose.

'Tis true in *Arthur's* most auspicious Days,  
The Peaceful Priesthood gain'd Immortal Praise :  
Then noble Lights did in the Church appear,  
And with their Orbs adorn'd her sacred Sphear.  
Whose Pious Lives and Labours made her shine  
With Heav'nly Graces, and with Truth Divine,  
Whose learned Fame advanc'd her to the Skys,  
And on her drew the World's admiring Eyes :

Then *Tylon*, *Olkar*, *Arman*, *Orocon*  
*Britannia's* glorious Luminarys shone.  
Then flourish'd *Caledon* great *Tylon's* Friend  
Who to the Field King *Arthur* did attend.  
Then flourish'd learned *Aula* void of Pride,  
And *Moran* did his Church with Honour guide.  
Then *Patrācan* the Church's Fame increast,  
And charming, sweet-tongued *Fleta Albion* blest.  
These sacred Priests whom *Albion* most rever'd,  
And thousands more to *Arthur's* Cause adher'd.  
Yet some ev'n then were found, who did create  
Disturbance in the Church, as well as State.  
Men of aspiring Thoughts and restless Mind,  
Who Grandeur and Terrestrial Pomp design'd.  
Scepters Immortal, and high Thrones of Bliss  
In the next World they mock'd, they'll reign in this.  
Celestial Crowns did doubtful things appear,  
These would be Mitred Kings, and triumph here.



Religion which their Heav'nly Founder taught,  
 To these seem'd Plain and Naked to a fault.  
 These to encrease her Charms did on her throw  
 Their gawdy Pomp, and Ceremonial Show.  
 Which soon her native Majesty did throw  
 Her Form divine and Heav'nly Lustre cloud.  
 She groan'd beneath her Robe's unweildy Weight,  
 Eclips'd with Splendor, and debas'd with State.  
 Her Godlike Locks at first her Mort'rs saw  
 With Admiration, Love and sacred Awe.  
 These made her lovely Shape to be despois'd  
 Deform'd with Paint, with Ornament disguis'd.

*Botran* to every restless Spirit dear  
 Did at *Miraldo's* Palace first appear.  
 Inexorable Hatred, Pride unmixt -  
 Desperate Revenge, and Malice deeply fixt,  
 With Wrath from every Stain of Love refin'd  
 Reign'd uncontroul'd in his envenom'd Mind.  
 The savage Spoilers of the *Lybian* wild -  
 Compar'd with this fierce Man, are tame and mild.  
 His Parents got him in a sullen Mood,  
 Hell's Furys round th' unshap'd Conception stood,  
 And all their Poisons mixt in one green Flood;  
 Then the dire Medly from the flowing Bowl  
 They pour'd into his Veins, and thence into his Soul.  
 Each with his Torch the heaving Mass inspir'd,  
 And with their keenest Flames the Embryo fir'd.  
 Th' unhappy Parents Womb began to swell,  
 And quicken'd with the Joy and Hopes of Hell.



With mighty Pangs she brought the Monster forth,  
And dy'd to give her odious Offspring Birth.  
Her wretched Bowels with Convulsions rent  
Th' exploded Thunderbolt amidst Mortals sent.  
Teeth from           th did arm his cruel Jaws,  
And Nails his Hands, sharp as a Tyger's Claws,  
Fierce as young Beasts of Prey he us'd to try  
Upon his Nurse his Infant Cruelty.  
Displeas'd with Milk he bit her swelling Breast,  
And suck'd her Blood a more delicious Feast.  
Young Birds and Beasts he strangled with his Hand,  
And o'er their Torments would insulting stand.  
Hell's greatest Masters all their Skill combin'd  
To form and cultivate so fierce a Mind,  
Till their great Work was to Perfection brought,  
A finish'd Monster form'd without a Fault.  
No Flaw of Goodness, no deforming Vein  
Or Streak of Vertue did their Offspring stain.

Then *Orban*, *Sobez*, and *Elbuna* came  
Whole Envy, Malice and ambitious Aim  
With *Botran's* and *Miraldo's* were the same.  
Tho' all a cruel Nature had express'd,  
*Botran* in Rage and Spite surpass'd the rest.  
Th' Assembly fill'd, *Miraldo* Silence broke  
And in these Words his Reverend Friends bespoke.

Prelates you see how *Arthur* do's employ  
His Art and Power our Altars to destroy.



This Prince against us has at last exprest  
The Rancor long conceal'd within his Breast.  
From us our due Protection he withdraws,  
And breaks the Fences of our ancient Law.  
What dreadful Tempests o'er our Heads  
What Desolation may we justly fear,  
Now all th' Entrenchments, and the sacred Mound  
Now the high Pale is levell'd with the Ground,  
Which Christ's Celestial Vine did once surround?  
Wild Boars and Foxes will destroy her Fruit,  
Tear up the Glebe, and gnaw her tender Root.  
Now our Sectarian Foes in numerous Swarms  
Will lay our Churches wast with furious Arms.  
A Rout of raging Monsters will invade  
The Heav'nly Vin'yard, now the Breach is made,  
And all th' Inclosure is so open laid.  
How can our Dignity be now upheld,  
Since our coercive Laws are all repeal'd?  
The Cement gone that held the Structure, all  
The mould'ring Fabrick must decay and fall.  
Stript of its Power who will our Gown revere,  
Who will a Church unarm'd and naked fear?  
Our Empire we no further shall extend,  
Nor what we now possess, shallding defend.  
We never shall unsheath this Monarch's Sword,  
His Arms no Triumphs will to us afford.  
He'll ne'er enrich us with Sectarian Spoil,  
But when we push him forward will recoil.  
If impious Sects the sacred Mitre dare,  
In vain we bid him undertake the War.



He unconcern'd our threat'ning Danger sees,  
 Nor will revenge our Wrongs and Inj'ries.  
 He to the Sects gives universal Ease,  
 And with our Foes has made a separate Peace:  
 Prelates, you see that lowering Clouds appear,  
 Which clearly show our certain Ruin near.  
 If still our Foes must this Indulgence boast,  
 The Church is fall'n, and all her Sons are lost.  
 Speak Prelates, what Expedient can we find  
 Whereby th' impending Storm may be declin'd.  
 Say, how this growing Mischief we shall stop,  
 And how our sinking Empire underprop.

*Barron* elated with Infernal Pride,  
 And urg'd with bitter Rancor thus reply'd.  
*Mirardo*, Reverend Lords, do's truly state  
 Th' important Subject of this great Debate.  
 Tis plain Sectarian Principles obtain,  
 And o'er the poison'd Court and Nation Reign.  
 The Sects are numerous, proud and haughty grown,  
 Find free Admission to the Prince's Throne.  
 Warm'd by the kind Indulgence of the Court,  
 Towing on high the bus' Insects sport.  
 No more they dread the naked Church's Power,  
 But in their Monarch's Favour seem secure.  
 No Law restrains them, all our Hands are ty'd  
 And all Redress is to our Prayers deny'd,  
 And those they fear'd before, they now deride,  
 Crofiers their Hands, their Heads rich Mitres grace,  
 Who were the Offspring of Sectarian Race.



Sectarians o'er the Orthodox preside,  
 Who must the Church by Court-Direction guide.  
 They call them Men of Temper, Gentle, Meek,  
 That Peace pretend, and Moderation seek.  
 The Church by Condescension these betray,  
 And by reforming purge her Strength away.  
 How shall we Health to her pale Cheeks restore,  
 And to her Eyes the Beams they had before?  
 What Sov'raign Drug, what potent Remedy  
 Can we to save a sinking Church apply?  
 Since all our Wrongs and Evils from *Arthur* spring,  
 They're all remov'd, if he was not our King.  
 We guide their Conscience, and can soon provoke  
 Our zealous Friends to break th' Oppressor's Yoke,  
 Let us aloud the Church's Fears declare,  
 And for her sake engage her Sons in War.  
 Better a thousand Kings should quit their Throne,  
 Than such a Church as this should be undone.

Thus these two Prelates did the rest inflame,  
 And dar'd usurp the Church's sacred Name,  
 Tho' she incens'd, the Faction did disclaim.  
 Mean time bold *Morogan* by Hell inspir'd,  
 Came to *Miraldo* and access desir'd.  
 The Prelate introduc'd him to the rest,  
 Who at his coming wondrous Joy express'd.  
 Then did *Miraldo* to the Peer relate  
 At large th' important Matter in debate:  
 And what the fittest means to them appear'd  
 To avert the Church's Ruin which they fear'd.



Entr'ing the Room he straightway silence broke,  
And thus the Reverend Prelates he bespoke.  
The gathering Tempest from Sectarian Vices  
Impending o'er the Church still blacker grows.  
Our Enemys, th' Enclosure open laid,  
With their concerted Force the Church invade  
Father who ne'er were Sons they now create,  
To rule the Sacred Order which they hate.  
Sectarian Swarms indulg'd overspread the Isle,  
Devour the Church, and all the Land defile.  
Nor do I only mourn the Churches Fate,  
I dread th' approaching Ruin of the State.  
Bleeding *Britannia* from her open Veins  
Pours out a Crimson Deluge on the Plains,  
Her Beauty faded, and her Vigor spent,  
She feels her self grown Faint and Impotent.  
What Foreign Soil hears not her dying Moans,  
Bath'd with our Blood, and horrid with our Bones.  
Outlandish Graves our bravest Youth entomb,  
Or else they are swallow'd in the Ocean's Womb.  
Her Wealth profusely spent, her Treasures gone,  
Lost *Albion* is exhausted, spoil'd, undone.  
No bounds are set to our increasing Woes,  
Devour'd by Foreign Friends, and Foreign Foes.  
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, Anguish and Despair,  
With her sad Means she wounds the ambient Air,  
And to her Sons pours out this mournful prayer.  
Ease me, my Sons, of my tormenting Pain,  
Remove my Yoke, and break my ponderous Chain.



Will not my Wounds my Son's Compassion move?  
 Where is their ancient Courage, where their Love?  
*Arthur*, restore my Variant Legions lost  
 O *Scandinavia's*, and the *Cimbrian* Coast.  
 Restore my Noble Youth for my defence,  
 Protect not Foreign Realms at my expence.  
 My wasted Riches and my Ships restore,  
 Enrich not *Neustria's* Towns to make mine poor.  
 Relieve my Wants restore my Ease and Health,  
 And spread not neighb'ring Shores with *British* Weakh  
 Let not proud *Rhenus* and the *Gallie* Sea  
 Exhaust my *Tames*, and all her Treasures drain.  
 Call home my Armys who with fruitless toyl,  
 Pursue Ambitious *Aims* in Foreign Soil.  
 Protect my Commerce, and my Fleets encrease,  
 Make me again the Empress of the Seas.  
 Oh! Let th' insulting Corsairs be suppress,  
 Who in destructive Swarms my Coasts infest.  
 Chase this dire plague from my unguarded Shore,  
 Restore my Fleets, and they will Peace restore.  
 Can we her Sons see with relentless Eyes  
*Britannia's* tears, and haer unmov'd, her crys?  
 Must not these Woes which threaten Church and State  
 Wound all our Souls and anxious care create?  
 How shall our Arts the lowring Storm dispel:  
 What lofty Works can this strong Tide repel  
*Britannia* must not sink, nor can we see  
 The Church o'er-run with monstrous Heresy.  
 We must our Altars with our Arms protect,  
 And guard our State which *Arthur* dos neglect.



Our Desolation from Destructive War  
Moves not his Pity, nor employs his care;  
While Dreams of Foreign Triumphs fill his Brain,  
Domestic Evils unresisted reign.  
If we *Britannia* love, we must apply  
With speed some sharp and Sovereign Remedy.  
By Camps and Battles *Albion's* strength decays,  
The slow Disease upon her Vitals preys.  
The Flux of Blood exhausts her flabby Veins,  
And from the Springs of Life their Vigor drains.  
Her noblest and her purest Spirits gone,  
A windy Vapour swells her Veins alone.  
Campaigns protracted and th' insatiate Womb  
Of everlasting War her Wealth entomb!  
We must debate how best her Wealth to save,  
Princes impoverish first, and then enslave.  
*Adal* and *Baron* to the *Britons* dear,  
Who love their Country, and her ruin fear,  
*Organ* and *Gubal* who have still bewail'd  
Their Country's fate, since *Arthur* first prevail'd,  
These all by me engag'd, prepare to Arm,  
You Church-men must assist and spread th' alarm.  
No doubt some great Sectarians too will joyn,  
Who from their Zeal to *Arthur's* Cause decline,  
Who on their unrewarded Arms reflect,  
Proud of their Worth, impatient of Neglect.  
These with loud murm'ring all *Britania* fill,  
Expose their Prince and boldly thwart his will.  
These tho' they hate us, as we justly them,  
Joyn with us *Arthur's* Conduct to condemn.



These raise Distrust, Suspicion, Jealousy,  
Which for Protection no Resistance fly.  
These Passions soon in open Arms appear,  
To guard against the Dangers, which they fear.  
Thus far we'll call the Vile Sectarian Friend,  
And use his Service to promote our End,  
The Sects shall Aid, King *Arthur* to dethrone,  
Then fall themselves, their chief Supporter gone.

He said, the Faction with a great Applause  
Embrac'd the forward Champion of their Cause.  
In solemn Vows th' ungrateful Rebels joyn  
To execute with speed their black Design.  
He whom with Prayers and Tears they did invite,  
To ease their Sufferings and assert their Right.  
Who touch'd with God-like Pity, soon releas'd  
These wretched Slaves by Pagan Foes oppress'd,  
By whose blest Arms Deliv'rance did appear  
Strange and amazing, as their Dangers were;  
He's by ungrateful Murmurers defam'd,  
By those his Power protects, Oppressor nam'd.  
For now the dreadful Storm is over blown,  
And all the hideous Shapes of Terror gone,  
Now Barb'rous Gods and Barb'rous Kings no more  
Oppress despairing *Albion* as before,  
These Men no more their great Restorer own,  
But would the Prince that sav'd their Church dethrone.  
So when good *Moses* set his *Hebrews* free  
From the strong Jaws of Savage Tyranny,



Working a thousand Miracles to raise  
Their Admiration, and excite their Praise;  
They, rescu'd from the proud Oppressor's Hand,  
And plac'd in Prospect of the promis'd Land,  
Forgot the Wonders in their Favour shown,  
Wonders by their Ingratitude outdone.  
They soon their great Deliverer did despise,  
And mock the Freedom, which with earnest Crys-  
And endless Groans they importun'd the Skys.  
So long with *Egypt's* Leeks and Onions fed  
They soon began to loath their Heav'nly Bread,  
They would again be back to *Egypt* led.  
They to their Chains and Brick-kilns would return,  
And sore the loss of *Egypt's* Bondage mourn.  
Of their Deliv'rance so did these repent,  
And so revive the glorious Instruments.  
They did their great Restorer dare condemn,  
And all the Wonders which he wrought blaspheme.  
Again the Slaves require their scourging Rods,  
Their *Saxon* Masters, and their Pagan Gods.  
Now open War the Rebels did proclaim,  
And with their Slanders wounded *Arthur's* Fame.  
A thousand Falshoods did the Traitors vent,  
T' embroil the Realm and Tumults to foment.  
Their crafty Arts wrought up the People's Rage,  
And in Rebellion did weak Minds engage.  
As when high Winds on the vast Ocean blow,  
The swelling Surges strait tumultuous grow:  
Mad with their Rage they beat with fearful Strokes  
Their batt'ring Heads against th' opposing Rocks.



On some while rushing forward, some recoil,  
 And with wild Uproar all the Deep embroil.  
 Along the Coasts th' outrageous Billows roar,  
 Or dash themselves to fleet upon the Shore.  
 Rebellion, Fury, Insurrection reign  
 O'er the vast Empire of the spacious Main.  
 So did these Agitators loud Alarms  
 Embroil *Britannia* with seditious Arms.  
 The common Clamour was, Religion's gone,  
 The Church is ruin'd, and the State undone:  
 Atheists bewail the Church's wretched Fate,  
 And Beggars fear the Ruin of the State.  
 The Vicious and Frophane their Armour take,  
 Fond of Rebellion for Religion's sake.  
~~Those~~ who derided all her sacred Laws  
 Appear, as Champions of the Church's Cause.  
 Those who on Tyrants lov'd to fawn, and still  
 Enslav'd their Country to their boundless Will.  
 Who did her ancient Laws and Rights betray,  
 Now most complain of arbitrary sway.

Mean time fell out a luckless Incident,  
 Which did Sedition's spreading Flame foment,  
 And favour'd much the Traytors black Intent.

*Augusta's* Fleet equipt with mighty Cost,  
 Each Year the Ocean pass'd to *Asia's* Coast.  
 As oft return'd with Triumph from abroad  
 In *Albion's* Ports her Treasures to unload.  
 Hence *Albion* Empress of the Seas possess'd  
 All the Delights and Riches of the East.

Then



Then in her Towns did wondring Strangers see  
*Arabian* Wealth, and *Tyrian* Luxury.

The Pious King whose Vigilance and Care  
Attended all Concerns of Peace and War,  
Whose Breast felt only this ambitious Aim  
To raise *Britannia's* Glory, Wealth, and Fame,  
Sends out a Warlike Squadron to protect  
His Navy which *Augusta* did expect.

The Squadron well equipt advanc'd to meet  
And guard from Pyrates Rage the *Asian* Fleet.  
With prosperous Gales they pass'd the narrow Tyde  
That do's *Iberia* from the *Moe* divide.

But now the gath'ring Clouds began to rise;  
And lab'ring Winds convey'd them up the Skys.  
A dreadful Storm ensued, Fire, Hail and Rain  
Beat with an unknown Fury on the Main.  
Such Thunder claps, such Winds, such Waves did roar  
As never trembling Sailors heard before.

Experienc'd Captains gray in Danger grown  
Stood now amaz'd and did their Terror own.  
In vain to stop their leaking Ships they try'd,  
In vain the Pump, in vain the Rudder ply'd,  
In vain they cut their Masts, or fur'd their Sails,  
The Sea's resistless, and the Storm prevails.

Some Vessels with inevitable Shocks  
Were dash'd to pieces on the craggy Rocks.  
Some overfet, some founder'd, some the Sand  
Suck'd in, and some were lost upon the Strand.  
*Britannia's* scatter'd Wreck and Warlike Stores  
With endless Spoils o'erspread *Iberia's* Shores.



The Warlike Squadron lost, that should secure  
*Britannia's Asian Fleet* from hostile Power,  
 When thrice *Aurora's* bright dishevel'd Hair  
 Had chas'd the Shades from all th' enlighten'd Air,  
 In with the Foe the wealthy Navy fell,  
 And strove in vain their Fury to repel.  
 For *Lusitania* won with *Gallic Gold*,  
 Their Corsair's Service had to *Clotar* sold,  
*Clotar* did these and many more employ  
 The *British* Coasts and Commerce to annoy.  
 These prosperous Robbers seize the noble Prey,  
 And to their Ports *Britannia's* Spoils convey.

When these ill Tydings to *Augusta* came,  
 The Rebels thro' the Streets the Loss proclaim,  
 And on the pious King reflect the Blame.  
 Their Mouths a thousand black Invektives vent,  
 And with infernal Malice represent  
 Th' indulgent King as one who would betray  
 Their Naval Strength, and wish'd their Trade's Decay:  
 Thus the seditious Flame they did foment,  
 And into Rage blew up the Discontent.  
 As when the Sun to th' Artick Line returns,  
 And with a scorching Ray the Harvest burns,  
 Emptys the Rivers, and the Marshes dries,  
 Chaps the hard Plain, and russet Meadow fries,  
 If in some Town a Fire breaks out by chance,  
 Th' impetuous Flames with lawless Power advance:  
 On ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,  
 Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Crys.



The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,  
And ghastly Desolation Howls behind.  
So soon Sedition reer'd her hissing Head,  
So swiftly did her raging Poison spread.  
Thus did the Fury *Albion's* State embroil,  
And with Distracti<sup>o</sup>n fill th' unquiet Isle.  
So far her Undertaking did succeed ;  
All Hell had joy, and triumph'd in the Deed.  
That done, the Fiend left the sweet Realms of Light,  
And sinking, plung'd her self in *Stygian* Night.

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King



# KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK IV.

**I**n that time *Gravellan* an Illustrious Peer,  
 Who to his Monarch's Int'rest did adhere,  
 For Eloquence, for Wit and Courage fam'd,  
 Was by the Faithful Lords in Council nam'd  
 The Messenger, who should on *Arthur* wait,  
 To represent *Britannia's* troubled State.  
 For 'twixt the noble Person undertook  
 The task enjoin'd, and *Albion's* Coast forsook.  
 With outspread Wings his Vessel cross'd the Main,  
 And the *Neustrasian* Shore did quickly gain;  
 Thence to the Camp impatient of delay  
 He hasten'd, where the Valiant *Briton* lay.  
 Arriving there, thro' the thick Files he went  
 With eager Steps to Pious *Arthur's* Tent.  
 Where he in secret with his Monarch spoke,  
 And to him thus th' unwelcome Message broke.

Since *Jason* was dispatch'd to let you know  
 Your heavy loss, and sad *Britannia's* Woe;  
 When *Ethelina* did her Throne remove,  
 And chang'd Terrestrial Cares for Joys above:  
 A Race of Men who are enrag'd to see  
 Vertue asserted, and *Britannia* free.

Who



Who to their Country with the greatest Harms,  
And envy you the Glory of your Arms :  
Against your Throne and *Albion's* Peace conspire  
And with Seditious Heats the *Britons* are.  
With false Reports and Popular Address,  
They spread th' Infection with too great Success.  
With crafty Language, and enslaving Arts,  
Your Subjects they deceive, and gain their Hearts.  
Some of th' Invidious Malecontents declare  
Against the Burden of a Foreign War.  
Some aggravate the Losses we sustain  
By *Corfairs*, Rocks and Tempests on the Main.  
These would th' Intendants of the Sea displace  
As an unskilful, weak, and heedless Race.  
They cry High Offices are Sold and Bought,  
And Trusts for Men, not Men for Trusts are sought.  
Some cry, the Freedom all the Sects enjoy,  
The Church's strong Foundations will destroy.  
While by the Laws you're to Sectarians kind,  
Her Pillars shake, her Walls are undermin'd.  
Some would your chiefest Ministers remove  
Who serve you best, and most their Country love.  
Into the Field they run in numerous Swarms,  
Pretended Inj'rys to redress with Arms.  
Rival with Rival, Foe with Foe combine,  
Against their Prince divided Int'rests joyn.  
Some are enrag'd to see their Foes enjoy  
The Mannors, Honours, and the high employ,  
Or noble Pension which themselves believ'd  
Due to the mighty Deeds by them Atchiev'd.



Court Candidates with long Attendance fir'd  
Fill'd with Despair, and with Resentment fir'd,  
Neglected Senators, great Peers displac'd,  
Captains cashier'd, and Ministers disgrac'd,  
Rigots, and all the persecuting Kind  
Against your Throne in Friendship are combin'd.  
Then did the noble Lord at large relate  
What Peers and Prelates most disturb'd the State.  
Who did the Insurrection boldly head,  
And who in secret did th' Infection spread,  
And popular Heats which fly Suggestions red.

A while King *Arthur* sitting unresolv'd,  
Th' important Message in his Mind revolv'd.  
He in the greatest Straights could ever find  
Unshaken Courage, and a present Mind.  
If happy or unhappy Tydings came,  
His Godlike Temper ever was the same.  
In Storms of State he was a steady Guide,  
Still ply'd the Helm, and stem'd th' impetuous Tyde:  
No change of Looks his inward Care confess'd,  
And when he suffer'd most, he show'd it least.  
Oft from the lowest Ebb his Waters came  
Back to their Channel with a nobler Stream.  
His sick'ning Orb would oft disturb the Sight  
With faded Glory, and expiring Light:  
But would as often with a sudden Blaze  
Break out, and shine with more illustrious Rays:  
Oft thrust from Heav'n it left its starry Sphere  
Sunk down, and hung below in Cloudy Air,



But the divine Intelligence within  
 Rais'd it as oft, to its high Seat again.  
 Then calmly thus did the great Briton speak ;  
 Soon as returning Day from Heav'n shall break,  
 I'll lead my Squadrons *Clotar* to invade,  
 And if my Arms by Heav'n's propitious Aid,  
 Against the *Gallie* Forces shall succeed,  
 I'll reach *Britannia* with the utmost Speed,  
 To calm those Heats which interrupt her Peace,  
 And find fit Medicines for the sharp Disease.

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night  
 Pour'd from her Golden Urn fresh Streams of Light.  
 That find and clear'd the Air, while down to Hell  
 The shady Dregs precipitated fell.  
 Then with Heroic Eagerness and Haſt  
 King *Arthur* round his Head his Helmet plac'd  
 From whose high Crest a lofty Plume did riſe  
 Pure, as the Milky Stars that grace the Skys.  
 The radiant Steel which arm'd his Back and Breast,  
 Reflected Liſt not to be expreſt.  
 Pure, burniſh'd Gold his Martial Thighs encas'd,  
 And Silver Boots his vigorous Legs embrac'd.  
 His glorious Belt he croſs his Shoulder flung,  
 In which refulgent *Caliburno* hung.  
 With his ſtrong Arm he gras'd his ſpacious Shield,  
 Where a fierce Dragon guarded all the Field.  
 So bright it blaz'd, the Metal when it came  
 Red from the Forge, did ſcarce more fiercely flame.



Then his long Spear he grip'd, which shone from far  
Bright, as if pointed with the Morning Star.  
When first into his Hand King Arthur took  
The ponderous Ash, the trembling Weapon shook,  
As if 'twas conscious what a bloody Lake,  
What vast Destruction 'twas about to make.  
With Martial Poni the Hero then advanc'd,  
And fearful Splendor from his Armour glanc'd.  
A great Pleasure 'twas to view from far  
The utmost Pomp, and Terror too of War.  
As when the Dogs, with their deep Mouths proclaim  
That in the Wood they've rous'd the flying Game,  
The generous Steed erects his list'ning Ears,  
And the loud Noise with brave Impatience hears:  
Thick Clouds of Smoke his working Nostrils blow,  
And Streams of Fire out from his Eye balls flow.  
His eager Looks his inward Heat express,  
And all his quiv'ring Limbs his Joy confess.  
He paws the Vally with an needless Strife,  
Profuse of Force, and prodigal of Life.  
His forward Feet anticipate the Chase,  
And seem to run, ev'n while he keeps his Place.  
Such Life King Arthur shew'd, such generous Rage,  
Urg'd with as great Impatience to engage.

The sprightly Trumpet now with Thrill Alarms,  
The British Troops with noble Fury warms.  
Their Arms so well to Victory known they take,  
And springing forth the tented Camp forsake.



A graceful *Argos* in the Air Looks appears  
 While Lances, Swords and Woods of glancing Spears,  
 Throng'd Helms, Gauntlets and contiguous Shields  
 Diffuse a various Splendor o'er the Fields.  
 The various Glories of their Arms combine,  
 And in one fearful, dazzling Medley join.  
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath  
 Shine with a bright Variety of Death.  
 Helms flash on Helms, Bucklers on Bucklers blaze  
 With glancing Lustre, and recoiling Rays.  
 The Sun starts back to see the Fields display  
 Their Rival Lustre, and Terrestrial Day  
 The raging Steeds shake with their Feet the Ground  
 And with their Neighings all the Heav'ns around.  
 Prodigious Clamour rattles in the Hills,  
 And in loud Echo's all the Valley fills.  
 Thick Clouds of Dust which from the Plains arise  
 O'erspread the Squadrons, and deform the Skys.  
 The valiant Troops draw out in close Array,  
 And on the Hills their awful Port display.  
 The thronging *Franks* amaz'd regard from far  
 Th' Embattled Wings and Iron Face of War.

On the other side of *Esia's* silver Flood  
 The *Gallic* Army in Battalia stood.  
 And only now this interposing Tide  
 Did *Albion's* Youth from the fierce *Frank* divide.  
 Bright, as the radiant Harbinger of Day  
 The splendid *Arthur* shone and led the Way.



His Squadrons yellow'd, and along the Banks  
 The Britons swarm'd, and stretch their Warlike Ranks.  
 Elia amaz'd at this strange sight appears,  
 Believing all her Reeds transform'd to Spears.  
 Th' affrighted Stream with unaccustom'd haste  
 By its arm'd Banks, and Iron Margin past.  
 Amidst the numerous Hosts the River flow'd  
 Like a vast Serpent, gliding thro' a Wood.

The valiant Briton wav'd his flaming Sword,  
 And full of Rage his fiery Courser spur'd;  
 The wound receiv'd by the generous Beast  
 He plung'd amidst the Waves, and with his Breast  
 He all th' opposing Waters did divide,  
 And made his way across th' impetuous Tyde.  
 As when (so Poets feign) a furious Boar  
 Forsaking Heav'n became a Bull for Lore,  
 The Thund'ring Beast with mighty Vigor bore  
 Across the Tyde his Mistress to the Shore.  
 So Arthur's Steed the River's fury braves  
 Carrying a nobler Passion thro' the Waves.  
 Thro' Showers of Arrows all around him flew,  
 And Storms of Darts which Gallie Warriours threw  
 The mighty King advanc'd, and from the Stream  
 Bright as the Morning Sun in Triumph came.  
 With such a Lustre, and with such a Force  
 He rose, prepar'd to run his glorious Course.  
 Had those who liv'd in ancient times descry'd  
 This Warriour rising from the foaming tide,



They would have thought that Mars himself had come,  
 As well as *Venus*, from the Water's Womb.  
 Fir'd with the Example of the intrepid King  
 The Britons, loud with Shouts did onward spring.  
 All to the Banks advanc'd, and with their Swords  
 High lifted up they leap'd to cross the Fords.  
 While thus the Britons boldly pass'd the Tyde,  
 The Gallic Troops rang'd on the other Side  
 Cast Clouds of Darts from near, and from afar,  
 To beat off from the Banks the wading War.  
 A rattling Storm down on the River pour'd,  
 And beat'd down Death descends in feather'd Showers.  
 Some Rocky Fragments hurl against the Foe,  
 Some massy Spears, some glittering Jav'lines throw.  
 While thus they strove in Agg'er to repel,  
 Many great Britons by their Weapons fell.  
 Who mingled with the Waves the flowing Blood,  
 And turn'd the Crystal to a Purple Flood.  
 Coursers, dismounted Riders, Jav'lines, Helms,  
 And massy Shields the swelling Tyde overwhelm.  
 Spears, Arrows, Bows, and Plumes of various Dy  
 Upon the rapid Waters float  
 And Darts their Fury spent, still on the Current fly.

First his impetuous Dart *Olcanor* cast  
 Which thro' *Comara's* shining Buckler past :  
 Then thro' his temper'd Breastplate made its Way,  
 And buried deep within his Bosom lay.  
 From the wide Wound warm crimson Streams of Blood  
 Sprang out, and down the Briton's Armour flow'd :

Backwards



Backwards he fell of Sense and Breath bereft,  
And his hot Steed without a Rider left.  
The generous Courser now without a Guide,  
Did with the spacious Breast the Flood divide.  
And climbing up the Banks with loosen'd Rein  
Flew wild about, and scow'd along the Plains.

Then mighty *Stiffa* threw his massy Spear,  
Which with its Errand pleas'd, sing thro' the Air.  
He aim'd it full at *Goran's* shining Crest,  
But missing him, it struck his Courser's breast.  
A Crimson Torment spouted from the Wound,  
And deeply it stir'd all the Flood around.  
The Steed tho' tortur'd with the goring Spear,  
Would save the Warriour thro' the Water bear.  
He he'd his lab'ring Limbs, stretch every Vein,  
And every Muscle, every new strain.  
His Mouth out-foam'd the Waves, his Eye-balls start'd,  
And working Nostril Death at hand declar'd:  
Then faint with toil and vast expanse of blood,  
He with his Rider sunk beneath the Flood.

Then was at *Belon's* head a ponderous Stone  
By the strong Arm of raging *Bofar* thrown.  
It lighted on the *Briton's* Breast, beneath  
The Paps, and from his Body struck his breath.  
He straightway headlong fell, and *Efia's* Wave  
Involv'd the *Briton* in a liquid Grave.  
Next *Robar* fell of *Berta's* noble Line,  
Too bold the greatest Dangers to decline:



Now an inglorious Spear at random cast,  
 His Naval pierc'd, and thro' his Bowels past.  
 He honour'd by his Birth *Sabrina's* Strea:  
 And by his Death rais'd silver *Elfa's* fame.  
 Here *Dolan* to surmount the rising Banks,  
 Stuck fast his Spurs within his Carver's Flanks;  
 The Steed against the Bank with fury sprung  
 That high above the Water's Margin hung;  
 But fell down backward headlong to the Flood,  
 And lab'ring lay, and choaking in the Mud.  
 Then *Arton*, *Gamal*, and *Ornellan* dy'd,  
 And with their Bodys swell'd the troubled  
 Next *Blunadoc* for Arts and Courage known,  
 And *Holan*, wife *Testador's* Valiant Son,  
 And many more amidst the Waves were slain,  
 Who strove to make the Shore, but strove in vain.

Mean time their Friends had gain'd the adverse Banks,  
 And march'd in Battle rang'd against the *Franks*.  
 Near to the Hills, the *Franks* retreating back,  
 In order drawn, waited the Foe's Attack.  
 Then Valiant *Arthur* to his Britons cry'd,  
 Now, Fellow Soldiers, no remaining Tyde  
 Is left to Guard the Foe; here, Britons, see  
 The way is plain that leads to Victory.  
 He said. And straight he spur'd his fiery Steed,  
 And thunder'd thro' the Plain with eager speed.  
 As when a Falcon from the Airy brow  
 Of some high Hill descrys the Game below,



To tru's the Prey so strong, so swift he flies,  
As if some Engine sent him thro' the Skys.  
So *Arthur* with a noble Ardor past  
To engage the Foe, and the first Spear he cast  
To Death's unwelcome Shades stout *Hago* sent;  
The fatal Weapon thro' his Buckler went,  
Broke thro' his Armour oft in Battle try'd,  
And pass'd his Body thro' from Side to Side.  
At *Corclan* he aim'd his second Spear,  
Which pierc'd his Head entering above the Ear!  
He fell, and groaning in his flowing Gore  
Fetch'd one deep Groan, and after fetch'd no more.

Then from amidst the Files *Grimaldo* sprung,  
Nobly descended, vigorous, bold and young:  
With all his Might his fatal Spear he threw,  
Which from the Briton's Shield in pieces flew,  
The Monarch all enrag'd with mighty Force  
His Javelin cast, which with impetuous Course  
Into his Breast past thro' his massy Shield;  
Faint with the fatal Wound a while he reel'd,  
Then down he fell, and stretch'd upon the Ground  
Which with his ringing Armour did resound.  
Then *Boson* stept out from the foremost Ranks  
A noble Youth born on *Axona's* Banks;  
He rais'd his spacious Buckler in the Air  
And stooping down guarded his Head with Care.  
The Briton saw him, and a javelin sent  
Which might all farther Care of Life prevent:



But *Boson* scap'd, tho' with a ready D'ead  
He heard the erring Death sing o'er his Head.  
*Conrade* who next did to the Charge advance  
Could not escape with such a prosperous Chance.  
An Ashen Spear the *British* Monarch sent  
Which c'ld its deadly Message swiftly went.  
The furious Weapon did with Ease divide  
His Buckler's temper'd Plate and treble Hide.  
Then deep within his wounded Breast it sunk,  
And at their purple-Spring his Vitals drunk  
Strait on the Ground he fell no more to  
And everlasting Sleep o'erwhelm'd his Eyes.

Then did *Amintor* and great *Turpin* feet  
Deep in their wounded Veins the Briton's Steet.  
Next *Robin* and *Amañsa* near all to  
By the same mighty Arm together dy'd:  
These did when living to each other show  
The highest Strains of mutual Love, and now  
When dying both their Friendly Streams of Blood  
Were joyn'd, and mixt in warm Embraces flow'd.  
Then *Villa* much admir'd for beauteous Charms,  
And not less famous for his splendid Arms,  
Who with applauded Brav'ry always fought,  
Up to the Charge his fierce Battalions brought.  
Then did the valiant *Frank* his Javelin throw  
Aiming at *Arthur's* Breast a furious Blow  
Thro' the soft Bosom of the Air it went,  
And in the Briton's Shield its Fury spent.



The King enrag'd strait cast a glittering Dai  
Which thro' his Shield and Breast transfixt his Heart  
The noble *Frank* in strong Convulsions lay,  
Wallowing in Gore, and Gasping Life away  
His swimming Eyes grew dim, and suddain Night  
Her sable Curtain drew before his Sight.

And now the *Franks* with vengeful Fury warm'd,  
In numerous Throngs about the Monarch swarm'd—  
Bright Showers of Darts did on his Buckler ring,  
And bearded Arrows all around him sing.  
*Arthur* enrag'd, resolv'd to force the Foe,  
To break their Ranks; and cut his Passage thro'.  
He now no longer missive Weapons threw,  
But from his Side broad Caliburno drew.  
Above his Head he wav'd the glorious Blade,  
Which dreadful Flashes thro' the Air-convey'd.  
And then advancing with a mighty stride,  
Did force his Passage, and the Files divide:  
As when a River is oblig'd to stay,  
Oppes'd by some new Mound that dams its Way  
Th' obstructed Tyde swoln with its Fury stands,  
And to its Aid calls all its warry Bands.  
Recruited thus the River leans, and heaves,  
And moves against the Bank with all its Waves:  
Which having broken, with resistless Force  
It roars along, and runs with swifter Course.  
So *Arthur's* Rage resisted higher rose,  
And scatt'ring all who did his Arms oppose  
He thro' their Ranks with double Fury flew,  
And their *Brigades* with greater Havock flew,



Such was the Conq'rou's rapid course, that Fate  
 Could scarce attend, and almost came too late.  
 While Victory almost spent, and out of wind  
 Flew heavily along, and panting lag'd behind.  
*Ansegius* when he saw the Monarch nigh,  
 Shaking with Pannic Fear began to fly.  
 The *British* King pursu'd him o'er the Sand,  
 His mighty Sword uplifted in his Hand.  
 The flying *Frank* finding his Vigor spent,  
 And that his Flight could not his Fate prevent,  
 Turn'd back, and trembling on the Ground he basel'd,  
 And threw upon the Sand his Sword and Shield.  
 Then while his Hands he spread out in the Air,  
 And did his Words to beg his Life prepare,  
 His Head flew mut'ring from his fever'd Neck,  
 And in the Dust seem'd eager still to speak.  
 So when the timerous Game from far descrys  
 Th' invading Falcon stooping from the Skys,  
 Upon the Prey so swift is his Descent,  
 It do's its Crys and almost Fears prevent.

Then *Huban* glorying in his noble Blood,  
 Boldly the conqu'ring *Briton's* Course withstood.  
 But straight the Warriour on his Crest did feel  
 The Weight and Force of *Arthur's* massy Steel;  
 With the vast Blow of the broad Fauchion stun'd  
 The *Frank* fell down, and prest the trembling Ground.  
*Arthur* advanc'd and thus the *Frank* bespoke  
 Before his Arm discharg'd a second Stroke.



*Huban*, what *Widows* *Plaints*, what *woful* *Crys*  
Of *Orphans* made by thee, have fill'd the *Skys*?  
Thou unprovok'd, with *Fire* and *Sword* hast past  
Thro' *Peaceful* *States*, and laid rich *Countrys* wast.  
What *perilous* *Towns* and *Citys* hast thou turn'd,  
What *Towers* and *Domes* to *heaps* of *Rubbish* turn'd  
How has thy *Sword* thy *Neighbours* round alarm'd,  
And slain their *Youth* when naked and unarmed?  
This *Cruelty* thy *bloody* hand has shown  
To please *King* *Clair's* *Fury*, and thy own.  
I'll now extinguish thy *unnatural* *Thirst*  
Of *human* *Blood*; That said, the *Monarch* thrust  
Deep in his *panting* *Breast* his *mighty* *Sword*,  
And left upon the *Ground* th' *extended* *Lord*.

Then *Obal*, *Rodan*, and *Gutaro* fell,  
And *Oromen* who did in *Arts* excel.  
*Ocar* and *Nisan* lay in *Dust* and *Gore*,  
And great *Alcador*, and vast numbers more  
Whose *Vulgar* *Names* appear in no *Record*,  
Dy'd by the *mighty* *Briton's* *Conquering* *Sword*.  
As when a *Craggy* *Rock*, that did appear  
Still falling while suspended in the *Air*,  
By *washing* *Showers* and frequent *Tempests* worn,  
Or by some *inward* *strong* *Convulsion* torn,  
Breaks off, and falling from the *Mountain's* top,  
Rolls down the *Wood* beneath without a stop;  
It overturns the *Forest* in its way,  
Nor can the *strongest* *Oaks* its *Progress* stay.



Elms rooted up and broken Pines around,  
(Amazing Desolation) spread the ground.  
The British King advanc'd with his a force;  
And no less Spoils adorn'd his rapid course.

Mean time King *Clotar* who in Armour shone  
Of polish'd Plate, led his Battalions on.  
Around his Head his crested Helm was lac'd,  
And on his Arm his blazing Target brae'd;  
Which o'er the Field, amazing to behold,  
Shone like a glowing Orb of melted Gold.  
Fir'd with excessive Rage he did advance,  
And shock'd from far his formidable Lance.  
Then mounted in his high Resplendent Car,  
He plung'd with loosn'd Reins amidst the War.  
Brave *Gisan* first did in his Bosom feel  
The deadly force of his projected Steel  
Down to the ground the wounded Warriour came,  
And by his fall advanc'd the Conq'rou's fame.  
Another Spear at *Roderic* he threw,  
Which thro' his Shield, his Head, and Helmet flew.  
The noble Briton stretcht upon the ground  
And felt departing Life ebb from his Wound  
He gather'd up his quiv'ring knees, and strait  
He stretcht them out, and yielded to his fate.

Bold *Gotric* next did in the Front appear,  
Resolv'd to stand the mark of *Clotar's* Spear  
With mighty Vigor he his Weapon cast,  
It flew, and hiss'd with fury as it past.



It struck the Shield, but 'twas unhappy chance  
Did from the brazen Brim obliquely glance.  
But that his Message might not be in vain,  
By its refracted Stroke ~~was~~ *Ruthen* slain,  
And lay extended on the dusty Plain.  
~~Where~~ *Clotar* stood *Ruthen* was always near,  
No Courtier more was to his Master dear.  
With him the Monarch did the Secrets trust  
Both of his Cruelty, and of his Lust.  
The noblest *Franks* did by his Ponyard bleed,  
Whose Doom by *Clotar* had been first decreed.  
Or he the poison'd Bowl bore in his hand,  
For bloodless Death his Master did command.  
The fairest Women to his Bed he brought,  
By Force, or Fraud, or by his Silver bought.  
By *Ruthen's* fall King *Clotar* all enrag'd,  
His utmost strength in deep Revenge engag'd.  
With his extended Arm his Dart he cast,  
Which as a Bolt of Thunder swiftly past.  
On *Gotric's* Shield theissing Vengeance fell,  
Nor could the temper'd Steel its force repel.  
Thro' Plates and Plys and Hides it's way it made,  
And in his brawny Thigh the Weapon staid.  
The Bearded Plague stuck in his wounded Veins,  
And rack'd the Hero with tormenting Pains.  
Down on his Knees he fell as in a Trance,  
The haughty Victor fiercely did advance  
To strike his head off, when brave *Cutar* broke  
Thro' the thick Files, to ward the furious Stroke :



He took the Monarch's blow up his Shield,  
A sudden shout rung thro' the applauding Field.

Then Cutar, Clotar's progress to arrest,  
Discharg'd a noble Blow against his Crest:  
The Frank receiv'd it on his temper'd Shield,  
But stagger'd with the Stroke, and backward reel'd.  
Mean time brave Gotric had new Spirits gain'd,  
Reviving from his Swoon, and then sustain'd  
Both by his faithful Friends and faithful Spear  
Retir'd in Pain, and halted to the Rear.  
Gibbonius thro' all Britain's fire admir'd  
As one with *Æsculapian* Skill inspir'd,  
Prescrib'd a nobler Balm to heal the Wound  
Then that the famous *Locatell* found.  
King Clotar soon recover'd, and for Fight  
Collected all his Rage, and all his Might.  
As when a Lyon roaming o'er the Plains  
Is stop'd by Huntsmen, and surrounding Swains,  
If wounded once by some adventurous Spear,  
He sees his blood upon the Ground appear,  
Straight double fury gathers in his Eyes,  
And on the Foe with double force he flies.  
So with a fiercer Fire the Monarch burn'd,  
And to the War with greater Rage return'd.  
Then with his mighty Spear he did Assail  
His valiant Foe; nor Shield, nor Coat of Mail  
Nor harden'd Cuirass could its fury stay,  
Till glancing on the Ribs it flew away.



The *Briton* felt the Wound within his Side,  
 And all his Limbs the streaming Purple dy'd.  
 The noble Leader rag'd at this Defeat,  
 But Loss of Blood oblig'd him to retreat.

Next valiant *Toran* did the *Frank* engage;  
 Fam'd for his Arms and splendid Equipage:  
 He from the flow'ry Banks of *Isis* came,  
 E'er in *Galic* Fields heroic Fame.  
 But in those Fields the Combatant was slain  
 Unable *Clotar's* Fury to sustain.  
 Then Valiant *Malgo* shook his ponderous Lance,  
 And bad his bold *Dimetian* Troops advance.  
 He bravely march'd the foremost of the Band,  
 And charging boldly made a noble Stand.  
 As when the Rocky Fragments standing up  
 In a rude Channel oft the Terrent stop  
 Which during Summer from dissolving Snows  
 Down the rough Sides of some high Mountain flows.  
 Obstructed thus the foaming Deluge raves  
 And roars against the Rocks with all its Waves.  
 So did the *Briton's* *Clotar's* Course oppose,  
 And in his boiling Veins like Fury rose.  
 With high Applause great *Malgo* kept his Ground,  
 Till feeling in his Head a painful Wound  
 Inflicted by a Dart which *Clotar* cast,  
 His Friends compell'd him to retire at last.

Then did the *Frank* with Sword in Hand invade  
 The *British* Ranks, and vast Destruction made.



Now grisly Death with *Crimson* Charlands crown'd,  
 In horrid Triumph reign'd, ~~where~~ all the Ground  
 With Helmets, Shields and broken Spears was spread,  
 With ghastly Spoils, and slaughter'd Heaps of Dead.  
 When famous *Shobar* with his watchful Eye  
 Perceiv'd the *British* Troops begin to ply,  
 Highly enrag'd, he call'd aloud to those  
 Who did his own select Brigade compose,  
 See, where your Countrymen begin to yield,  
 And fearing *Clotar's* Arms forsake the Field.  
 Let us advance our Ensigns, to sustain  
 Our stagg'ring Friends, till they their Ground regain:  
 With this Applause the *Briens* all adorn  
 No rallying Troops so oft to Fight return.  
 Did now that youthful Vigor warm my Veins  
 Which once I felt in *Lusitanian* Plains;  
 Could I with such a Force the Frachion weild,  
 As when I flew *Gelan*son in the Field,  
 When *Romolar* who flew to his Relief,  
 Fell by the Side of that expiring Chief,  
 While *Rhenus* was amaz'd to see its Flood  
 As once *Egyptian* Rivers turn'd to Blood;  
 I would not doubt King *Clotar* to subdue;  
 Whose conq'ring Arms our yielding Friends pursue.  
 But since his Sword such Numbers have destroy'd,  
 And *Arthur's* Arms we see elsewhere employ'd,  
 I'll stay no longer a Spectator here,  
 But with King *Clotar* will exchange a Spear.  
 Old as I am I will my Fortune try  
 In *Arthur's* Cause I'm not displeas'd to dy.



Between the rising Field on her Hand  
Where *Shobar* and King *Uther* command,  
A shady Ticker rose, near which the Way  
That led between the *Franks* and *Britons*, lay.  
*Moloch* who often had with Joy embu'd  
His reeking Hands in slaughter'd Christians Blood.  
Who thro' their Towns with Hellish Fury past,  
And laid with Fire and Sword their Dwellings wast,  
Chose fifty *Gauls* of equal Strength and Rage,  
Who did themselves in dreadful Oaths engage,  
Ne'er Children Wives or Lands to see again,  
Till they had first the mighty *Shobar* slain.  
And when they saw where his stout Squadron staid  
They to this Thicket straight themselves convey'd :  
That if his Squadron should advance this Way  
They with united Arms might *Shobar* slay.  
Now as the Warriour near the Thicket past  
Marching to aid his Friends with eager Hast,  
The *Gallic* Foes did from their Arabic Spring,  
And all at once their furious Javelins fling.  
Then with loud Clamour they did onward rush,  
And with unequal Force the Hero crush,  
While *Shobar* rais'd his Shield and stood inclin'd,  
Th' Ignoble Foe *Morander* came behind,  
And pierc'd between his Armour Skirts his Reins,  
And left the javelin in his bleeding Veins.  
Great *Shobar* wounded with th' inglorious Thrust,  
Fell down, and lay besmear'd with Gore and Dust.



A while he lay convuls'd upon the Ground  
 While his warm Life gush'd from the treacherous Wound.  
 His warlike Soul flew up to take its Post,  
 Midst the Fright Squadrons of the heav'nly Host.  
 Yet this great Life he did not cheaply sell,  
 For with his fatal Arms before he fell  
 He Dorlas, Tamaz and Obessan slew,  
 Cruis'd Bodan's Head and pierc'd Tibaldo thro.  
 Nor did his Squadron stand Spectators by  
 As unconcern'd to see great Shobar dy.  
 For valiant Calmot when he saw the Chief  
 Opprest with Numbers flew to his Relief.  
 Calmot to pious Cloris was ally'd,  
 In Blood and Vertue both, and now he dy'd  
 Striving insulting Oras Blow toward,  
 And from the furious Crowd the Chief to guard.

Alubar next for Arts and Valour known  
 Strove Shobar's Life to save, but lost his own.  
 Next thro' the Files noble Gravellan broke,  
 But came too late to save the fatal Stroke.  
 But on the Field he left Moranson dead,  
 And with his Fauchion struck off Moloc's Head.  
 Thus Shobar fell unable to withstand  
 The suddain Charge of such a desp'rate Band.  
 The Britons rav'd to see him lying slain  
 By ignominious Arms upon the Plain.  
 And to revenge so great a Captain's Fall,  
 With utmost Rage they charg'd the treach'rous Gaul



Th' amaz'd Conspirators the Fight forsook,  
And their swift Flight back to Thicket took.  
*Gravellan* close pursu'd with Sword in Hand,  
And such a Slaughter made that of the Band  
Which made the treacherous Onset, only two  
*Sann* and *Arpa* from their Fury flew.  
Great *Shubar*'s Fall reveng'd, the valiant Chief  
March'd with his Troops to give his friends Relief.  
Who prest too hard by *Clotar*'s Arms retir'd,  
And whom his Presence with fresh Life inspir'd.  
When *Solmar* likewise saw those Troops dismay'd  
He brought the *Ordovicians* to their Aid.  
Thus reinforc'd the rallying *Britons* turn'd  
With a new Flame, and to the Fight return'd.

And now the *Franks* and *Britons* high enrag'd,  
Were close thro' all the bloody Field engag'd.  
Now Files on Files, Cohorts on Cohorts rush,  
Steeds Steeds o'erturn, Spearmen at Spearmen push.  
Shielding on Shields, Factions with Factions clash,  
And Flames from clattering Arms, like Lightning, flash.  
Thick Clouds of Dust obscure th' astonish'd Skys,  
And on the Field ghastly Destruction lyes.  
Buckler lay neap'd on Buckler, Dead on Dead,  
And sever'd Limbs and Heads the Ground o'erspread.  
Loud Shouts, prodigious Clamour, warlike Sound  
From Hill to Hill, from Spear to Spear rebound.  
The Neighings of the Coursers, and the Noise  
Of batt'ring Arms, and raging Captains Voice,



Insulting Threats of Conq'ours, and the Prayer  
Of vanquish'd Warriours, 'till the ecchoing Air.  
As when an Earthquake shakes the heav'n'd Soil,  
And rocking Mountains of *Sicilia's* Isle.  
Th' imprison'd Tempests bellowing in the Caves  
Raise on the heaving Fields amazing Waves.  
The Sea no more restrain'd by ancient Shores,  
In new unfashion'd Channels foams, and roars  
The Ships, prodigious Sight! o'er Citys ride,  
And sail amidst the Land without a Guide.  
They leave the Harbour, and the Oazy Shore  
To visit Forrests where they grew before.  
The gaping Earth with her horrid jaws  
Hills with their Woods and sinking Groves draws.  
Nature's disjoynted with the noisy Snock,  
Mountain on Mountain falls, and Rock on Rock.  
United Clamours and distracting Crys,  
Fill all the Land, the Ocean, and the Skys.  
So do's the Noise of Arms the Region scare,  
Shaking the Ground, and rending all the Air.

*Gaston* mean time did their left Wing invade,  
And thro' the *British* Files great Slaughter made.  
He march'd along the Plain with Martial Grace,  
Mighty of Bulk, and of Gigantic Race.  
A while as Conq'rour he maintain'd the Field,  
And to his Force the *Britons* long did yield.  
Till aided by a fresh and strong Recruit  
They rally'd, and reviv'd the hot Dispute.



The Britons with their Troops encompass'd round  
Gastor advanc'd too far on hostile ground,  
Archers their Arrows on the Champion spend,  
And clouds of Spears the shouting Spearmen-tend.  
Yet bravely still the Frank his ground maintain'd,  
And on his ample Shield the War sustain'd  
So when arm'd Swains on the fam'd banks of Nile  
Bent a fierce, Voracious Crocodile,  
In vain their Darts, in vain their Spears assail  
His scaly Sides, and native Coat of Mail.  
On his hard Back they pour a fruitless War,  
Which strait recoyls, but can't imprint a Scar.  
So did the temper'd Steel unpierc'd repel  
The Weapons which on Gastor's Buckler fell,  
Like an Egyptian Obelisk he stood,  
Or as a lofty brazen Pillar shoud.  
Which grateful Citys out of high respect,  
To Princes victorious-Chiefs erect.  
Thus stood the mighty Champion and defy'd  
The various Deaths which flew on every side.  
With proud Disdain he travers'd all the Ground  
Then stood, and cast his Haughty Eyes around.  
Aloud he cry'd, what have you not a Knight  
In Battle bold, and brave enough in Fight  
To come out hither and his fame advance,  
By being slain by Gastor's Conquering Lance.  
Then let him come, let him his Valour try,  
And chuse the way by which he'd rather dy.  
Will none step forth his name to Eternize,  
For that he gains, who by this Weapon dys.

While



While *Gaston* than the *British* Knights defy'd,  
And stalk'd around the Field in all his Pride.  
The *British* Monarch he defy'd from far  
Advancing into the Files to seek the War.  
Then cry'd the *Frank*, yonder his Arms I see  
On which depend your hopes of Victory.  
He will not dare decline the glorious Fight,  
Nor seek his Safety by a nameful flight.  
By this time flying on with eager haste  
*Arthur* advanced within a Javlin's cast,  
Then thus he Cry'd, *Gaston* a Foe appear  
Not us'd to Idle words, but active Spears.  
Then from his Arm his mighty Spear he cast,  
Exploded Light'ning scarcely flies so fast.  
Which the strong *Her*'s sevenfold Buckler struck,  
It past Six folds, but in the last is stuck.  
Then *Gaston* with enormous fury burn'd,  
And his Vast Spear with mighty force return  
When to discharge the Weapon he prepar'd,  
He all his brawny Sinews strain'd so hard,  
Such strength employ'd to give a mortal Stroke,  
That as he threw, Fire from his Eyeballs broke.  
*Arthur* who ne'er had felt the power of Fear  
Receiv'd within his Shield the massy Spear.  
Within the outmost folds the Point stuck fast,  
And not the middle of its thickness past.  
A shivering Dread thro' both the Armys went  
On either side they fear'd the vast event.  
Now from their Shields the Spears the *Heros* drew,  
The next the *British* King with Vigor threw.



It pass'd his Shield, and passing did divide  
 The treble Plate, and fourfold Bul'ock's Hide,  
 Then pierc'd his Belly with a dreadful Wound,  
 Which tore his Flesh, then clos'd his Bowels round.  
 The *Frank* no longer could in Combate stand,  
 But threw his Spear and Buckler on the Sand,  
 And held his reeking Entrails in his Hand.  
 On from the Field the wounded Chief did fly  
 And fill'd the Region with a dismal Cry.  
 So when a bold *Rhinoceros* in Fight  
 With a strong *Elephant* compares his Fight  
 The noble Combate all the Forest fills,  
 And Terror strikes thro' all the eccho Hills.  
 This with his Trunk invades, and every Blow  
 Rings on the scaly Armour of the Foe  
 Who with his Horn do's on the Assailant rush,  
 And makes a furious but a fruitless push.  
 The Warriour long a doubtful Fight maintain,  
 And send a thousand noble Strokes in vain.  
 Till the *Rhinoceros* do's gore by chance  
 The Foe's soft Belly with his Horny Lance.  
 Then do's the Monster roaring tort'ring Pain,  
 And flying drags his Entrails o'er the Plain.

Mean time King *Clotaris* with his massy Spear  
 His Passage to the Quarter strove to clear,  
 Where the *Brigantia* King victorious stood,  
 And murthering *Caliburno* reek'd in Blood.  
 But as the raging Monarch swiftly past  
 High in the Chariot, valiant *Maca* cast



His furious Spear, which cut the liquid Air  
Attended with the pious Warriour's Prayer.  
Who cry'd, Good Heav'ns, the Weapon's Flight assist  
And let not Clotar's Shield its Force resist ;  
Pierc'd by the Steel may he extended ly ;  
Kind Heav'n in part, did with the Prayer comply.  
The Plate the Weapon's Progress could not stay  
Which thro' the Monarch's Thighst ait made its Way.  
A bloody Torrent all the Chariot Train'd,  
And of his Wound the tortur'd King complain'd.  
Exclaiming loud he bad his Charioteer  
Turn his hot Steeds, and drive him to the Rear.

Soon as the *Franks* observ'd their Chief's defeat  
And saw their Monarch from the Field retreat,  
Their scatter'd Troops dismay'd began to yield,  
And disarray'd forsook the bloody Field.  
The *British* Youth pursu'd them as they fled,  
And all the Ground with fearful Slaughter spread,  
Till Night advancing did their Fury stay,  
Night to the *Franks* more welcome than the Day.



# KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK V.

THE Chiefs returning from the late Pursuit  
 Did with becoming Joy their Friend salute  
 But all lamented mighty *Shobar's* Fate  
 A Chief reward'd, applauded, lov'd by all.  
 But summon'd now King *Arthur* to attend  
 To his high Tent they did their Footsteps bend.  
 The *British* Monarch from his Chair of State  
 Began, the Captains did around him wait.

Th' Almighty Lord of Hosts whom we adore  
 Has added to the past this Triumph more.  
 For propitious Heaven the Praise is due  
 For Success, and next, brave Men, to you.  
 Your Arms this Day have rais'd the *British* Name,  
 And equal'd your great Father's Warlike Fame.  
 The Courage and the Conduct you have shown,  
 Your Faithfulness long try'd, and so well known,  
 Assure me, you will *Clotar's* Force sustain,  
 Whilst I my Troops forsake to pass the Main.  
 Know, *Britons*, some in *Albion* left behind,  
 Impatient, proud, and turbulent of Mind,  
 Intestine Heats and civil Feuds create,  
 And with seditious Arts embroil the State.



I therefore to *Britannia* must return  
To quench the Flames wherewith the *Britons* burn  
When from its Fear my Kingdom I have freed,  
Back to the Camp I'll come with equal Speed.  
Till I return to the *Neustrasian* Strand,  
*Solmar* in chief my Army shall command.  
See not again to engage the *Galls* Host,  
But with defensive Arms maintain our Post.  
Such valiant Troops can never be annoy'd,  
If private Strife and Contests they avoid.

He ceas'd. The Captains by their Aspect show'd  
The Joy was sunk which from their Conquest flow'd.  
They griev'd to hear the pious King relate  
What Strife embroil'd *Britannia's* troubled State  
Which forc'd him to forsake the *Galls* Sea,  
To re-establish Peace in *Albion's* Isle.  
Then from his Princely Seat King *Arthur* rose  
Intending *Albion's* Tumults to compose.

Now did the Morn her radiant Lap display,  
And gently on the Air shook forth the Day.  
When strait the King his Chariot did demand,  
And took his Way to the *Neustrasian* Strand.  
Valiant *Gravellan* did his Prince attend,  
And faithful *Lucius* *Arthur's* bosom Friend.  
Soon as they reach'd the Shore without Delay  
They all embark'd, and strait stood out to Sea.  
The bounding Vessel ran before the Wind,  
Leaving *Neustrasia's* Rocks and Towers behind.



And when the rising Sun dispell'd the Night,  
The *Roman* Strand appear'd within their Sight.  
Soon as they came on Shore they took the Way  
To *Dona's* Castle, there resolv'd to stay,  
Till brave *Gravellan* should return, who sent  
To learn the State of things, *Augusta* went,  
and down from thence his chiefest Friends to bring  
Fit to assist and to advise the King.  
Twice had th' unwearied Sun his Chariot driv'n  
O'er the wide Plains and trackless Wast of Heav'n.  
When the wise Lord return'd, and with him came  
The Peers and Prelates of distinguish'd Fame  
For Zeal and Wisdom, Men who ever stood  
For *Arthur's* Glory, and their Country's Good.

Then *Albion's* pious Monarch Silence broke  
And thus the Prelates and the Peers bespoke.  
For *Britain's* safety to-express my Care  
I'm in *Gallia* an unfinish'd War.  
My Arms have met Success, but Zeal for you  
Will not permit our Conquests to pursue.  
What Feuds some Peers and Prelates ill dispos'd  
Have rais'd, *Gravellan* has before disclos'd,  
But what has happen'd since do you relate,  
And tell the present Posture of the State.  
Suggest some ready and effectual Way  
To check Sedition, and its Progress stay.  
*Britannia* might despise all forreign Power,  
If from contentious Sons she stood secure.



Her Strength abroad is formidable grown,  
 No Arms can shake her Greatness but her own.  
 Only our Strife can *Cintar's* Empire Guard,  
 Obstruct our Triumphs, and our Arms retard.  
 Only your Feuds can sinking *Gallia* prop,  
 Your Feuds their Refuge, and their single hope.

Then Reverend *Armen* for his Learning known  
 And his Capacious Genius thus began  
 Illustrious Monarch! whose Victorious hand  
 From Pagan Kings and *Sons* has sav'd the Land,  
 Urg'd by Affection and a Loyal Zeal,  
 The Cause of our Distractions I'll reveal.  
 The Liberty *Sectarians* have enjoy'd  
 By your Indulgence, has our Peace destroy'd.  
 At first they cry'd, Indulgence would content,  
 Ease they demanded, but Dominion meant.  
 For since from Punishment they live secure,  
 And dread no more an unarm'd Church's Power,  
 They now disclose their Malice, and their Pride,  
 Affront our Order, and our Laws defide.  
 They boast the Court *Sectarians* do befriend,  
 And dare for Empire with the Church contend.  
 Freedom and Ease they know not how to use,  
 But gentle Monarchs favours still abuse.  
 Peevish, Illnatur'd, Proud and Arrogant  
 They crave still more, and still more Merit want.  
 Those who to give a troubled Kingdom Ease  
 Cherish these restless Sects, do but release  
 Outragious Winds to calm th' unquiet Seas.



Such call the Foe in, to Protect the Town,  
Or dig before the Flood their Feaces down.  
This Pious Prince is sad *Britannia's* fate  
While Sects let loose disturb our Church and State.  
✓ Cheer'd with indulgent Rays the monitrous Brood  
Of Vermin hatch'd in *Nile's* prolific Mud,  
Spread the Land, th' uneasy State molest,  
Devour our Country, and the Church infest.  
The Sediment which at the bottom lay  
From the pure Church chrown down and purg'd away,  
Awaken'd now, attempts a fresh ascent,  
And with new Strife the Struggling Parts ferment.  
Sectarian Dreggs audacious are become,  
Rise up and on the top appear in Scum.  
The Church can ne'er be from Disorders free  
Till fin'd, and rackt from this unquiet Lee.  
I labour'd once to give Sectarious Ease,  
And thought Indulgence might Establish Peace;  
With Youthful Zeal I did assert their Cause,  
And strove to blunt the Edge of Penal Laws.  
But long Experience and Maturer Thought  
Make me retract the Deed, and own the Fault.  
I know th' Ambitious Race, they only claim  
The Right of Subjects, but at Empire aim.  
Which when they grasp, they Cruel Tyrants grow  
And unknown Rigour to their Subjects show.  
They lash with Scorpions, who complain'd before  
Of the mild Whips that show'd the Churches Power.  
With Tragic Clamours they for Freedom strive,  
Which they when Masters ne'er to others give.



The Church's temperate Empire they destroy,  
That they themselves a wider may enjoy.  
Tis not in point of Power we disagree,  
But who should be the Rulers they or we.  
For, pious Prince, since by Compassion mov'd  
You first th' Indulgence of the Sects approv'd,  
Th' aspiring Race deliver'd from the Awe  
Of Court Displeasure, and coercive Law,  
Stand over us insulting, threaten high  
And treat with Scorn the sacred Hierarchy.  
Their Contumacy, Pride and Insolence  
Justly the Lovers of the Church Incense.  
Her Sons too far transported with their Rage,  
For her Protection now in Arms engage.  
The Trait'rous Deed all highly must condemn,  
But would you soon th' impetuous Torrent stem,  
Would you at once the threatening Troops disarm,  
Which o'er *Britannia's* troubled Region swarm,  
Against audacious Schismatics declare,  
With Vigor carry on the Pious War  
Revoke th' Indulgence granted, and restore  
To *Britain's* ancient Church her ancient Power.  
Her Friends whom now too much Resentment warms,  
Will at your royal Feet cast down their Arms.  
This pious Edict will their Troops disband,  
Secure your Throne, and bless with Peace the Land.  
Then mighty Monarch unmolested you  
Your glorious Triumphs may abroad pursue.



He said, and ancient *Ladan* silence broke  
And gravely thus the *British* King bespoke.  
Th' Expedient Reverend *Arman* do's suggest,  
'T' appease the Tumults which the State molest.  
Great Prince, do's fully with my Judgment suit;  
Lays the Axe home to Seditious Root.  
The civil Broils which *Albion* discompose  
From Fears and anxious Jealousies arose,  
Lest the proud Sects which kindly you protect,  
Should once their Empire o'er the Church erect.  
'Tis true, that some who with the Rebels joyn,  
Their Country's Fall, and *Gallia's* Growth design;  
But if those Troops which for the Church appear  
Submit their Arms, the rest we need not fear.  
Now 'tis with Reason that the Church suspects  
The Growth of proud, morose, designing Sects.  
I've long observ'd their Pride and Arrogance,  
And what destructive Doctrines they advance.  
Where they prevail the Church is soon defac'd,  
Becomes a wild, uncultivated Wast.  
A horrid Wilderness wherein we see  
The monstrous Forms of howling Heresy.  
Where Grisly Schism, and raging Strife appear  
And raving Sects each other rend and tear.  
Where mad Enthusiasm and Discord reign,  
And endless Error endless War maintain.  
The sad Effects their Liberty abus'd  
Thro' *Albion's* Isle already has produc'd.



Audacious Schismatics with lawless Pride  
 Affront the Church, and all her Laws deride.  
 Now Heresy her odious Head do's rear,  
 And fresh engender'd Monsters thick appear,  
 Which run upon the Church with open Jaws  
 And fasten in her Wounds their dreadful Claws.  
 Even ancient Heresys which once annoy'd  
 The Church's Peace, but seem'd long since destroy'd,  
 Now cheer'd and warm'd by this indulgent Heat,  
 Stretch out their hideous Limbs, and Life and Vigor get.  
 Since the Rebellious *Brains* but reveal  
 I a Religious Cause an erring Zeal,  
 And for themselves alledge they flew to Arms  
 To save their Altars from the Foe's Alarms  
 I must for *Arman's* wife Advice declare,  
 As likely to prevent th' Effects of War.  
 Th' Indulgence granted to the Sects revoke  
 And this Seditious quell'd without a Stroke.

He ceas'd. And Reverend *Olbar* rose and spoke,  
 The Gospel Genius and a Christian Mind  
 All fierce destructive Methods still declin'd.  
 Our Founder did not raise his Regal Throne  
 By his Opposers Suffrings, but his own.  
 He gave his Church no Arms for her Defence,  
 But Wisdom joyn'd with Dove-like Innocence.  
 He always taught his Followers to profess  
 Meekness Divine, and God-like Gentleness.  
 When urg'd by eager Zealots to employ  
 Fire from Heav'n Opposers to destroy,



He us'd no other Flames, but those of Love,  
The gentle Fire he brought down from above.  
The blest Restorer of undone Mankind  
With soft and mild persuasive Ways inclin'd  
The World his Heav'nly Mission to believe,  
And his bright Train of Blessings to receive.  
He us'd no other Force, no other Arms  
But Mercy's tender Crys and Pity's Charms.  
And all his Followers he oblig'd to be  
Gentle, and kind, and merciful as he.  
He gave Command they should in Friendship live,  
Patient of Wrongs, - and easie to forgive.  
Mutual Forbearance, Meekness, Peace and Love  
Which fashion Men like the pure Minds above,  
He oft declar'd were Heav'nly Marks design'd  
To make them known from th' unbelieveing Kind.  
He never arm'd his Church with Regal Power,  
Nor bad the strong the weaker Part devour.  
He to the valiant Champions of the Faith  
Allow'd the Serpent's Wisdom, not his Teeth.  
He came from Heav'n lost Blessings to restore  
But took from Men none they possess'd before.  
He ne'er pronounc'd Error or Unbelief,  
Just Forfeitures of Liberty or Life.  
He never bad his Church for Arms declare  
Nor taught the Rules and Stratagems of War.  
He never shew'd them how Campaigns to make,  
How to defend, and how they should attack.  
He ne'er instructed them in future Days  
When numerous grown, what Bulwarks they should raise.



What Forts and Cittadels they should erect  
The Church's sacred Frontier to protect.  
He came to save Mens Lives, and not to Kill,  
And therefore taught no Military Skill.  
No Model left of Arsenals to be reer'd,  
Nor said what Warlike Stores should be prepar'd.  
His Church he ne'er Commanded to Amass  
Spears, Fauchions, Helmets, Shields and Boots of Brass.  
Her Valiant Champions first with Error strove  
In Arms Divine, and Armour from above,  
Immortal Truth, and Light, and Heav'nly Love. }  
Thus Arm'd the Chiefs their glorious Course pursu'd,  
Defeated Vice, and Ignorance subdu'd.  
Error before them fled, and Pagan Gods  
Of Light impatient, left their old abodes.  
Then a wide Empire Christian Faith possess'd,  
And Truth Divine Believing Nations blest.  
The *White European* and the *Swart Moor*,  
With a like flame Religion did adore,  
So powerful then were her Celestial Arms,  
So bright her Form, so ravishing her Charms,  
That where she came th' obsequious World obey'd.  
And at her Altars due Devotion paid.  
But when she once her Heav'nly Strength forsook,  
And in Exchange Terrestrial Weapons took,  
When Martial Faith in Armour first appear'd,  
And in the Field her bloody Standard reer'd  
Advancing like an *Amazonian* Dame  
To vanquish Heresy with Sword and Flame;



The World at such a Figure stood amaz'd,  
And on the hideous Sight with horror gaz'd.  
Against her Throne the Nations soon rebell'd,  
And Arms with Arms, and Power with Power rebell'd.  
Her Innocence, her Love, and Meekness lost,  
The warlike Church could no new Triumphs boast.  
She soon was stop't in her Victorious Course,  
Weak by her Arms, and impotent by Force.  
Christ's peaceful Flock with Wolves devouring Jaws,  
And his meek Dove arm'd with the Faulcon's Claws,  
Prodigious Monsters to the World appear'd,  
No longer to be lov'd, and scarcely fear'd.

Religion thus against herself was arm'd,  
And Civil War the troubled Church alarm'd !  
Temple contended Temple to subdue,  
And Flames from Altar against Altars flew.  
Religion endless Revolutions saw,  
And all by turns were Orthodox by Law.  
Those Men condemn'd for Hereticks before  
Grew Apostolic, as they grew in Power.  
Prevailing Sects did weaker Sects invade,  
And Desolation not Conversions made.  
For Pain and Sufferings may indeed affright,  
But can't persuade us with Convincing Light.  
Torments 'tis true strong Argument appear,  
But 'tis not to our Reason, but our Fear.  
Our Heav'nly Founder who at distance saw  
Ambitious Churchmen back'd with Power and Law,



Their Peaceful Neighbours would with force invade,  
 Disarm'd the Gown, and Violence forbad.  
 Nor do these Princes for their Peace provide  
 Who with one Sect against all others side.  
 Those Councils therefore *Arman* gives for Peace  
 Both as unjust, and dangerous too, dispense.

He ceas'd. Then noble *Sefel* did begin,  
 Of *Emperour* like Presence, and Majestic Mien.  
 A noble Genius to the Muses dear,  
 Yet none knew better how the State to steer.  
 Whom every Minister and every Bard  
 With equal Awe, and Reverence did regard.  
 To form the wondrous Man great *Emperour's* Mind,  
 And *Tully's* flowing Eloquence combin'd.  
 All Orators grew proud who gain'd his praise,  
 And where he pleas'd he gave the Gods's Bays.  
 All charg'd with lessening or debasing Wit  
 His Sentence did Condemn, or did Acquit.  
 The trembling Bards at his Tribunal stood,  
 None prais'd their Songs, till he pronounc'd them good.  
 None strove with greater Prudence to compose  
 Contentious Heats, which in the Church arose.  
 Then this wise *Briton* thus himself exprest,  
 And show'd how *Albion's* Strife might be suppress.

Subjects who Tribute to their Monarch pay,  
 And Peacefully his just Commands obey,  
 With highest Justice from their Prince expect  
 He should their Lives and Libertys protect.



No Errors in Religion can destroy  
Th' Immunitys which we, as Men, enjoy.  
Those whom the Churchmen as Sectarious blame,  
Lose not the Rights which they as Subjects claim.  
The Sacred Laws our Heav'nly Author made,  
Were not to force Belief, but to Perswade.  
Prisons were ne'er for Christian Schools design'd,  
Nor Whips and Racks for Arguments enjoyn'd.  
Unless our Wills could Laws to Reason give,  
And Man could what he pleas'd, as Truth believe,  
Force for Conversion is employ'd in vain,  
Whose Judgment ever was inform'd by Pain:  
Churches should Arms forbear till they agree  
On some unerring mark of Heresy.  
Some Christians call'd, of Antichristian mind,  
To Force and not to Argument inclin'd.  
To take the Sword lay down the Pastor's Crook,  
And into Wolves convert their Peaceful Flock.  
Forth against Schism they march exclaiming loud,  
And make the Church a reeking Field of Blood.  
These Sons of Thunder thus the Gospel Preach,  
And red in Slaughter Heav'nly Meekness teach.  
These Men perswade, and make their Doctrines known,  
Not by th' Almighty's Terrours, but their own.  
Declining Reason's mild perswasive Course,  
They Press for Heav'n, and Christians Lift by force.  
These from the Temple's Battlements display  
The bloody Flag, and draw out in Array  
Their Warlike Orders, who Embattled stand  
With Sabres, not the Gospel in their hand.



Then breathing Fire, thy March Mankind to free,  
 From Hereticks, as well as Heresy.  
 How ill her Arms and Military dress  
 The Gentle, Meek and Passive Church express  
 How will this Equipage and strange disguise,  
 The mild Restorer of Mankind surprise?  
 How will he like his Vineyard which appears  
 A Pulwark'd Camp all planted o'er with Spears?  
 How will he know his Church in Tented Fields,  
 With Chariots, Steeds, bright Helms and blazing Shields,  
 How will he know her when with Conquest proud,  
 Laden with Spoils and Garments roll'd in blood;  
 These Arm'd Evangelists must sure displease  
 Their Gentle Lord, the Prince of Love and Peace.  
 When Converts first were in *Britannia* made,  
 The Christian Planters only did persuade.  
 When they were few, easy to be suppress'd,  
 Then the Religion which the Sword profess'd,  
 Was not allow'd a Right to crush the rest:  
 Then Persecution was aloud condemn'd,  
 And Violence the highest Crime esteem'd.  
 And shall the Christians strong and numerous grown,  
 The Maxims which advanc'd their Church disown?  
 Shall they Assert an Antichristian Power  
 Their disagreeing Neighbours to devour,  
 Which if the Pagan Princes had employ'd,  
 The Christian Church long since had been destroy'd?

But grant the Church Sectarians may restrain  
 Inflicting rigorous Penalties and Pain;



Grant too that this the Rebels will appease,  
Who will have none, if others have their Ease.  
Will this *Britannia's* troubled State compose,  
Or dry the Spring whence our Disturbance flows  
Will not th' oppress'd Sectarian chink it hard  
To be of Rights to Subjects due debar'd?  
Will *Arthur* thus their Services reward?  
Those who themselves and humane Nature know  
Foresee the Mischiefs that from hence must flow,  
Those whom unjust Severities provoke  
Will struggle hard to break th' uneasy Yoke.  
All will conspire, as they Occasion find,  
To sink a Government to them unkind.  
Whom States oppress th' Enemys create,  
Who, when they safely can, express their Hate.  
If Princes but a Party will protect,  
They on a narrow Base their Throne erect,  
And can't be more than Monarchs of a Sect.  
Wise Princes who would lasting Peace create,  
And from all restless Bigots save the State,  
Should not on any side their Power engage,  
But guard the weaker from the Stronger's Rage.  
No Fav'rite Party should their Sword employ,  
Those, whom they cannot proselite, to destroy.  
Wise Parents if their Sons for Power contest,  
Will no one aid to Ruin all the rest.  
Monarchs who seek their own and Subjects Ease,  
Between contending Sects should keep the Peace.  
All will obey when all Protection find,  
And Rev'rence Kings without Distinction kind.



Could greater Number, Power, or Splendor shew  
What Churches are erroneous, what are true,  
Yet peaceful Subjects have a just Pretence  
To be secur'd from Force and Violence:  
I still would guard Sectarians from the Awe-  
Of Courts of Justice and coercive Law.  
This will to all the Government commend,  
And every Subject will be too a Friend.  
Freely to speak my Sense in this Debate  
The Way suggested to compose the State  
By ceasing all Sectarian to protect,  
Because not just, nor wise, I would reject.  
I would perswade King *Arthur* to decree,  
And strait proclaim a general Amnesty,  
This would the Rebels into Friends convert,  
And make the *British* Youth their Chiefs desert.  
The *Britons* soon grow hot, but soon repent,  
They threaten high, but with soft Words relent.  
Their Love to Liberty and ancient Laws,  
Oft turns to Jealousy without a Cause:  
With whose impatient Flames they quickly burn,  
But to their Temper do as soon return.  
Their Passions swell, but easily subside,  
Kind Looks, and Words repress th' overflowing Tide.  
The Rebels sure must dread King *Arthur's* Name,  
And think on their Ingratitude with Shame.  
The common Men by specious Words misled  
Begin the fatal Consequence to dread.  
A general Pardon then to all declare  
And you prevent the bad Effects of War.



He ceas'd and most applauded his Advice:  
The *British* Monarch, as an Angel wife,  
Who by his God-like Temper was inclin'd  
To Pity, and support Opprest Mankind,  
With *Olbar's* and with *Sefel's* Language mov'd  
Their Prudence and their Piety approv'd.

Mean time the Rebels at *Cononiu* lay,  
And as their Head did *Morogan* obey,  
When they had heard that on the *Ragnian* Strand,  
The pious King was safely come to Land.  
Their Monarch's Presence some began to dread,  
And in their Breasts a secret Terror fed.  
They trembled at his Arms, and Warlike Fame,  
And seem'd already vanquish'd with his Name.  
Some of a less ungrateful Mind begun  
To think of all the Wonders he had done  
And what his Arms had for *Britannia* won.  
How to a Thousand various Dangers, he  
To save *Britannia's* State by Land and Sea,  
Midst Storms and more inexorable Foes,  
His sacred Life did freely oft expose.  
What vast Herculean Toyl he underwent  
*Albion's* impending Ruin to prevent.  
What Patience, what amazing Fortitude,  
The God-like Man in endless Labour view'd,  
*Britannia's* Peace and Freedom to restore,  
To raise her Glory, and extend her Power.



Many for this who dar'd in Arms appear  
Mov'd by their Gratitude, or by their Fear  
In numerous Bodys did the Camp forsake,  
And by Desertion left the Rebels weak.  
They now their Levity, and Folly mourn'd,  
And to their Houses and their Farms return'd.  
Amongst the Rebels hence disorders grew,  
And great Distrust and Contests did ensue.  
The Leaders saw they could no more depend  
On their rash Troops their Treason to defend.  
They found the *British* Youth would never stand  
Against an Host where *Arthur* did Command.

Then *Morogan* perplex'd his Servants sent,  
To call the Chief-Commanders to his Tent :  
That they might all things prudently debate  
That to th' Important Juncture did relate.  
Straight to their Gen'als high Pavilion came  
The Chiefs of highest Trust, and greatest Name.  
To whom the General thus himself addrest,  
*Britons*, you see the Zeal which some exprest  
For *Albion's* Liberty is soon expir'd :  
You see, what Troops are from our Camp retir'd  
A fresh example here, brave Friends, you see  
Of the weak Vulgars Fear and Levity.  
Speak what you think a prudent Man should do,  
Shall we desist, or our Design pursue ?  
Then many Chiefs did various ways suggest  
Which they believ'd in this Conjunction best.



But while in that debate they did oppose  
Each other's Counsel, great disturbance rose.

Then *Adul* who in Wisdom all the rest,  
And Eloquence excell'd, his Thoughts exprest.  
*Britons*, with great astonishment we see  
The Wavering Crowd do's from our Banners flee.  
The Vulgar we by this sad Instance find,  
As Seas unstable, changing as the Wind.  
All our Affairs are now in such a State,  
As must oblige us to Capitulate.  
With any Terms King *Arthur* will comply,  
That shall disarm a *British* Enemy.  
His Heart is so on Foreign Conquest set,  
He'll easily what's done at home forget.  
He would abroad be for a Hero shown,  
Nor cares at home to know or to be known.  
To our Demands no doubt he'll soon assent,  
Domestic War and Tumults to prevent.  
The Terms on which I'm willing to agree,  
Are first an Universal Amnesty.  
That all who please may undisturb'd retreat,  
Or to their City, or their Rural Seat.  
And all who in the State have been employ'd  
Shall keep the Places they before enjoy'd.  
But all the Chiefs and Captains who declare  
They'll serve King *Arthur* in his Foreign War,  
When they attend him to the *Gallic* Land,  
They in his Troops shall have the same Command.



He ceas'd. The rest fearing an ill Event,  
In loud Applauses gave a full Assent.  
So when the Dogs that chase a timorous Hind  
Which o'er the Lawns flies swifter than the Wind,  
Are at a fault, and now enjoy no more  
The cheerful Scent that lay so long before :  
If some Stanch Hound who rarely do's mistake,  
In great Esteem and Credit with the Pack,  
Opens, to tell that he the Scent has found,  
The rest attending to the joyful sound,  
In his Experience and his Skill confide,  
And follow with full Cry their faithful Guide.

Then four Commanders from the rest they chose,  
In whom they all could Confidence repose.  
Who to the Castle where King *Arthur* lay,  
To make this Overture strait took their way.  
Where they arriv'd during the great debate,  
About the measures to compose the State.  
Which ended, they admitted to the King,  
The Message told they had in Charge to bring.  
The Pious Monarch who his Subjects lov'd,  
By tender Mercy and Compassion mov'd,  
To win the Rebels hearts did soon agree,  
To grant the Universal Amnesty.  
Nor did he think it prudent to withstand,  
Those other Terms the Rebels did demand.  
That he henceforth might undisturb'd pursue  
His high design King *Clotar* to subdue.



That he his Forreign Conquests might repeat,  
And the Deliv'rance of the *Gauls* compleat.  
For Crafty *Adal* wisely did suggest  
That the chief Passion in King *Arthur's* breast  
Was Liberty to *Neustria* to restore,  
And free the Christian *Franks* from *Clotar's* power.

The Messengers that from the *Rebels* went  
Back to their Friends were by King *Arthur* sent.  
Where they their Monarch's gracious Pardon read,  
As was agreed, at every Squadron's head.  
That done, the Chiefs did all their Troops disband,  
And from Seditious Up'roar freed the Land.  
Thus did *Britannia's* jarring Discord Cease,  
And in its place return'd Harmonious Peacc.  
So soon King *Arthur's* Fame and Presence quell'd  
The Discontented *Britons* who Rebel'd.  
As when a Heav'nly Angel comes to Chase  
Infernal Fiends from some Inchant'd Place.  
Forthwith th' Inchantment's force is gone, and Hell  
No longer Aids the black Magician's Spell.  
Th' Imaginary Castles disappear,  
The brazen Gates and Bulwarks melt to Air.  
No Warriours more in Airy Armour stand,  
Griping prodigious Bucklers in their hand:  
Phantastic Monsters are no longer seen,  
But all the Pageant Horrors quit the Scene.  
The struggling Air throws off the Magic Chains,  
And strait appear sweet Meads and flow'ry Plains.



So all the Terrors which did *Alion* scare,  
At *Arthur's* Presence vanish'd into Air.

The *Priton* who with ardent Zeal did burn,  
Back to his Troops in *Gallia* to return.  
Now all things for his Voyage did prepare,  
And to protect *Britannia* did declare  
What Lords he did invest with Regal Power  
In whom both Prince and People were Secure.

*Olbar* was first a mild and prudent Guide,  
Who o'er *Britanni's* Churches did preside.  
Nor Care nor Pains th' Indulgent Pastor spar'd,  
Nor Vigilance his Flock to Feed and Guard.  
His Erudition did their Reverence move,  
And his diffusive Charity their Love.  
His Christian Temper oft Contention charm'd,  
And the hot Bigots of all Sects disarm'd.  
By Moderation, Patience, Gentleness  
And Candor which to all he did express.  
He ever strove th' Erroneous to reduce,  
Who to the Church Obedience did refuse.  
But he Employ'd to set their Judgments right,  
No Force but Reason's mild but powerful Light.  
Resolv'd on Truth and not on Power to stand  
He did the Lictors of the Church disband.

*Arista* was the next whom all Men prais'd,  
To Honour by distinguish'd Merit rais'd.



Such was his Justice, such his Eloquence  
 So strong his Thought, so solid was his Sense,  
 So well his Wisdom was in *Albion* known,  
 That all his Judgment prais'd, to shew their own.  
 His universal Genius was refin'd  
 With Sciences, and Arts on every kind,  
 All held with Ease in his capacious Mind.  
 In *Arthur's* Cause he did such Zeal declare,  
 To serve the State such was his Toyl and Care,  
 None his high Station did with Envy view,  
 For all believ'd it to his Merit due.  
 He with his Wit could when he pleas'd surprise,  
 But he suppress'd it, choos'ing to be Wise.  
 None better knew the Business of the State,  
 Clear as the Day, and as the Night sedate.  
 Fav'rite and Patriot he the Secret knew  
 How both to Prince and People to be true.  
 He made their Interests one, and shew'd the Way  
 To serve the first, and not the last betray.  
 Happy *Britannia* had in after Days  
 Thy Statesmen strove thy Glory thus to raise  
 Had they not toyl'd with anxious Care and Swear,  
 To make themselves, and not their Country great.  
 Had they not Law and Right and Justice sold,  
 And form'd their Judgments by inlight'ning Gold.

*Hebar* was next of noble Parents born,  
 No Peer did more King *Arthur's* Court adorn.  
 Nor *Archimedes*, nor the Sragirite  
 Could boast a clearer intellectual Light.



For he ch' extensive Power of Nature knew  
Whose secret Springs lay open to his View.  
She all her wondrous Skill to him disclos'd,  
And all the Mystry of her Work expos'd.  
Great was his Genius as by Nature wrought,  
But 'twas by Art to such Perfection brought,  
By Contemplation and laborious Thought.  
Tho Nature, Art and painful Industry  
To make th' accomplish'd Man did all agree,  
Yet was he humble, affable, and kind  
The true Distinctions of a noble Mind.  
All in a Statesman were amaz'd to see  
Such spotless Honour, and Integrity.  
Courteous without betraying Vertue's Cause,  
Just to his Prince, but not beyond the Laws.  
He both to Church and State alike was true,  
And gave to *Cesar* and to God their Due.

*Canv'allo* next. The Land did not afford  
To represent a King a fitter Lord.  
No Peer did ever grace the *British* Court  
With such a noble and Majestic Port.  
Like *Saul* amidst the *Hebrew* Knights he stood,  
His Head and Shoulders rais'd above the Crowd.  
And yet with no less Kindness Nature joyn'd  
To such a graceful Frame an equal Mind.

The next was *Galbut* of illustrious Birth,  
Of perfect Honour, and unrivall'd Worth.



Whose Vertues thro' the Iſt. ſiduous Fame  
Yet for the Task unequal did proclaim.

With theſe King *Arthur Sakil* did unite,  
*Sakil* the People's and the Court's Delight.  
*Arthur* did envy'd Favour to him ſhew,  
As all wiſe Monarchs to the Muſes do.  
So the fam'd Conquerour of the ſpacious  *Eaſt*  
To the great *Stagyrite* his Love expreſt,  
*Augustus* ſo the *Roman Wit* careſt.

*Danmonian* was the laſt, a noble Lord  
Bred in a Court, yet faithful to his Word.  
All in his Honour might ſecurely truſt,  
To promiſe ſlow, but in Performance juſt.  
His Words were full and pertinent, but few,  
For ſparingly he ſpoke; but alwa true.  
None better knew the Art of Government  
To guard the State, and Dangers to prevent.  
Skilful to lay a Maſterly Deſign,  
And as expert the Foe to undermine.

Theſe were the noble Lords King *Arthur* choſe,  
In whom th' important Truſt he might reſoſe.  
He did to theſe commit th' Imperial Power,  
Yet they with Pain the Weight of Empire bore  
Which ſingly he with Eaſe ſuſtain'd before.  
Thus did the Hero *Albion's* State appeaſe  
And ſettled all things for its future Eaſe.



And now he wish'd himself on *Austria's* Coast,  
Impatient to rejoin the *British* Host.  
Back to his Ships with eager *Hast* he flew,  
His glorious *Undertaking* to pursue.

King



## KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK VI.

**T**He Prince of Hell finding his purpose crost,  
 And all his hopes from *Albion's* Troubles lost,  
 Thus to himself began all fix'd with Rage.  
 Against this *Briton* must we then engage  
 Our Arts in vain, must he our Force repel,  
 And disappoint the deep Designs of Hell?  
 Must he continue to advance his Arms,  
 And vex our Empire with his loud Alarms;  
 Hard Fate, Infernal Gods, if this proud Wight  
 Must scape our Snares, and baffle all our might.  
 Still with Success have I the Sect pursu'd,  
 Vanquish'd their Armies, and their Towns subdu'd.  
 If Force and open Violence have fail'd,  
 Discord and mighty Schism have still prevail'd.  
 Their strongest Bulwarks have I overthrown  
 Or by my Subjects Arms, or by their own.  
 And shall this *Briton* thus my Power defeat,  
 And force my Priests and Vot'rys to retreat  
 And fly from Town to Town, from Seat to Seat?  
 If Aid I can't to high *Lutetia* bring,  
 And guard her Towers against the *British* King,  
 I must my Temples Abdicate, and make  
 My fixt abode within th' Infernal Lake.



Did I exert such Strength, such Toyl sustain  
T' invade this World, did I with wondrous pain  
And wondrous Art beat out the antrodden way  
Till Each I found and the Mild Coasts of Day ?  
From Hell's Abyss with mighty Force I sprung,  
And in the Stagnant, gloomy Region hung  
Unbroken with my Flight and endless Care,  
With ra'ring Wings I beat the pondrous Air.  
Without a glymple or ray of Light I past  
The Realms of Night, and all the *Stygian* waft,  
Till I arriv'd upon the noisy Shore  
Where the Temperuous waves of *Chaos* roar :  
With God like Courage and with Looks unchang'd  
I plung'd into the Deep, and o'er the Desert rang'd.  
Now soaring high I did the way explore,  
Now round I flew, now sweep'd the bleak Shore.  
Undaunted I pursu'd my wilson Flight  
O'er horrid Wilds, and lonesome Plains of Night ;  
Thro' dreadful Tempests, Whirlwinds, blustering War  
Fierce Strife, and hostile Rage, till from afar  
I did with wondrous Joy descry at last  
Some Streaks of Light, which darted on the Waft ;  
Pale Beams that on the face of *Chaos* lay  
The glim'ring Fragments of the Ruin'd Day.  
Mounting this way I reach'd the lightsome Sky ;  
And saw the beauteous World before me ly.  
The fresh Creation look'd all charming mild,  
And all the Flowry Face of Nature smil'd.  
To me come newly from the Caves beneath  
Thro' Smoke and Flame, what an Ambrosial breath



What Odours, such as Heav'n's Zephyrs blow  
 From the sweet Mouth of th' Infant World did flow?  
 And with the Climate and mix'd with the Air  
 To gain these Regions was my anxious Care  
 And spite of Heav'n the mighty Deed was done,  
 And from th' Almighty this fair World I won.  
 Shall I so rich and sweet a Region quit  
 And see my *Franks* to Christian Arms submit?  
 The Arts, and all the Power of Hell  
 Can stop his Course, the *Briton* I'll repel.

Mean time upon his Adamantine Throne  
 That high amidst th' Etherial Region shone  
 Th' Eternal State, collected in his Might,  
 Girt with Omnipotence, and cloath'd with Light.  
 The Sons of God who serve his high Command  
 Adoring round the sacred Mount did stand:  
 Angels, Arch-Angels, great Seraphic States  
 Heav'n's Viceroy, Generals, and great Potentates,  
 Who o'er Terrestrial Provinces preside,  
 And their respective Realms, and Empires guide.  
 The mighty Princes of the spacious East  
 With *Ganges* Flood and fam'd *Euphrates* blest.  
 The Guardian Angels which for *Parthia* stand,  
 Who rule soft *Persia* and th' *Arabian* Sand.  
 The Presidents of the vast Tract of *Nile*  
 Of *Lybia*, and the *Mauritanian* Soil.  
 All the Protector; of the Sun-burnt Moor  
 From the *Red Sea*, to *Guinea's* Golden Shore.



An' all th' Angelic Prefects who preside  
O'er rich *Europa*, and her Realms divide.  
Who the wide *Scythian* Continent direct  
And all the snow / Northern Isles protect.  
While round the Throne these shining Orders wait  
Their great Transactions humbly to relate.  
Whelm'd over with unfufferable Light  
Wings display'd they screen their troubled Sight.  
Hither a Thoudand bright Expresses came  
Envoys divine, and Couriers wing'd with Flame,  
Return'd from distant Worlds to tell at large  
Th' important Business which they had in Charge.

Hither repair'd ambitious *Lucifer*,  
And in the bright Assembly did appear;  
Distinguish'd by his Form formerly decay'd,  
And the deep Scars by vengeful Lightning made.  
Like a torn Oak above the verdant Wood  
Blasted from Heav'n the ruin'd Seraph stood;  
Prepar'd the Just and Upright to arraign,  
And his sacred Charge with Slanders to maintain.  
When the blest Seraphs had Narration made  
How their Instructions they had all obey'd,  
What Revolutions they had caus'd below,  
What Kingdoms guarded from th' unequal Foe.  
What Monarchs Lust of Empire they restrain'd  
What Kings advanc'd, what sinking States sustain'd.  
What mighty Nations they had overthrown  
By monstrous Crimes ripe for Destruction grown.

Then



Then thus th' Almighty from his lofty Throne  
Which bright with uncreated Glory shone  
To Satan spoke. Usurper of the Air  
Whence dost thou come to these blest seats, declare.

Th' Apostate thus return'd. I daily rowl  
From farthest *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole.  
O'er Hills and Dales I pass, o'er Lands and Floods  
O'er howling Desarts, Wilds, and spacious Woods.  
I cross the raging Seas from Isle to Isle,  
And fly from Realm to Realm with endless Toil,  
To learn the State of Empires, and to know  
What but Mortals say and do below.  
O'er the Terrestrial Regions thus I roam,  
And now from wandering there, am higher come.

Th' Eternal to th' Impostor thus reply'd:  
In all thy tedious Journeys far and wide  
Hast thou observ'd my Servant *Arthur's* Ways,  
That just and perfect Man who still obeys  
With chearful Zeal and Pleasure my Command  
And rules with equal Laws the *British* Land.  
Whom I've anointed, Tyrants to destroy  
And proud Oppressors who the World annoy.  
To ease th' afflicted and relieve the poor  
And banish'd Peace and Justice to restore.

Then *Lucifer* reply'd:  
'Tis true King *Arthur* in the Field succeeds,  
And by his Arms achieves Heroic Deeds.



His Zeal seems great to serve the Christian Cause,  
And his vast Labors have procur'd Applause.  
But do the pious Monarch serve for nought,  
And Vertue's Cause for Vertue's sake promote?  
Is all this Zeal for true Religion shown?  
Do's he pursue Heav'n's Int'rest, or his own?  
Do's not a steep insuperable Mound  
Rais'd by thy Hand this Briton's Throne surround?  
~~Fenc'd~~ ~~thus~~ about he do's the Foe despise,  
Mocks all their Rage, and all their Power defys.  
Do not Seraphic Squadrons aid his Arms,  
And guard his Camp against the Foe's Alarms  
Do not the bright divine Maria stand,  
Immortal Sabres flaming in their Hand  
Around this Fav'rite Monarch, to direct  
His Conduct, and his Armys to protect?  
Do's not the Anger of thy Presence lead  
His Armys forth, and his Battalions head?  
'Tis known he still attends him in the Field,  
And do's his Head in the hot Battle shield.  
He watches always with officious Care  
To guard his Life from the sharp Edge of War.  
He in the Front of Battle do's appear  
And shakes against the Host his dreadful Spear.  
He marches on before him to the Foe  
Divides their Files, and lets this Favourite thro.  
No Wonder then he should such Laurels gain,  
And ride so oft triumphant o'er the slain.  
That vanquish'd Nations should receive his Yoke,  
For those that him oppose, thy Wrath provoke.



In vain his Foes their hot Revenge pursue,  
 He ~~must~~ prevail, till Heav'n they first subdue.  
 Th' various Deaths in horrid Shapes convey'd  
 On every side th' encircled King invade.  
 Tho' Showers of Darts and glitt'ring Javelins fly,  
 Hissing, like deadly Adders thro' the Sky:  
 Tho' o'er the bloody ~~Field~~ Destruction reigns  
 And loud with ghastly Heaps the slippery Plains,  
~~let him~~ encompass'd with Cælestia! Bands,  
 As if a God invulnerable stands.  
 Those Heav'n defends from Danger are secure,  
 And those it fights for, are of Triumph sure.  
 King *Arthur*'s Arms immortal Wreaths have won  
 By Power receiv'd from ~~him~~ *him*, and not his own.  
 Th' admiring World profusely praise bestow,  
 And worship *Arthur* as a God below.  
 In time they'll Altars to his Name erect,  
 And ask his Aid their Kingdoms to protect.  
 No wonder then the *Briton* dō's pretend  
 Such Zeal for Heav'n, while Heav'n is such a Friend.  
 But let it now withdraw its aiding Hand,  
 And like impartial Judges neutral stand:  
 Or let some unexpected Suffering prove  
 His fam'd Integrity, and steadfast Love,  
 And thou shalt find he'll curse thee to thy Face,  
 And shew himself of Man's apostate Race.

Then did th' Almighty thus reply, to prove  
 King *Arthur*'s Patience, Fortitude and Love



To shew how much the mighty Man can bear,  
 And how unjust these Accusations are,  
 For twice seven Days thou mayst his Vertue try,  
 Use all thy Arts to prove his Constancy,  
 For that determin'd Space 'tis in thy Power,  
 His sacred Person only I secure.

The Prince of Darkness felt an inward Joy  
 At his Permission *Arthur* to annoy.  
 Down thro' th' aerial Void he swiftly flew  
 His deep Revenge and Malice to pursue:  
 In mighty Wrath, knowing the time but short,  
 He came, to make his terrible Effort.  
 So when in ancient *Rome* a furious Beast  
 With Hunger pinch'd was from his Den releas'd  
 A constant Christian Martyr to devour  
 Condemn'd by some Imperial Monster's Power.  
 He roar'd and ran with open Jaws to tear  
 His Prey and pleas'd the bloody Theater.  
 Th' Infernal Prince from Heav'n's Cerulean Top  
 Shot thro' the liquid Gulph, nor did he stop  
 Till he had reach'd the thick inferiour Air,  
 And saw beneath King *Arthur's* Ships appear.  
 In th' Atmosphere with level Wings he hung,  
 And call'd with such a thund'ring Voice, as rung  
 Thro' all the Skys, and with its dreadful Sound  
 Shook all the Rocks, and Shores, and Hills around.  
 His dusky Ministers who Storms prepare  
 And temper flaming Meteors in the Air,



Who dress the Magazins of Hail and Rain,  
 And whip wild Whirl winds round to vex the Main,  
 And Engineers that in the troubled Skys  
 Recruit exhausted Clouds with fresh supplies,  
 These their great Leader's Summons did obey  
 And to receive his Orders hast away  
 To whom thus *Lunier*, yonder see  
 Amidst the Waves Hell's greatest Enemy.  
 Aerial Powers make hast at my Command,  
 And beat th' Invader from the *Gallic* Land  
 On his tall Ships a suddain Tempest pour  
 Sink him, or beat him to *Pomona's* Shore.  
 Strait did the Fiends their Diligence employ  
 To embroil the deep, and *Arthur* to destroy.  
 The Seeds of Tempests in the imprisoned lay  
 In hollow Cliffs, and Caves remote from Day,  
 The lab'ring Demons did aloft convey.

Now gathering Clouds the Day begins to drown,  
 Their threatening Fronts thro' all th' Horizon frown.  
 Their swagg'ring Wombs low in the Air depend  
 Which struggling Flames, and imbred Thunder rend  
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigor prove  
 And thro' the Heav'ns th' unweildy Tempest shove.  
 O'ercharg'd with Stores and Heav'ns Artillery  
 They groan and pant and labour up the Sky.  
 Impending Ruin do's the Sailor scare  
 Rolling and wallowing thro' th' encumber'd Air  
 Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night  
 Compounded Horrors all the Deep affright,



Rent Clouds a medly of Destruction spout,  
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about.  
 Tempests of Fire and Cataracts of Rain  
 Unnatural Friendships make to afflict the Main.  
 Preft by incumbent Storms the Billows rise,  
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amidst the Skys.  
 Then falling lower than before they roie  
 The ~~Secret~~ Horrors of the Deep disclose.  
 Pursu'd by conquering Winds they fly and roar  
 And crowd and headlong run against the Shore.  
 This Orb's wide Frame with this Convulsion shakes,  
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.  
 Horror, Amazement and Despair appear  
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.  
 Driv'n by the furious Winds the Ship were tost  
 On the rough Waves, near wild *Pirion's* Coast.  
 Here the ~~Pictlandian~~ Gulph's impetuous Tyde  
 Do's cold *Ferne* from the Isles divide;  
 A dreadful Sea, where adverse Currents meet  
 And beat their clashing Heads to Foam and Sleet.  
 The roaring Billows back and forward rowl,  
 And from the hollow Rocks Sea Monsters howl;  
 Monsters which from the *North* here rendezvous,  
 And on this Coast their hideous Dwelling chuse.  
 Th' amazing Noise and Uproar from afar  
 Alike the Shepherds and the Seamen scare.  
 Sailers that once should these dire Terrors hear,  
 Would *Scylla* mock, and by *Charybdis* steer  
 And only *Pictland* Gulph hereafter fear.



Here *Remorse*, if *Fame* Relief may gain  
Ships under Sail with wondrous force detain,  
Yet thus becalm'd ev'n in a Storm remain.

— Strong as they pass with such a furious Sea  
As almost rent the Womb of every Sail.  
They past the Land, where on the rocky Coast  
*Agricola* his Roman Navy lost,  
Mistled by Pilots of *Pomona's* Isle,  
Who gave their Lives to save their Native Soil.  
Cause *Rome* ne'er thought in Northern Climes to find  
A People brave, and of a Roman Mind,  
Who could for Publick Good their own deny;  
And for their Country, like her *Decij*, die.  
While Winds and Waves and Tempests waging War,  
Vex'd all the Sea and troubled all the Air;  
Indulgent Heav'n did the kind Aid afford  
Which with their Prayers the Britons had implor'd.  
A glorious Spirit from the Fields above  
Descending with the swiftness of the Dove,  
Approach'd King *Arthur* with Celestial grace,  
And with Ambrosial Odour fill'd the Place.  
Around his head a gentle Glory shone,  
And thus the beamy Minister begun :

The Powers of Hell their Angry Forces joyn  
To oppose your Aims, and thwart your high Design.  
These did the Seas with this fierce Storm embroil,  
To beat your Navy from *Neustrasia's* Soil.



Your Arms, to try your Vertue, are delay'd,  
 So Heav'n permits, and Heav'n must be obey'd.  
 Know, by supream Command I now prepare  
 To chase the Demon th' haunt of the Air,  
 Down to their ~~Peasants~~, the ~~troubled~~ Seas  
 May rest enjoy, and the fierce Tempest cease.  
 And when the Morn shall spread with ~~dawning~~ Day  
 Her ~~ample~~ Loom, and shoot her early ray,  
 You'll ~~hale~~ and th' ~~Orcadian~~ Isles descry  
 Which scatter'd over the Ocean's bottom ly.  
 Then steer directly to *Pomona's* Shore,  
 Where you will Terrors meet unknown before  
 Fear not this Isle and Dangers yet untry'd,  
 Heav'n you invoke, and Heav'n will be your guide.  
 Know, that the Place of Hell has leave obtain'd  
 To prove your Constancy, and now unchain'd,  
 Th' ~~Anagrate~~ with excessive Rage prepares  
 His fiery Tryals, and his various Snares.  
 That he in this great Combate may prevail,  
 He'll bring the Pious *Arthur* to ~~avail~~ :  
 Prodigious Monsters all of dreadful Shape,  
 From whom few Heros e'er did yet escape.  
 When you to Combate these shall take the Field,  
 Assume your Heav'nly Sword and Heav'nly Shield.  
 Your Helm unpierc'd shall fiery Darts arrest,  
 And your Celestial Plate protect your breast.  
 In these your Arms divinely wrought appear,  
 And then no Monster, no Aggressor fear.  
 That with prodigious toil and sweat, for want  
 Of Food and Rest, you grow not weak and faint ;



This Balm, which Heav'nly Gardens wild, receive,  
 Its Ambrosial Odour will fresh Vigor give,  
 Your drooping Spirits cheer, and wasted Strength revive.  
 But when your Arms Hell's Terres have repell'd  
 And with immortal praise fierce Monsters quell'd:  
 Your Chiefest Danger still remains behind,  
 From a fair Foe, who Murders while she's kind.  
 A fatal *Se*, *Fascina* is her name,  
 Whose Triumphs Vanquish'd Kings and Chiefs proclaim.  
 You may not stay and Gaze, but straitway fly  
 The Sight of this perfidious Enemy.  
 No Mortal Courage can abide the Fight,  
 You conquer when you're brave and bold in Flight.  
 All who contend fall by *Fascina's* Charms,  
 'Tis Fear must here prove you, not your Arms.  
 Your diffidence the surest guard will yield  
 The Wise who run will only Win the Field.

He said, and strait the Seraph disappear'd  
 King Arthur with his Looks and Language cheer'd,  
 Waiting th' appearance of approaching Day  
 Resolv'd the Heavenly Vision to obey.  
 Th' Aerial *Deities* from the Seraph fly  
 Born off on rapid Whirlwinds from the Sky.  
 The Winds no more insult the flying Waves,  
 But for repose retreat to Neighb'ring Caves.  
 The Sea subsides, and on its peaceful breast  
 Billows diffus'd dispose themselves to rest.



Now did the beauteous Morn serenely rise  
And open'd with her Smiles the Eastern Skys.  
The perfect Day ensuing, when in midst the Seas  
They had in view the clustering *Orcides*.  
Direct to make *Pomona's* Isle they steer'd,  
Which near and easy of access appear'd.  
Saw'd the Britons see a peaceful Day  
To guard their Ships her spacious Arms display.  
Where weary Billows did securely sleep  
Withdrawn to shun the Tumults of the Deep.  
Within the winding Shores they safely past  
Took in their Sails, and at their Anchors cast.  
A Chosen Band of Britons went on Shore  
Who might Refreshments and Silent Store  
Of fresh Provision for the Navy gain,  
Worn with their mighty sufferings on the Main.  
Where many Nights and Days they had been lost  
Before the Men descry'd *Pomona's* Coast.  
*Arthur* in Person did the Men Command,  
Who from their Vessels leap'd out on the Strand;  
And boldly thence march'd up to view the Land  
When in the neighb'ring Mountains did appear  
Wild Swine and Goats and Herds of Fallow Deer.  
Their fatal Arms did the wild Game pursue,  
And soon abundant Store there Weapons flew.  
Then laden with their Spoil they turn'd their feet  
And came rejoicing to th' expecting Fleet.  
In foaming Caldrons some fat Venson boil'd,  
They Roasted some, and some on Coals they broil'd.



Spread on the Shore they did themselves refresh,  
And prais'd the Swine and Deer's delicious Flesh.  
When they had eat and drank with toil oppress'd  
The Men dispos'd their weary Limbs to rest.

Soon as the tender Morn began to dawn,  
King Arthur for Devotion was withdrawn.  
While in his humble Prayers was offering up  
To Heaven upon a Neighb'ring Mountain's top,  
The Prince of Darkness caught him up on high,  
And bore th' undaunted Hero thro' the Sky,  
But near a Mountain in a lonesom wast,  
Swiftly alighting, he the Briton plac'd.  
A mighty Dragon came down from the Hill  
Whose hideous Cry did 'i the Valley fill.  
The monstrous Beast was of prodigious size,  
Smoke from his Nostrils broke, Fire from his Eyes.  
His odious Feet resembled Harpys Claws,  
And the fierce Crocodile's his bloody Jaws.  
Which when expanded did three murthering Rows  
Of Teeth his native Armory disclose.  
His Wings spread out o'ershadow'd all the Air,  
Wide as the broadest Sails in Ships of War.  
Hard scaly Armour to his Body grew  
For Ornament and for Protection too.  
Along he drew his mighty poisonous train  
Like crooked Rivers sliding thro' a plain.  
As on the ground the turgid Volumes roll'd,  
They all their Speckled Terrors did unfold.



On did the vast, voracious Monster come  
 With dreadful noise, denouncing *Arthur's* Doom.  
 Sometimes like heavy *Burthen* rais'd with pain  
 He flew, and sometimes ran upon the Plain.  
 Sometimes empi'ring Feet and Pinions too,  
 The Dragon both together ran and flew.  
 The Beast with horrid noise advancing near,  
 Th' untaunted *Briton* pois'd his massy Spear  
 Which strait projected with prodigious Might,  
 From his strong Arm took his auspicious Flight.  
 Dragon and Spear against each other hift,  
 Nor could the Beast this stress of Death resist.  
 For while he yawn'd and belch'd out dreadful Flames  
 Amidst the Air in long impetuous Streams,  
 Down his wide throat the Spear its passage made  
 And buried deep within his Stomach laid.  
 Down fell the wounded Beast with mighty sound,  
 Shook all the Plain, the Woods, and Hills around,  
 And beat his quivering Wings upon the ground. }  
 A Sea of loathsome Gore resembling Blood,  
 Sprung from his Throat, and o'er the Region flow'd.

Then did the raging Prince of Darkness bea:  
 Aloft the Conquering *Briton* thro' the Air.  
 But set him down amidst a shady Wood,  
 Which in a wild, amazing Desert stood.  
 Where only ancient Pines, and balmy Yew,  
 Unwholesome Box, and mournful Cypress grew.  
 The noxious Glebe did nothing else produce  
 But poisonous Flowers, and Herbs of Magic use.



Bald Toadstools, Heubane, Nightshade, Hemlock here,  
Abundant choice of Mischief, did appear.

The Birds obscene which love the Shades of Night  
Frightful to hear, and odious to the sight,

Owls, Ravens, Bats, and all the ill-boding Race  
Increase the Horrors of the dismal place.

So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,  
That no reviving Sunbeams enter'd there.

Nothing but here and there a straggling Raven  
Which lost its self in wandering from the Day:

Which serv'd not to Refresh, but to affright,  
Not to Dispel, but to Disclose the Night.

Within the midst an ancient Castle stood,  
Encompass'd with a Mote of reeking Blood.

Wherein a dreadful monster did reside,  
Who all the attempts of humane Force defy'd:

A Cruel Tyranny of Infernal Shape;

Whom none, who Fear her fury, can escape.

Vipers, like those in Stygian Caverns found,

Swola with black Gore, her meagre Temples crown'd.

Her ghastly Eyes were sunk within her head,

And Death-like Paleness did her Cheeks o'erspread.

Her long, lank Breasts she o'er her Shoulders flung,

Or to her Waist the loathsome Burden hung.

Her shapeless Form no Words have force to tell,

Black as the Night, and Horrible as Hell.

The Monsters which Sicilia's Seas defame

If this appear'd, would gentle seem and tame.

She brandish'd in her hand a poison'd Dart,

Which Strikes responding Mortals to the Heart.



Fast in the festring wound the Weapon rest:  
And tears with pain their miserable Breasts.  
For death in vain the torer'd Wretches cry,  
Still do they Live, but still they Live to Dy.  
None but the Brave conscious of Vertuous Deeds;  
Whose Courage from their Innocence proceeds,  
Are able to withstand her dreadful Power;  
The rest the Monster goes with Ease devour.

No sooner in th' enchanted Wood appear'd  
*Britannia's* Pious King, but straight he heard  
The saddest Accents, deep despairing Signs,  
Bitter Complaints, and loud amazing Crys,  
Promiscuous Howlings, lamentable Moans,  
Outrageous Sorrow, and redoubled Groans.  
Clashing of Whips, hissings of mighty Snakes,  
Clancking of Chains, and noise of tortring Backs.  
Yellings of raging Furys, and the cry  
Of Men in dreadful Torments round the Sky.  
Then thro' the Air Flashes of Lightning past,  
And flaming Firebrands at his head were cast.  
Dragons of Fire flew swiftly thro' the Air,  
And ruddy Meteors shook their blazing Hair.  
Then murd'ring Ruffians leap'd out from the Wood,  
And grasping bloody Daggers threat'ning stood.  
Hell-hounds of hideous Forms, and dreadful Claws  
Ran roaring on him with their open Jaws.  
Pale shivering Ghosts past groaning, by, a sight  
Which humane Nature cannot but affright.



These various Horrors did he see and hear  
Yet stood unmov'd, and ignorant of Fear.

The Prince of Darkness an amaz'd look  
On the pious King's unshaken Constancy.  
To see him midst such Terrors fearless stand;  
Grasping his Heavenly Buckler in his Hand;  
Where when the Hero did with Ease repel  
Rage of all th' united Powers of Hell  
Invited dire *Enelpis* to his Aid,  
Of whom both Men and Angels are afraid.  
Aloud th' Apostate call'd, and at his Cry  
The Castle's Brazen Gates did open fly.  
The Draw-Bridge all with Plates of Iron wrought  
Fell down, and lay across the Blood-Moat.  
When from the Castle Gates a hideous Rout  
With mighty Noise and Outcries issued out.  
The Marks and all the ghastly Shapes of Fear  
In their distracted Faces did appear.  
Consummate Horror all their Looks possess'd,  
And Consternation not to be express'd.  
They beat their Breasts, and tortur'd with Despair  
Tore from their Heads their stiff erected Hair.  
Torrents of Tears they pour'd out from their Eyes,  
And fill'd the echoing Wood with dismal Cries.  
Then next the Hellish Fury came in Sight,  
And call'd forth all her Terrors to affright.  
She shook her Vipers, and aloud she roar'd  
Than Death more cruel, and as Hell abhorr'd.



With <sup>the</sup> Port the meagre Monster rode,  
 Poison'd Dart all stein'd with Blood.  
 Up to the King she march'd with furious Hast,  
 And at his Breast her dreadful Dart she cast.  
 Off from his temper'd Shield the Weapon glanc'd,  
 The King with God-like Courage straight advanc'd,  
 And brandishing his Fauchion in the Air  
 To attack the grisly Fury did prepare.  
 When traitway led with all her odious Train,  
 And in a Moment did her Cattle gain.  
 For she the timorous only can devour  
 But flies the brave who dare resist her Power.

With Spite and Rage the infernal Monarch twell'd  
 When he the Britons glanc'd and beheld.  
 Then thus he to himself. Still my Design  
 My Vengeance still this Briton's decline,  
 He all my chosen Ministers defeats,  
 And even *Anelpis* from his Arms retreats.  
 Yet still I'll try, unwearied I'll pursue,  
 I will molest him if I can't subdue.  
 This mighty Favourite of Heav'n shall find  
 That I have Snares and Dangers yet behind,  
 Milder in show, but of more fatal Kind.  
 I'll change my Arms and Method of Attack,  
 Conquer by Wiles whom Danger cannot shake.

In the South Corner of *Pomona's* Isle  
 Blest with a temperate Air and fertile Soil.



On the sweet Margin of a Crystal Flood,  
 Within a Flowry Vale a Palace stood,  
 Adorn'd with Turrets of Stupendious height,  
 With Walks and Gardens ravishing to sight.  
 He call'd *Falcinia* with her wanton train  
 In unmolested Peace and Pleasure reign.  
 Her Form was lovely, and amazing fair  
 Her Looks so sweet, so tender was her Air,  
 With such soft charms, such an alluring grace,  
 Surpass'd her own adorn'd no Mortal Face.  
 A thousand Graces, and a thousand Joys  
 Smil'd in her Cheeks and danc'd within her Eyes.  
 Where fate Victorious Love with Triumph crown'd,  
 His Conquering Arms and Troops spread around.  
 From these bright Magazines to Victory in Hearts  
 He drew his keenest Stan and all his surest Darts.  
 Great Heros who Immortal Fame pursu'd,  
 Citys reduc'd, and mighty Kings subdu'd,  
 Have at this Conqueror's Feet laid down their Arms,  
 Pleas'd to be vanquish'd by her gentle Charms.  
 The Lilly, Jasmine, Violet and Rose  
 Mingling their various Beautys did compose  
 The Flowry Garland which encompass'd round  
 Her softer Hair, and fairer Temples crown'd.  
 Her Amber Locks loose on her Shoulders lay,  
 Whither lascivious *Zephyrs* came to play.  
 With sporting Wings they rais'd them up, then all  
 Flew off, and let their Golden Burden fall.  
 Her Silken Garments which with careless grace  
 Her beauteous Limbs, and Body did embrace,



Did the ~~eth~~ Air a rich Perfume diffuse,  
 Such as *Arabia's* balmy Woods produce.  
 And yet beneath the specious, fair disguise  
 Of tender Words, and soft enticing Eyes,  
 The treach'rous Sorcerefs within her Mind  
 Conceal'd the deepest Hate to Humane Kind.

She all the Herbs and potent Juices knew  
 Which on *Pomona's* Hills in Plenty grew ;  
 These with infernal Art she could dispence  
 And Mixtures Form of wondrous Influence  
 These Magic Draughts the fair Enchantress gave  
 To all whom ~~her~~ her Beauty did enslave.  
 Various the skillful ~~Dispositions~~ were,  
 Which she for various ~~did~~ prepare.  
 As soon as some had drank the infernal Bowl,  
 They Wolves became, and trait began to howl.  
 Some did the form of wanton Goats acquire,  
 Some Swine became, and straitway sought the Mire.  
 Some with the Herds did thro' the Forests pass,  
 And like *Assyria's* Monarch fed on Grass.  
 Some as from Humane Shape they did decline,  
 Up to the Waist were Goats, and after Swine.  
 Some half transform'd compos'd a monstrous Form,  
 Where one half Man, and one half Feast appear'd.  
 Many *Fascinia* with amazing Art  
 Changing their Sex to Women did convert.  
 The Sorc'ers these anointed with a Oyl  
 Of wondrous Force brought from *Campania's* Soil :



Then her Servants they were all convey'd  
To a warm Bath with strong Decoctions made  
Of *Porrea* which without the Gardners Toil  
A Native grew thro' all *Porronea's* Ile.  
When she had bath'd them for a certain Space,  
She then remov'd the Captives from the Place  
And laid them softly on a downy Bed,  
With Linys, Poppys, and fresh Roses spread.  
Then while she touch'd her Lute's enchanting String  
And with a charming Voice began to sing,  
Sweet Slumber strait their Eyelids gently prest,  
And on their Bed they lay dissolv'd in Rest.  
Mean-time their Transformation did ensue,  
Their vigorous Bodys smooth and tender grew;  
Their Limbs their Force did by degrees abate,  
And by degrees turn'd fair and delicate.  
Their Nerves grew slack, their Skin, as Lillys, white,  
Soft to the Touch, and easy to the Sight.  
From their fair Chins dropt off their Manly Beard,  
And on their smiling Lips a lovely Red appear'd.  
For mild and tender Looks, their changing Face,  
Put off its bold, its stern and martial Grace.  
Their Shape all o'er discover'd Female Charms,  
And all the Druff sought, instead of Arms.  
These in *Fascinia's* Court did still remain,  
And furnish'd out her soft lascivious Train.  
Monarchs and warlike Chiefs who hither came  
Drawn by her charming Beauty, and her Fame  
In mighty Numbers did her Palace fill,  
Their Sex first chang'd by her prodigious Skill.



Straitway the Prince of Hell on Wings display'd,  
 To this sweet Seat the *British* King convey'd.  
 And set him down amidst the balmy Flowers  
 With od'rous Herbs adorn'd, and fresh blown Flowers.  
 Wherein appear'd on Iv'ry Tables set  
 Each garnish'd Dish of delicious Meat.  
 Choice Fruits in great Profusion lay around,  
 And with their Golden Heaps the Tables crown'd.  
 Plenty of Wine was plac'd; no nobler Juice  
*Ausonia's* Hills or fertile *Fræce* produce.  
 Music exceeding that of tuneful Sphæars  
 With soft harmonious  engag'd his Ears.  
 Hither *Fascinia* with her  came  
 Now from her gilded   
 Her, *Lucifer* had form'd and taught with Care  
 How best the *British* Monarch to ensnare.  
 Telling that this would raise her Glory more  
 Than all the Triumphs she had won before.  
 Soon as she saw the Hero stand in Arms  
 She smil'd, and call'd forth all her conqu'ring Charms  
 Advancing near, the lovely Sorceress  
 Did these soft Words to *Britain's* King address.

Tho you great Monarch are a Stranger here  
 Your Fame is not, your Person's therefore dear.  
 Faint with your Toil with Victorys oppress'd,  
 Accept reviving Meats, and Wine and Rest.  
 Make hast, and your exhausted Strength recruit,  
 Conquest you've gain'd, and now enjoy th' Fruit.



Without Penesament, and a due Repair  
 Your mighty Limbs will fail, your Vigor wear.  
 Your martial Genius for a time unbend,  
 Some easy Hours in soft-Enjoyment spend.  
 Danger you've born now cast these peaceful Joys,  
 Divert your self with Pleasure's charming Voice.  
 In this Refreshment while you please to stay,  
 All myendants shall your Will obey,  
 And my self will own your sovereign Sway.  
 Here we'll advance the Name of *Britain's* King,  
 And in soft Peace your Wars and Triumphs sing.  
 Then you again shall Martial-Fame pursue,  
 And in the warlike Field your mighty Deeds renew.

She ceas'd. And from her fair ~~eyes~~ <sup>gazing</sup> Eyes  
 Shot Showers of Conquering Darts to gain the Prize.  
 The *British* Monarch view'd her beauteous Face  
 Her tender Shape, soft Air, and every Grace.  
 Speechless the Hero and astonish'd stood,  
 And found an unknown Temper in his Blood.  
 A painful Pleasure seiz'd his beating Heart,  
 And in his Breast heret and lov'd the Smart.  
 The wand'ring Flame creeps thro' his wounded Veins,  
 And all the Springs of life the soft Contagion gains.  
 He ne'er before met such a potent Foe,  
 Nor did he e'er such Danger undergo.  
 At last the *Briton* fir'd with Love, reply'd,  
 Amidst such Charms who would not still abide ?



Happy the Kings, happy the Conquerours are  
 Who after all their Warlike Toil can share  
 The Smiles of one who's so divinely Fair.  
 Then to the Bower she led him by the hand,  
 And strait to fill out Wine she gave Command.  
 She drank the Wine off, and of Conquest sure  
 'd then a second Bowl for *Arthur* pour.  
 But when the Briton took the fatal drink -  
 And stood upon the Precipice's brink;  
 At last he recollected in his Mind,  
 How strictly he had been from Heav'n Enjoyn'd  
 In fair *Fascinia's* Presence not to stay,  
 But from her fatal Arms to break away.  
 In haste the Monarch <sup>sol'd to fly</sup>  
 Th' Enchanted Place <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>lovely</sup> ~~lovely~~ <sup>Enemy</sup>  
 Perceiving *Arthur's* great and brave intent  
 Fell on her Knees his Purpose to prevent.  
 She with her Arms his Martial Legs embrac'd,  
 And in the snowy Fetters held him fast.  
 With Tears and Prayers and every moving Art,  
 She labour'd to confirm his wav'ring Heart.  
 The Pious Monarch undetermin'd stood,  
 And felt Alternate tydes Command his blood.  
 He would not Heav'n's high order disobey,  
 Nor had the Power or Will to break away.  
 Thus he a while maintain'd a doubtful Field,  
 And tho' he did not Conquer, did not yield.

Mean time great *Gabriel* watchful of his Care,  
 To give him Aid to break the fatal Snare



Cloath'd in white Air appear'd, and with a Cry  
 Which shew'd the Monarch's Danger bid him fly.  
 If thou he said wilt Life and Honour save,  
 If thou wouldst prove above all others brave,  
 No longer with this fair Enchantress stay  
 Come on, and follow where I lead the Way.  
 The Briton rous'd with this divine Alarm  
 Felt in nobler Flame his Bosom warm.  
 Upon the Ground the fatal Bowl he threw,  
 And from the fair *Fascina's* Presence flew,  
 Who with her earnest Crys did long pursue.  
 The Gates flew open with obsequious Hast,  
 Thro' which the Seraph and King *Arthur* past  
 Now in th' Aerial Realms had Shade  
 Twice seven alternate Revolutions made  
 When *Lucifer's* Commission was expir'd,  
 Who from the Briton all enrag'd retir'd.  
 Him his great Guardian *Gabriel* did convey  
 Down to the Coasts where then the Britons lay.

*Gravelan*, faithful *Lucius*, and the rest  
 For their great Leader's Absence fore distressed,  
 From Place to Place, with Care and anxious Thought  
 In vain their Prince thro' all *Pomona* sought,  
 They rang'd o'er Hill and Dale, and all around  
 The Woods and Caves did with their Crys resound.  
 At last overwhelm'd with Sorrow and Despair  
 They to the Coast from whence they came repair;  
 There to debate what Measures they should take,  
 If they should cease or fresh Enquiry make.



Mean time the King amidst his Friends arriv'd,  
 Whose Presence their desponding Minds reviv'd.  
 With Wonder they beheld the Hero's Face,  
 And did with Tear of Joy his Feet embrace.  
 But when th' excessive Passion did abate,  
 The King at large did to his Friends relate;  
 What Dangers in his Absence him beset,  
 And how by Aids divine he did repel,  
 All the confederate Force and Frauds of Hell.

The mighty Triumphs by the Hero gain'd  
 His Patience, and the Labors he sustain'd  
 In various Combates, all his Friends amaz'd,  
 Who fixt with Admiration, him gaz'd.  
 With Joy transported all congratulate  
 His mighty Conquests and his prosperous Fate.  
 Some did to Heav'n his wondrous Patience raise,  
 Some did his Courage, some his Goodness praise.  
 And all the Sovereign of the World ador'd;  
 Who to the Britons had their Prince restor'd.  
 Whose powerful Hand assisted his Escape,  
 From Dangers of such Formidable Shape.  
 Then Meat and Wine they did prepare in haste,  
 Which now the Britons could with Pleasure taste.  
 Refresh'd with Food the pious King arose  
 And went his weary Members to repose.  
 But first declar'd that when the dawning Day,  
 From the cold Air should chase the Shades away,  
 He would embark to make *Neustrasia's* Coast,  
 To lead against the *Franks* the *British* Host.



## KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK VII.

**T**hese things befel the King since *Gallia's* Soil  
He left to calm *Britannia's* troubled Isle.

Mean time in *Gallia* when their Monarch found  
Himself recover'd from his painful Wound,  
He with his greatest Lords in Council sat  
About the Means to save the *Gallia* State.

Then thus the haughty Prince in *German* bespoke,  
Our Foes who would on *Gallia* impose their Yoke,  
Are now expos'd to your avenging stroke.

*Arthur's* withdrawn *Britannia* to compose,  
From whom his Army's Confidence arose.

His Courage, Conduct, Military Fame  
Kindled within their Breasts a Martial Flame.

His Presence made them obstinate in Fight,  
Eager of Conquest, and ashamed of Flight.

But since the Soul that mov'd their Troops is gone,  
Leaving this Kingdom to secure his own,

Let us employ this favourable Hour  
To free our Country from the *British* Power.

Let us advance our Ensigns vallant *Franks*

To attack the Foe encamp'd on *Esia's* Banks.

We shall a weal desponding Host assail,  
And of a glorious Conquest cannot fail.



He ceas'd, and all his Captains did reveal  
To storm the *British* Camp a cheerful Zeal.  
Forthwith their Monarch's orders to pursue  
The Generals rose and to their Posts with drew

Soon as *Aurora* with her Rosy Light  
Had streak'd the gloomy Bosom of the Night;  
The Monarch rose and Eager of the War  
For bloody Labour did himself prepare.  
His Armour and his Arms his Servants brought:  
All temper'd Piece by famous Masters wrought.  
His ample Shield was all of Burnish'd Gold,  
Dreadful indeed, but Glorious to behold.  
He lac'd his dazzling Helm around his Head,  
Which thro' the Air made keen Reflection spread.  
His massy Sword he girded to his Waist,  
And his strong Thighs in beaten Gold encas'd.  
His Breast and Back in noble Armour shone  
In Battle by excessive Splendor known.  
Then in his hand two pondrous Spears he took,  
And round him cast a Stern and Haughty Look.  
On to the Field he led his Warlike *Franks*  
And drew forth on the Plain th' embattled Ranks.  
The Steeds with raging Hoofs the ground did tear,  
And Chariots with their Thunder fill'd the Air.  
The Troops advancing o'er the Hill's did Choak  
The Concave of the Sky with Dust and Smoke.  
Thro' which their Armours glancing Lustre show'd,  
Like radiant Sunbeams breaking thro' a Cloud.



The deep Brigades compos'd an endless Throng,  
And with an awful Slowness march'd along.  
Drawn out in Order they display'd from far  
The full en Pomp, and the rough Looks of War.  
As when short Days and cold Autumnal Air  
To some new Seat warn Swallows to repair,  
The chatt'ring Race do's round their Leaders fly,  
And at their Summons rendezvous on high,  
And with their Numbers darken all the sky.  
So thick the *Franks* did on their March appear  
So black and wide their Front, so long their Rear.

Mean time the Scouts and Outguards did alarm  
The *British* Youth, and made the Captains arm.  
Who did, as order'd, in their Camp remain,  
Not to attack the Foe, but to sustain.  
Wise *Solmar* plaid a wary General's Part  
Guarding the Camp by all the Rules of Art.  
He in Battalia rang'd his valiant Host  
And did his Squadrons, as a Master, post,  
Where no Advantage of the Ground was lost.  
No prudent Measures did the Chief neglect  
Their Lines against th' Invader to protect.  
The chearful Captains to their Charge repair,  
Each takes his Post, and waits th' advancing War.  
The *British* Youth in Arms the *Franks* attend  
Bravely resolv'd each other to defend.  
*Solmar* within the Army's Center stands,  
As most convenient to dispence Commands.



The left Wing *Taluzar* did as General fwy,  
The right the valiant *Clovis* did obey.  
Now at a distance did the marching Foes  
Their numerous Army's Warlike Front disclose.  
Bright Javelins, Sabres, brazen Backs, and Breasts,  
Gauntlets, contiguous Helmets, burnish'd Crests,  
Longglitt'ring Spears, broad Fauchions, temper'd Shields  
Spread with illustrious Horror all the Fields.

In his bright Arms King *Crotar* did advance  
Before his Troops, and shok his threat'ning Lance.  
The haughty Warriour strair began the Fight  
And furiously attack'd the *Briton's* Right.  
With mighty Clamour and insulting Shouts  
The *Gallic* Squadrons storm'd the advanc'd Redoubts.  
The noble *Clovis* all their Force sustains,  
Unmov'd, undaunted he his Ground maintains.  
Fearless of Death he on the Rampart stands  
Dispensing to his Troops sedate Commands.  
Projected Stones in Rocky Tempests fly,  
And Showers of Arrows fill the troubled Sky.  
Their brawny Arms destructive Javelins throw,  
And glitt'ring Darts on deadly Errands go.  
Some to oblige the *Britons* to retire  
Hurl on them smoking Brands, and Storms of Fire.  
The *Briton* stands the flaming Charge, and pours  
Down in Exchange vast Stones in craggy Showers.  
Which with the slaughter'd Heaps the Trenches fill,  
And the bold Foe at once entomb and kill.



A leafless Wood of tall erected Spears,  
Overspreading all the spacious Field appears,  
As thick and close, as the young tender Trees  
Shoot up their Heads in th'iving Nurserys.  
Undaunted they the lofty Bulwarks scale,  
And with their Sword in Hand the Foe assail.  
But by the valiant Britons beaten back  
With mighty Slaughter they forsook th' Attack.

Then with fresh Force the Britons to invade  
Valiant Olcanor brought his bold Brigade.  
All valiant Men inur'd to Arms and Blood,  
Bred on the Banks of Liger's Silver Flood.  
The mighty Chief mounts up, and on the Lines  
Waving his Sword in noble Armour shines.  
Rollo advanc'd to beat him from his Post,  
And to regain the Ground their Men had lost :  
But with his utmost Force his furious Foe  
On his bright Crest dealt such a dreadful Blow,  
That Rollo stag'ring in a dizzy Swoon  
Fell down upon his Knees, and prest the Ground  
He lean'd upon his Buckler with his Hand,  
Yet scarcely so his swimming Head sustain'd.  
Then brandishing his Fauchion in the Air  
The fatal Stroke the Conq'rour did prepare :  
When mighty Oloron the Neustrian Chief  
All fir'd with Rage flew to his Friend's Relief.  
He interpos'd his generous Arms, and took  
Upon his ringing Shield the falling Stroke.



The *Neustrian* Lord ran in, and round his Waft  
With his strong Arms he hugg'd and grip'd him fast :  
Then from the Ground he rais'd the Warriour up,  
And hurl'd him headlong from the Rampart's Top.  
Off from the high rais'd Works the mighty *Gaul*  
Fell down, and shook the Vally with his Fall.  
So vast *Enceladus*, as Poets tell,  
Gigantic *Ruin*, from the Mountains fell -  
By which he scal'd the Imperial Seat of *Jove*,  
Struck down by vengeful Thunder from above.

Brave *Miran* next warm with his Youthful Flame  
Up to the Charge with his Battalion's came.  
To mount the Lines he straitway gave Command,  
But would himself be foremost of the Band.  
*Vebl's* observing brought a mighty Stone  
And from the high Entrenchment roll'd it down,  
It took the noble Warriour in his Way,  
And both within the Trenches buried lay.  
*Rofan* advanc'd, *Romulian's* learned Son,  
Who midst the *Bards* had many Laurels won,  
And now to martial Glory did aspire ;  
He climb'd the Works urg'd with a noble Fire :  
With his right Hand he did his Fauchion wield,  
And with his left he held his spacious Shield.  
Up to the high Entrenchment's brow he rose,  
Amidst the thickest Darts, and thickest Foes.  
He with his Spear *Radan* and *Tabal* flew,  
And down the Works *Lanvalto* headlong threw.



Could the valiant *Durotrigean* Knight  
Bravely advanc'd, and undertook the Fight.  
The undaunted *Frank* stept forth to meet the Foe,  
And aiming at his Breast a mortal Blow,  
To give his Javelin Force stretcht every Vein,  
Did all his Nerves, and brawny Muscles strain.  
The *Briton's* Shield receiv'd th' impetuous Stroke  
Which in the second Fold its Fury broke.  
Then with a mighty Force the *Briton* cast  
His massy Spear, which thro' the Buckler past,  
And pierc'd the *Frank* between the Hip and Waist.  
Down to the Ground he came, and endless Night  
Swam o'er his Eyes, and choak'd their vital Light.  
Then to the Charge renown'd *Olando* flew,  
Which mounting up *Capellan's* Javelin flew.  
With such a Vigor was the Weapon thrown,  
It pierc'd his Buckler crash'd his Collar Bone,  
And enter'd deep within the Warrior's Chest,  
Who fell with all the Pangs of Death oppress'd,  
And rolling down from the high *Ramparts* Brow  
increas'd the Dead, that lay in Heaps below.

Now ghastly Ruin and Destruction reign,  
And scatter'd Spoils o'erspread the bloody Plain:  
The Noise of raging Cohorts, horrid Crys,  
And Groans of dying Men afflict the Skys.  
O'er Shields and Helms down the steep *Rampart* flow'd  
Torrents, and Crimson Cataracts of Blood  
That fill'd the Trenches with a dismal Flood.



In vain the *Franks* their fierce Assault repeat,  
Vanquish'd with mighty Loss the still retreat.  
King *Clotar's* Soul was gaul'd, and all on fire  
To see his Legions from th' Attack retire.  
He flew along the Lines to take a View  
Where he th' Assault might with Success renew.  
That done he drew his Forces from the Right,  
And on the Left began a second Fight.  
Now did the King his fresh Battalions pour  
Upon the Place he judg'd the least secure.  
Great *Oromel* did at his Lords Command,  
Lead on the Troops his Sabre in his Hand.  
Thick Clouds of glitt'ring Darts and Spears they send  
To break the Troops, but did the Lines defend.  
The *Britons* to repel th' invading Foe  
Hurl'd mighty Stones, and Showers of Javelins throw.  
Those bravely storm, and these as well defend,  
And missive Arms in bloody Contest spend.  
While they with mutual Wounds each other gash,  
On this and that side mighty Numbers fall.  
But *Oromel* shaking his trembling Lance  
Commands his bold Battalions to advance.  
He mounted up the Works, and with his Spear  
His Passage thro' the thickest Ranks did clear.  
Dispensing Death upon the Lines he stood  
With Brains bespatter'd, and deform'd with Blood.  
In vain the *Britons* did the *Frank* invade,  
Who all around him vast Destruction made.  
Nor glitt'ring Darts, nor Stones, nor Smoke, nor Fire,  
Could damp the Chief, and force him to retire.



His fatal Fauchion first *Glenorran* felt  
Earn'd for his Arms, and rich embroider'd Belt.  
The dreadful Weapon did his Arm divide,  
And not yet cloy'd went deep into his Side.  
He fell upon the Ground and endless Night  
Lay on his Eyes to interrupt the Light.

- *Batandor* next a noble *Neustrian* Lord  
Felt in his bleeding Veins the Conqueror's Sword.  
Down on the Neck it fell with horrid Sway,  
And forc'd quite thro' the sever'd Joynt its Way.  
'T'raight Crimson Jets sprang up from every Vein;  
The gasping Head leap'd off, and bounded on the Plain.  
Then *Ridar*, *Araban*, and many more,  
Slain by the *Frank* lay weltring in their Gore.

*Othar* mean while his furious Javelin threw  
Which aim'd at *Milo* on its Message new.  
It pass'd his Buckler, and the painful Point  
Wounded his Knee, and enter'd far the Joynt.  
Back to the Rear off from the fierce Attack,  
Strong *Sebulbore* him on his brawny Back.  
Then *Asdran* cast his Dart with wondrous Force,  
The glitt'ring Death with an impetuous Course  
Against young *Trebor's* Helmet flew direct;  
Which now no longer could his Head protect:  
The Dart his ample Forehead struck, and full  
Between his thick-black Eyebrows pierc'd his Skull.  
It reach'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain  
Where we perceive our Pleasures, and our Pain.



There where the Soul upon her Throne abides,  
 And from our Sight conceal'd her Empire guides  
 Do's various Orders various Tasks dispence,  
 To all th' inferiour Ministers of Sence.  
 Now suddain Death do's her high Seat invade,  
 And spreads the Courts of Life with horrid Shade.  
 A fatal Dart which strong Odillon cast,  
 Pierc'd *Viola's* Shield and thro' his Temples past :  
 Extended on the Ground the Hero lay,  
 His Eyeballs struggling with departing Day.  
 A massy Spear which *Orbal's* Arm convey'd,  
 Past half its Length thro' *Kirton's* Shoulder Blade,  
 And on the Dust th' expiring Captain laid  
 A pondrous Stone crush'd *Cadel's* brawny Thigh,  
 Which made the Chief in raging Anguish ly:  
 But then a second Bruck hur'd in the Breast,  
 And of its painful Prison Life releast.

When noble *Talmar* saw what Numbers fell,  
 By the Victorious Sword of *Oromel* ;  
 And how his wavering Friends began to yield  
 Prest by the furious *Frank*, the bloody Field :  
 Up to the Charge he came resolv'd to chase  
 Th' Invader back, or dy upon the Place.  
 Against the *Frank* his massy Spear he hurl'd,  
 Which had dispatch'd him to th' infernal World,  
 Had it not glancing from his Buckler flew,  
 And by an erring Wound *Somellan* flew.  
 Then *Oromel* advancing to the Fight,  
 Threw his long Weapon with prodigious Might.



Th' impetuous Spear cut swift'y thro' the Sky,  
And thro' his Buckler raz'd the Briton's Thigh.  
A Purple Stream spun from the painful Wound,  
And striving thro' his Armour stain'd the Ground.  
Salmar enrag'd both with the Shame and Smart,  
Cast at th' insulting Foe his second Dart.  
A prosperous Flight the vengeful Weapon took,  
The Buckler pierc'd, and thro' the Cuirass broke  
Thro' the left Side it made its Way between  
The Border of the Midriff and the Spleen.  
The Warrior fainting with the fatal Wound,  
Dropt his bright Arms, and fell upon the Ground.  
Cold Death congeal'd his Blood within his Veins,  
And clos'd his Eyes, with everlasting Chains.  
Then did the Conqueror with his Arms attack  
The thickest Foes, and forc'd them Regions back.  
Across the Lines he did his Troops pursue,  
And as they fled prodigious Numbers flew.  
The thin Remains forsook th' unequal Fight,  
And sav'd themselves by ignominious Flight.  
As when loud Western Winds arrive from far  
Upon *Batavia's* Coast to levy War:  
The roaring Sea draws down its threatening Troops,  
To storm the Frontier, which its Progress stops.  
The foaming Files, and all the watry Ranks  
Rush on to Battle, and insult the Banks.  
But they contend to force their Way in vain,  
The *Digues* unshaken all their Force sustain.  
The wearied Sea murmurs at their Defeats,  
Draws off its broken Billows, and retreats.



Soon as King *Clotar* saw his Men retir'd,  
With Rage, and Shame, and Indignation fir'd,  
He drew up fresh Brigades against the Right,  
Resolv'd to try his Fate again in Fight.  
Advance ye Ensigns to the *Franks* he cry'd,  
And show your Valour oft in Battel try'd.  
For *Gallia's* Glory often you have fought,  
And from the Field triumphant Laurels brought.  
Now to protect her Towns and Altars show  
Your fearless Arms, and here invade the Foe.  
Here let us force their Lines, and make our Way,  
When well resolv'd no Works your Course can stay.  
Then lifting high his Shield to guard his Head,  
He up the Lines his various Cohorts led.  
With double Rage they did the Works invade,  
And with loud Shouts a vigorous Onset made.  
By various Ways th' undaunted *Briton* strove  
The Foe that press'd so boldly to remove.  
Some Spears, some Darts, some iron Wedges threw,  
Here flaming Firebrands, here bright Javelins flew,  
And here vast Stones the fierce Invader flew. }  
Here to oppress their Sight hot Embers fell,  
Here Pots with horrid Stench annoy'd their Smell.  
Great Numbers perish'd in the bold Attack,  
Such stout Resistance did the *Britons* make.  
*Ormanfel* by a craggy Stone was slain,  
Which from his broken Skull dash'd out his Brain.  
*Bertran* a Chief brave and expert in Fight,  
By a projected Firebrand lost his Sight.



An iron Wedge struck strong *Raynundo* dead,  
Beating his Helmet deep into his Head.  
Valiant *Mansellan* cast his furious Dart,  
Which thro' stout *Theodon's* Shield transfixt his Heart.  
Blood, Pains, and Limbs did the high Lines distain,  
And all around lay squalid Heaps of slain.  
The dreadful Roar did all the Region care  
Which issu'd from the brazen Throat of War.  
Horrid Confusion, lamentable Moans,  
Clashing of Arms and dying Warriours Groans,  
Amazing Clamours, and th' insulting Threats  
Of raging Captains vex'd th' Etherial Seats.  
Long did the *British* Youth their Works maintain,  
And bravely did the fierce Assault sustain.  
Till worn with Toil, and prest with numerous Troops,  
Still fresh pour'd on, they left the Ramparts Tops.  
King *Clotar*, on the Works his Standard plac'd,  
O'er which his throng'd Battalions raging pass'd.  
They forc'd the Camp, and like a conqu'ring Flood  
Pass'd o'er the Banks, that long their Force withstood.  
*Clotar* insulting at his Armys Head,  
On to the Foë his eager Squadrons led.

Mean time brave *Clovis* midst the *Britons* flew,  
And urg'd the Youth the Battle to renew.  
With Shame and Fury mingled in his Eyes,  
To the desponding Troops aloud he crys.  
What mean, my Friends, their Country to defame,  
And sink the Glory of the *British* Name?



Will you forget your Conquests? will you throw  
 Your Wreath and spreading Laurels from your Brow?  
 Shall we be vanquish'd by a vanquish'd Foe?  
 Can *Arthur's* Souldiers fear? were *Arthur* by  
 Would you forsake your Monarch? would you fly  
 Unthought of Troops, ah, Whither would you run,  
 You fly to Danger, and your Safety shun.  
 You cannot teach your Ships to pass the Main,  
 You must disperse, and be as Stragglers Slain.  
 Come fly from Danger and the Fight renew,  
 You can't be safe unless you Conquer too.  
 He said, and strait urg'd with impetuous Rage  
 The Chief advanc'd th' Invaders to engage  
 Upon the thickest Files the Warrior fell,  
 Resolv'd to dy, or *Clear* to repel.  
*Alfonso* who his progress first withstood  
 Fell wounded down, and welter'd in his Blood.  
 Within his Side he felt the fatal Dart  
 Between his Ribs an Inch beneath his Heart.  
 Another Spear was at great *Belson* thrown  
 Which pierc'd his Hip, and stuck within the Bone.  
 The *Frank* roar'd out, and tugging at the Spear  
 In grievous Anguish halted to the Rear.  
 Another Weapon did at *Damon* fly,  
 Which enter'd deep the Hollow of the Thigh;  
 Wriggling and wrything in tormenting Pain  
 He strove to draw the Weapon out in vain.  
 From his wide Wound a reeking River flow'd,  
 And all the Field around lay bath'd in blood.



Feeble and fainting with the Vast Expence,  
The Warriour fell bereft of Life and Sense.  
Temar and Divai by his Arms were Slain,  
And many more lay gasping on the Plain.  
The British Troops who had before retir'd,  
Turn'd to Battle by this Chief inspir'd.

Mean time Wise Solinus did with anxious Care  
Watch all the Turns and Clances of the War.  
And when he saw the Franks had forc'd the Line,  
And that the Britons did the Fight decline,  
To glorious Rout and Ruin to prevent  
He fresh Recruits from the Main Battle sent,  
Which might the British wavering Troops sustain,  
Repel the Franks and still the Fight maintain.  
Then to inspire his Men to keep their Post,  
And strike a terror thro' the Gallic Host,  
He noble Osor from the Camp detach'd,  
And with the Chief a thousand Horse dispatch'd:  
And to their faithful Leader gave Command  
To wheel about, and take the Hilly Land  
Which on the Right hand of the Camp arose,  
And then to March direct upon the Foes.  
Then valiant Osor did without delay  
Wheel from the Rear his orders to obey.  
And in his March he took a Compass round,  
That undiscern'd he might possess the Ground.

Now had brave Clevis with his fatal Blade  
Amidst the Squadrons great Destruction made.



Boldly he stood to stem th' overflowing Tide,  
Encompass'd round with Spoils on every Side.  
The *Franks* engag'd still fresh Battalions brought;  
And prest with whole Brigades the Warriour fought.  
He lopt strong *Clomire's* Arm off at a blow,  
And cleft th' bold *Orbaz's* Head in two.  
*Ellan* who in his Strengtn repos'd his trust,  
And *Gramol* in his Armour prest the Dust.  
Nor did *Rebailon* Better Fortune meet,  
Who lay expiring at the Conqueror's feet.  
Then at fierce *Meurel's* head he aim'd his Stroke,  
But on the temper'd Shield his Fauchion broke.  
The *Franks* who stood at distance round about,  
Ran in to seize him with a mighty shout.  
The Pious Warriour was their Carive made,  
And bound in Fetters to their Camp convey'd.  
Brave *Trelo* to prevent great *Clotis* Fate,  
Brought up his Valiant Troops but came too late.

*Clotar* mean time did *Erla's* Troops invade,  
And thro' the Files a mighty Havock made.  
The *British* Chief did wondrous Courage show,  
But strove in vain to stop th' unequal Foe.  
Young *Harrel* felt the Conqu'rous Weapon first,  
And groaning lay, and grov'ling in the Dust.  
*Torman* advanc'd the Monarch to sustain  
But at his feet fell Dead upon the Plain.  
He next his massy Spear at *Corbel* cast,  
Thro' all the Buckler's fold's the Weapon part,



And thro' his tender Entrails passage found.  
The Bowl came forth, and hung down from the Wound  
Down on the ground he fell, and gasping lay,  
While Death excluded from his Eyes the Day.  
Next Pricel's Arm receiv'd the Javelin's point  
Between the Elbow and the Shoulder Joynt:  
The fatal Steel did the large Vein divide,  
And from its channel sprang the Arterial Tide.  
Subsiding Life Ebb'd down apace, and left  
The Youth of Motion and of Sense bereft.  
Then at Hermander did his jav'lin fly,  
Which pierc'd his Buckler's Plate and Bullhide Ply;  
Then thro' his breast and breathing Lungs it went,  
And sticking in his Back it's Fury spent.  
Hermander Cough'd up from his Wheezing Chest  
Fresh Froth and Blood, but strangled and Opprest  
He fell upon the Ground and rattling lay,  
Stretch'd out his Limbs, and groan'd his Life away.  
Coman applauded for his Youthful Charms,  
From all distinguish'd by his Tainted Arms,  
And his rich Scarlet Scarf, by luckless chance  
Stood the next mark of Lotar's fatal Lance.  
So the fair Lilly and the Poppy stand  
A gaudy Harvest for the Mower's hand  
Strait at his Breast the Monarch's Weapon flew,  
First pierc'd his Shield, and then his Body thro'.  
Th' expiring Youth fetch'd deep repeated Throbs,  
And of his hopes his mournful Father robs.  
Then Eldred, Ribald, and Comander dy'd,  
All these were Brothers by the Mother's Side.



All from the Mountains of Brechin came  
 To win the Gallie Fields immortal Fame.  
 Vast numbers of the British Youth lay dead,  
 And with their scatter'd Spoils the Ground o'erspread.

When Solmar to relieve his Troops oppress'd  
 And the fierce Victor's progress to arrest,  
 Brought the main Battle up to charge the Franks  
 And bravely did attack their foremost Ranks.  
 Strait thro' the Camp a noble War ensu'd,  
 And martial Rage was in their Breasts renew'd.  
 Now Front to Front the Files each other prest,  
 And Foot to Foot they stood, and Breast to Breast.  
 All on the Ground their missive Weapons threw,  
 And with their Swords to close Engagement flew.  
 Fauchions with Fauchions clash'd, Shields rub Shields,  
 And the loud Din of War rang thro' the Fields.  
 Now Franks prevail, and now the British Host,  
 And both their Arms alternate Conquest boast  
 While undetermin'd Victory did shew  
 Such Doubtfulness, as trembling Need's do,  
 When they between two courting Leadstones stay,  
 To neither yield, yet neither disobey.

At last with bloody Toyl the Britons worn,  
 And with unequal Numbers overborn  
 Began to shrink, while Ciotar's raving Sword  
 With undistinguish'd Rage around devour'd:  
 When on the neighb'ring Hill upon the Right  
 The Troops detach'd by Solmar march'd in Sight.



Great *Ogôr* who the foremost did appear  
In Stature, Presence, Arms, and martial Air  
Of all the Heroes of the *British* Host,  
The God like *Arthur* did resemble most.  
Then *Solmar* cry'd aloud, see you your King,  
A *War*'s arriv'd, and do's sure Conquest bring.  
Loud Shouts of Joy rang thro' the *English* Camp,  
And struck th' o' *Clotar*'s Troops a shivering Damp.  
Those reassume the War with double Rage,  
And these but faintly with the foe engage.  
Wavering a while they stood, but then gave way,  
And left th' unfinish'd Triumph of the Day.  
The *Gallic* Troops did by their Flight proclaim,  
How much they fear'd Victorious *Arthur*'s Name.  
The conqu'ring *Britons* did the *Franks* pursue,  
Hung on the *Rear*, and many Numbers flew.  
Only King *Clotar* still refus'd to yield,  
But with his single Arms maintain'd the Field.  
*Solmar* advanc'd to charge th' undaunted King,  
And at his Head did his bright *Javelin* fling;  
His blazing Shield the furious Weapon struck  
Pass'd the first Fold, but in the second stuck.  
Then did the *Frank* project his ponderous Spear  
Which hiss'd along, and cut the liquid Air.  
Thro' his right Leg in burnish'd Steel encas'd,  
Across the brawny part the Weapon past.  
The Veins that deep for sure Protection lay,  
The fatal point divided in it's way.  
Its Springs broke up, but gush'd the leaping Blood,  
And in his reeking Life the fainting Warriour stood.



The *Leopold* Youth ran in to bring Relief  
 And now the Field bore off the wounded Chief.  
*Albert* the first who rush'd in to withstand  
 The furious *Frank*, fell by his fatal Hand.  
*Dodol* and *Eldan* were undaunted on,  
 To save the General's Life, but lost their own.  
 But when the Monarch saw the Battel lost,  
 Himself alone left to engage an Host,  
 He grew enrag'd, but forc'd at last to yield  
 With bitter Execrations left the Field.  
 So much did *Arthur's* Name the Battel Sway,  
 And chang'd so soon the Fortune of the Day.  
 Their own great losses and the Evening Shade,  
 From long pursuit the *British* Youth dissuade.  
 For Rest with Joy they to their Tents return,  
 But *Clovis* Chains and *Solmar's* had they mourn.  
*Solmar* in pain had past the restless Night,  
 And when the Sun had spread the Hills with Light,  
 Exhausted with expence of Blood expir'd,  
 Lamented much, and much by ail desir'd.

Brave *Ofor* next in Power and Honour, sent  
 To call the *British* Captains to his Tent.  
 Soon hither all the great Commanders came,  
 All high in Office, and of Martial Fame.  
 Th' Assembly made a Sound like that of Waves  
 Roll'd on the Shore, or Winds in hollow Caves.  
 Or that which high *Augusta's* Merchants make,  
 When in their frequent Bourse they Counsel take.



What Riches to their Neighbours they than  
What *British* Growth to Foreign Climates  
What Luxury to fetch, what wealthy Store  
Or from the *Asiam*, or the *Afric* Shore,  
To which Port next their numerous Fleets shall run,  
To the Rising, or the Setting Sun.

The throng'd Assembly straight in Council sat  
To measure for their Safety to debate.  
Upraise, and with deliberate words  
He thus bespoke th' *Aliys*, and *British* Lords.

Twice has the Moon her changing face renew'd  
Since we our Monarch's Orders have pursu'd.  
Expecting his return from *Alban's* Coast,  
We with Defensive Arms high kept our Post.  
And twice seven days are past since certain Fame  
That *Albion* was compos'd first hither came.  
That *Arthur* was embark'd to cross the Main  
In *Gallie* Fields new Laurels to obtain.  
But when in Prospect of the *Neustrian* Strand  
A sudden Tempest beat him off from Land:  
So those relate who on the Mountains stood,  
And saw his ships advancing thro' the Flood.  
Yet still his Ships are on the Ocean tost,  
Or forc'd on some unhospitable Coast,  
Else had the King return'd to *Neustria's* Shore  
And we had seen our Monarch long before.  
So long we had not labour'd in Suspence,  
Nor wanted *Arthur's* Arms for our Defence.



Our Leaders Troops impatient grown declare  
 They would return and leave th' unfinish'd War.  
 Mean time our Leaders Absence makes the Foe  
 More insolent, and our Armies grow.  
 Captains advise, what Measure we shall take,  
 Shall we return and Galli's Realm forsake,  
 Or shall we here entrain our Camp defend,  
 And till the Arrival of our Prince attend

He said, wife Gotrick rose, and to the rest  
 Thus with majestic Air himself exprest.  
 The Stratagem which did the Franks defeat  
 We can no more, illustrious Chiefs, repeat  
 The Franks who Arthur's Presence then believ'd,  
 By busy Fame will soon be undeceiv'd.  
 Then well we know that no Britanic Lord  
 Is able to withstand King Clotar's Sword.  
 Should he again our high Entrenchments scale,  
 His numerous Squadrons may at last prevail.  
 Our two great Heroes left in chief Command;  
 Who could if any, Clotar's Rage withstand  
 These we, alas, have lost. Great Somar's slain,  
 Brave Clovis dead in Clotar's Power remain.  
 Thrice happy Man if midst the fighting Bands  
 Thou hast expir'd and escap'd the Tyrant's Hands  
 These were the Chiefs on whom we did depend  
 As Men whose Arms our Bulwarks would defend.  
 Our weary Troops who did demand before  
 Their native Land do now demand it more.



Preſt by our hard Affairs we may preſume  
 King Arthur's Leave to lead our Squadrons home.  
 The pious Prince our Conduct will approve  
 Who to his People thus expreſs our Love

He ſaid      When mighty *Talmar* Silence broke  
 And thus the Lords and valiant Chieſpoke.  
 Here ſaid our Pious Monarch bid us ſtay,  
 And his Command what Chief dares diſobey?  
 We muſt perſiſt our Bulwarks to defend,  
 And Arthur's coming in the Camp attend  
 Shall we the Honour of our Iſle deface,  
 And ſhow our ſelves a weak, degenerate Race.  
 How will the Neighbour States our Arms deſpiſe,  
 And mock our ignominious Cowardize?  
 How will our Countrymen upbraid our Flight,  
 And ask what Monſters did our Youth affright?  
 Our Wives and Children ſwarming on the ſtrand  
 Will mock our Fears, and beat us off from Land.  
 How will the obſerving World our Conduct blame  
 How will th' unhappy Chriſtians curſe our Name,  
 Whom from their Chains we promiſ'd to releaſe,  
 When our Retreat their Sufferings ſhall encreaſe?  
 For thus provok'd th' inexorable Foe  
 Will add more Weight, and multiply their Voice.  
 What Plagues, what Deſolation muſt o'erwhelm  
 Both the *Neuſtraſian* and the *Gallic* Realm,  
 If we no longer will our Arms engage,  
 But give them up a Prey to *Clotar's* Rage?



Let us  
 Express our Pique, ~~and~~ Ruine and our Shame,  
 And resolv'd ~~and~~ advance our Fame.  
 Let us ~~and~~ us our Bulwarks guard,  
 Success at last our Fortitude will reward.

He said. And Melon thus himself exprest.  
 What madness Britons is your Minds possess?  
 Will you betray your Monarch's righteous Cause,  
 Defame your Isle, and yet expect Applause?  
 Scar'd with phantastic Terrours will you run,  
 And leave a War with such Success begun?  
 Fear seems a Passion wise and eloquent,  
 But makes the Danger which it would prevent.  
 Let us the Passion down, and not disfigure  
 In Virtue's Shape infamous Cowardise.  
 For running hence what Reasons ever you bring,  
 Wisdom's the grave Pretence, 'tis Fear's the thing.  
 We still in *Britania* may in Safety stay,  
 Depend our Bulwarks, and our Prince obey.  
 Vainly 'tis urg'd the Britons are dismay'd  
 'Tis fearful Captains make their Men afraid.  
 Your Courage will confirm your wavering Troops,  
 Inspire new Vigor, and revive their hopes.  
 Blame not the British Youth who still obey,  
 And boldly follow, when you lead the Way.  
 Then laying on his mighty Sword his Hand,  
 He cry'd, the Man that leads the foremost Band  
 From out the Camp shall by this Fauchion dy,  
 He ne'er shall scape, who first attempt to fly.



He said. And straitway *Coril* thus reply'd,  
 Meer Courage is to Madnels near ally'd,  
 A Brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.  
 A cold Sense and Judgment with a noble Fire  
 To make a finish'd Leader must conspire,  
 Some by a wise Retreat have more Reason  
 Than other Captains by a Conquest won.  
 His blind Perverseness in our Camp to stay,  
 And not to go when Prudence leads the Way.  
 Wisdom is no Defect of Martial Heat  
 When Reason bids, 'tis Manly to retire.  
 For our Return no Reasons need be said  
 Than those which *Gotric* has before produc'd.  
 I must declare for breaking up, to shun  
 The mighty risk which staying here we run.  
 And if some Chiefs will this as Fear condemn,  
 We must object them Want of Sense to them.  
 We are not aw'd by Threats, and roughly Wore  
 Nor do we think we wear unequal Swords.

He ceas'd. And strait in moderate Heats arose,  
 While chol'rick Chiefs each other did oppose.  
 Some for retreating, some for Stay contend,  
 Some would forsake, and some their Camp defend.  
 When *Maca* saw the Strife still hotter grew,  
 Fearing the Dangers which might thence ensue,  
 He rose, and thus th' assembled Chiefs bespoke,  
*Britons*; too much each other you provoke.



A calm Contest might decide,  
But many Reproaches more your Minds divide.  
Your Dangers by your Discords you augment,  
And bring the Mischiefs which you would prevent.  
'Tis prudent then this Contest to adjourn,  
And when the dawning Morning shall return,  
Stupid, & compos'd with Rest, our Minds sedate,  
In Council we'll revive this great Debate.  
He rose. And from the most receiv'd Applause,  
Who cry'd adjourn, and strait the Council rose.

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King

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## KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK VI.

**T**HE *British* Captains thus with *Choler* boyl'd,  
 And these Contentious Hearts the Camp Embroil'd.  
*Clotar* mean time who full of Rage and Shame,  
 Back to *Lutetia* for Protection came,  
 Thus to his Servants cry'd; let *Clovis* come,  
 I'll see the Rebel and pronounce his Doom.

Strait did the bloody Guards in Triumph bring  
 The Pious *Clovis* to the *Gallie* King.  
 When *Clotar* first the Captive order'd  
 Insultingly he smil'd, and thus he cry'd.  
 Thou dost not only *Gallia's* Gods reject  
 Adhering to the *Chr*istians impious Sect,  
 But Trait'rous to thy King art not afraid  
 To call in Foreign Arms, and give them Aid,  
 Striving with blackest Malice to subdue  
 Thy Nat'ral Lord, and Native Country too.  
 But now just Heav'n has giv'n thee to my hand  
 T' inflict that Vengeance, which thy Crimes demand.  
 Speak what infernal Fury lash'd thee on,  
 What made thee hope thy Sovereign to dethrone?



He said. And *Cicvis* fearless thus reply'd,  
 'Tis true I still have Pagan Gods defy'd.  
 I ne'er would Incence on their Altars throw,  
 Nor in their Groves, nor in their Temples bow.  
 I ne'er have Worship to your Idols shew:  
 As are the Rocks from whence they're hewn.  
 Gods Deify'd by Superstitious Fear,  
 Gods whom Creating Statuaries rear.  
 Who *Pyrrhus* and his Wife have far outdone,  
 Transforming into Gods the senseless Stone.  
 To th' unseen Mind I've still Obedience paid,  
 Who this, and those bright Worlds above us made.  
 This Independent Being I adore,  
 One God I reverence, but reverence no more.  
 He in whose Power and Goodness I believe  
 Will from your Rage this Mortal Life retrieve  
 Or in Exchange will Life Eternal give.  
 I own, I did with humble prayer perswade  
 The Pious Briton *Gallia* to invade,  
 His Arms in our Deliverance to employ  
 To save a Realm you labour to destroy.  
 How have you triumph'd and Insulting stood  
 With Garments row'd in Slaughter'd Christians blood?  
 Haughty Proscriptions, Murders, Banishment  
 And all the Plagues that Tyrants can Invent,  
 At your Command the Christians have destroy'd,  
 Yet your Insatiate Rage was never cloy'd.  
 Tormentors with their cruel labour tir'd  
 To gain their own, the Sufferers rest desir'd.

Your



Your frighted People from their Towns are fled  
And Prisons only are inhabited.  
All *Europe* echoes with *Lutetia's* Groans  
And every Land receives her straggling Sons.  
We justly arm'd to set our Country free  
From unexampled Rage, and barbarous Cruelty.  
Subjects should Kings revere and raise their Fame,  
That cruel Monsters lose that sacred Name.  
A Father do's not arm'd with lawless Power,  
Instead of feeding them, his Sons devour.  
Wolves should they Crooks usurp, no Sheep are,  
Nor Spoilers Princes, tho' they Scepters bear.  
Wild Violence, and Power outrageous grown  
Proclaim the Tyrant, and the King de throne.  
Scepter'd Destroyers do themselves depose  
And all their Right to our Obedience lose.  
This is your Case, this sinking *Gallia's* Fate,  
We, mov'd by Pity to her Suffering State  
Call'd in the Generous *Briton* with Intent  
Her universal Ruin to prevent.  
This I have done, and Glory in the Deed,  
And tho' I fall may *Arthur's* Arms succeed.  
Stedfast in Christian Faith I've always stood,  
And ready am to seal it with my Blood.  
I will not Life from *Clotar* e'er demand  
Nor ask Deliv'rance from his cruel Hand.  
For my expected Suffering I prepare,  
You've Power indeed, but want a Heart to spare.



More had he said, but *Clotar* furious grew,  
 And flashing fire from his fierce Eyeballs flew.  
 The Captive's Words like Spears the Monarch go'd,  
 And stung with Guilt and Rage aloud he roar'd:  
 What Pity is that Man that once can dy,  
 That Life when urg'd begins so soon to fly  
 But oh, may mine prove tough and obstinate,  
 Mighty to bear repeated Strokes of Fate.  
 May'st thou be hard, resolv'd and bold in Pain,  
 Able my choicest Torments to sustain.  
 May baffled Tortures scarcely waste thy Breath,  
 And may'st thou late escape my Hand by Death.  
 May all thy Nerves be firm, thy Muscles strong,  
 Thy Heart strings found to bear thy Sufferings long.  
 Oh, may Gigantic Force and Vigor show  
 That thou uncommon Racks canst undergo  
 Strive not by Death basely thy self to save,  
 Be constant on the Wheel and prove in Torment brave.  
 For thou canst only make this Recompence,  
 A slight one too compar'd with thy Offence.

Away the noble Captive was convey'd,  
 And bound with iron Links in Prison laid,  
 To be expos'd soon as the Morning came  
 To cruel Torments, and to publick Shame.  
 Unmov'd, unchang'd great *Clovis* did sustain  
 His heavy Doom and ignominious Chain.  
 As calm as Peace, as heav'nly Seraphs mild  
 He view'd the Racks, and on his Torments smil'd.



With easy Arms his Fathers he embrac'd,  
And thought himself with Marks of Honour grac'd.  
He thought it noble Matter of Applause,  
To dy for *Galicia*, and the Christian Cause.

What Honour is it, did the Hero cry,  
To dy for him that did for Sinners dy?  
To rescue Mortals from the Gulph of Hell,  
And raise them up to Heaven from whence they fell?  
All our lab' rious Services are nigh,  
And all our heavy Sufferings wondrous light,  
When in a just and equal Ballance throw'n  
Against th' excessive Bliss, and mai'n Crown  
Of pond'rous Glory, which attends at last  
The constant Martyr's Zeal and Labour past.  
The Way to *Canaan* by these Martyrs trod  
Lys thro' a red amazing Sea of Blood.  
Martyrs, *Elijah*-like, to Heaven aspire  
On ruddy Steeds, and rapid Cars of Fire.  
Here on a bleak tempestuous Shore I stand,  
Cast on a wild, unhospitable Land,  
Which for Disorder do's on *Chaos* joyn;  
And for its Guilt do's close on Hell confine;  
A wastful, howling, horrid Wilderness,  
Which Beasts of Prey in humane Shape possess:  
So monstrous dark that Heav'n's recoiling Light  
Bounds from the Surface of the solid Night.  
On the other side appears a glorious Shore  
Enrich'd with glitt'ring Gems and golden Car.



The Land is all a *reviv'd* Theater,  
 Where flowry Plains, and spicy Groves appear.  
 A Paradise left with reviving Beams  
 Immortal Fruit, and sweet, Celestial Strea  
 Where Love and Peace and Friendship free from Pain,  
 Pure Light, and Truth, and Joy unmixt with Pain,  
 Oh happy Regions ! do for ever reign.  
 To gain this Blissful Land, this Golden Coast,  
 Death's interposing Channel must be crost.  
 'Tis true the gloomy Flood afflicts the Sight,  
 And self preferring Nature dos affright.  
 The *Stygian* Tide a dismal Horror spreads,  
 And dusky Billows rear their threatening Heads.  
 Nature upon the Brink dos shiv'ring stand,  
 And dreads the Passage to the Blissful Land.  
 She willing still terrestrial Joys to keep,  
 Starts at the awful Prospect of the Deep.  
 She spins out time, and lingers in Debate,  
 And dos a thousand Ways Expostulate,  
 Displeas'd to try a new, and Unknown State.  
 By Various shifts she labours to Evade  
 The frightful Gulph, and Solitary Shade.  
 But Nature is Controul'd by Reason's sway,  
 Reason's her Guide, Reason must lead the Way.  
 I'll plunge amidst the Flood, and fearless stride  
 To gain the happy Shore acro's the tyde,  
 Or with bold Arms th' opposing Waves divide.  
 What if I sink, the shore I cannot miss,  
 We dive by Death, but to Emerge in Bliss.



The chiefest Terrors which in Death we dread,  
 Are in our own Imagination bred.  
 We are not pleas'd a glorious World to know,  
 Whereof our Senses no impression show.  
 Reluctant Sense declines the untrodden Path,  
 Not aided both by Reason and by Faith.  
 Empty phantastick Horrors hence arise  
 Which fright the vulgar, not the brave and wise.  
 Th' advancing Shades of Death weak Nature scare,  
 As hideous Forms and Monsters drawn in Air:  
 Which issuing forth from the dark Womb of  
 Impregnated with Fear, weak Minds affright.  
 If tender Infants who imprison'd lay  
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,  
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,  
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate,  
 The painful Passage they would dread, and show  
 Reluctance to a World they do not know.  
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to stay  
 As backward to be born, as we to dy.  
 This is the Christian's Case detain'd on Earth,  
 Whose Death is nothing, but his Heav'nly Birth.  
 Yet still he fears the dark and-unknown Way,  
 Still backwards shrinks, still meditates Delay,  
 And fresh Excuses finds for longer Stay.

The pious Peer in such divine Debate  
 Prepar'd himself for his approaching Fate.  
 His Wife mean time fair *Merula*, a Dame  
 Of wondrous Beauty, who when *Clovis* came



To *Albion's* Isle, in *Gu.* was left behind  
Now to the Prison came her Lord to find.  
Fir'd with her Heavenly Charms great *Clovis* burn'd,  
And she to his an equal Flame return'd.  
None to each other did more constant prove,  
None more admir'd, and fam'd for mutual Love  
Long she unmov'd had born her heavy Chains,  
    g underwent the most afflictive Pains,  
But tir'd at last, her Torment to evade  
Her Saviour she renounc'd, her Faith betray  
The Pagan Altars once so much abhor'd,  
And Gods of various Kinds she now ador'd.  
Yet did she constant to her *Clovis* prove,  
Apostate from her Faith, but not her Love.  
Her Lord thus sentenc'd, she to *Clotar* went  
Brave *Clovis* Death and Sufferings to prevent.  
And knowing nothing could his Life procure  
Unless the Christian Faith he did abuse,  
She thought as once seduced *Eve* had done,  
Her Lord by her Persuasion might be won  
To break th' Almighty's sacred Law, and eat  
When offer'd by her Hand, forbidden Meat.  
And oh! how oft do Female Charms prevail  
Ev'n when the brave and wisest they assail?  
She therefore unde took by *Clotar's* Leave  
To try the pious *Clovis* to deceive;  
To form his Mind the Christian's God to quit,  
And to the Pagan Idols to submit.  
Her Son and Daughter both of tender Age  
The Mother brought, hoping they might engage



The Hero's Pity and Paternal Love,  
And from his Breast his settled Purposè move.

Thus *Clovis* the bespoke,  
Rous'd by restless Love I hither come  
To rescue *Clovis*, and avert his Doom.  
Too great a Zeal, and I doubt can't be shown  
To save a Life far dearer than my own.  
'Tis in your Power your Sufferings to evade,  
Oh, that it were in mine too, to persuade  
My *Clovis* that Deliv'rance to receive,  
Which here with Joy I bring by *Clotar's* Leave.

Here *Clovis* interrupting her reply'd,  
Oh *Merula* have you your God deny'd,  
Have you renounc'd the Christians solemn Vow,  
And learn at before the Pagan Shrines to bow,  
And are you in your Guilt so stupid grown,  
So like the Gods you worship, Wood and Stone,  
That to my Presence you thus boldly press  
No inward Gripes and no Remorse express ?  
Should not your Crime in Crimson Blushes glow ?  
Should not your Eyes Shame and Confusion show ?  
Amazing Power of Guilt ! one great Offence  
Benumbs the Mind, and stupifys the Sense,  
Binds fast reluctant Conscience with its Chains,  
And of its Sting the Worn, within disarms.  
But, *Merula*, your Message tell, prepare  
Your Golden Bait, and spread th' alluring Snare.



No Question you your Guilt would propagate  
 And make me quit my Faith to shun my Fate.  
 Speak, is not this your cruel kind Intent  
 To change my Faith my Torments to prevent?

Then, beautecious *Merula* reply'd, 'tis true  
 The Means to save my *Clovis* I pur-  
 sue Joy but yours, no Life but yours I wish  
 I must survive my self, when you are gone.  
 How strong, how pure, how bright a Flame of Love  
 To *Clovis* always in my Bosom strove?  
 You're conscious of my Passion, you must know  
 That from your Presence all my Pleasures flow.  
 If you withdraw your Light, how black a Shade  
 Must the sad Region of my Breast invade?  
 This World's a Heav'n to me when you are here,  
 And Heav'n will more be Heav'n to meet you there.  
 What I could ever Joy or Pleasure call  
 'Twas you I tasted, you enjoy'd in all.  
 The Spring from whence your Stream of life proceeds  
 My Veins with vital Warmth and Vigor feeds.  
 My Life's dependent and precarious Fire  
 Must quickly cease, should you its Source retire,  
 As Evening Rays forsaken soon expire.  
 Deserted and defrauded of Supply  
 Streams flow no longer, when the Fountain's dry.  
 Should I behind my *Clovis* here remain.  
 I should of Life's uneasy Load complain.  
 And drown'd in Tears drag on th' encumbering Chain.  
 How sad, and hard a Task it is to live  
 When I must all that Life endears, survive?



No wonder then I strive a Life to save  
Where I such vast Concern and Int'rest have

Lean your Freedom and your Ease procure  
Nor need you e'er the Christian Faith abjure.  
You need but only to their Altars go,  
And on the Flames a little Incense throw.  
Th' Almighty dos you know the Heart requir  
And you may that preserve for him entire.  
When ye to Images respect shall show,  
Your Mind you need not with your Body bow.  
In every place th' Eternal dos abide,  
And therefore must in Statues too reside.  
When therefore you shall Adoration pay,  
Your Mind may thro' the Image make its way,  
And Worship to the God within convey.  
We do not Worship to a Stone demand  
To Gods created by the Carver's hand.  
The God we Honour has his Throne above,  
To whom the Image dos our Rev'rence move.  
Presents we prize, and Pictures we commend,  
Because they mind us of our absent Friend.  
By Nature we to Nature's Lord arise,  
Who dwells in Bliss conceal'd from mortal Eyes.  
We view his Image stamp'd on Nature's Face,  
And by the Creatures to their Maker pass.  
This beauteous World, and all the rest above,  
Were made to raise our Wonder and our Love.  
The noblest Use that we in Creatures find  
Is to the first great Cause, t' advance the Mind.



The Sun himself with bright revealing Ray  
To it's more glorious Author shews the way,  
Serves Mortals more by this, than when it's Light  
From these dark Seats removes the Shades of Night.  
We can't Divine, Essential Glory see,  
Nor view th' Almighty's naked Majesty.  
We can't th' unequal Object comprehend  
The Creatures must their help to Reason lend,  
While step by step it dos to Heav'n ascend.  
Wide Nature's Frame and all her stiddy Laws  
Lead thinking Man to th' Independent Cause.  
And then the Creatures have their noblest Use,  
When thoughts Divine they in our Minds produce.  
Now in the Sacred Images we rear,  
This pious Use more plainly do's appear.  
These in our Breasts do warm Devotion raise,  
And mind us to advance th' Eternal's praise.  
They move our Minds his Greatness to adore,  
To love his Goodness, and revere his Power.  
They to his Duty rapid Man excite,  
And when he aims at Heav'n assist his Flight.  
And those who know the high and steep way,  
The painful steps that reach Celestial Day,  
Will not of friendly Succors be afraid,  
But thankfully receive the proffer'd Aid.  
Our Senses to the Mind while lodg'd in Clay,  
Do all their various Images convey.  
Things that we tast, and feel, and see, afford  
The Seeds of Thought with which our Minds are stor'd.



We therefore must the Deity conceive  
By such an Image as our Senses give.  
Spirits to us this only way are known,  
And such Conceptions we must form or none.  
Why then shou'd Statues be condemn'd, design'd  
To raise Devotion in a Pious Mind,  
When if we think of God within our Thought  
Some Image of his Being must be wrought  
The Sacred Volumes oft in Almighty name  
As having Parts and Limbs and Humane Frame  
Th' Eternal to our Minds by Words and Ways  
Adapted to our Sense himself conveys,  
Whose Being still must be from Man conceal'd,  
If not by means that fit our State reveal'd.  
These Arguments my yielding Reason sway'd,  
When Worship first to Images I paid.  
And these with *Clovis* too would soon succeed,  
Were first your Mind from Prepossession freed.  
Oh, let no groundless Prejudice oppose  
The Light, that from so pure a Fountain flows.  
May these kind Beams dispel the Clouds, and find  
An unobstructed Passage to your Mind.  
Thus you'll preserve your Life with guiltless Art,  
And still remain a Christian in your Heart.

She ceas'd, and Pious *Clovis* thus reply'd:  
In vain these artful Snares have oft been try'd.  
These are the Nets your crafty Priests prepare,  
The timorous and th' uncautious to ensnare.



Such Arguments no Conquests could procure,  
If unassisted by the Tyrant's Power. :  
If e'er these Feeble Arms Impression make,  
They from the Sword their Edge and Sharpness take.  
Affrighted Nature's willing to receive  
The dreadful Reator's Death and Torment give  
She'll by a thousand shifts her Fort maintain,  
And feels no Argument like that of Pain.  
The clearest Light and Reason will displease,  
Which thwart our Int'rest and disturb our Ease  
A lawless Rout of Passions still engage  
In Nature's Cause with hideous Noise and Rage.  
Reason is in the Tumult quite suppress'd,  
And still the safest side we think the best.  
But let Tyrannic Power stand Neutral by,  
You'll soon the weakness of your Cause descry.

You that would still th' Almighty Being own,  
And yet to Idols bow and Gods unknown,  
Delude your selves with an absurd pretence,  
That still your Minds preserve their Innocence.  
We to th' Eternal Mind should Honour pay,  
As he himself prescribes the Rule and Way.  
No Modes of Adoration he'll admit,  
Because our wanton Fancy thinks 'em fit.  
No other Forms of Worship should be sought,  
But those alone observ'd which he has taught.  
He oft declares you shall no Image make,  
And asks from whence you'll his Resemblance take.



This is his Will, this his commanding Word,  
Shall Man contend and call his Law absurd?  
Subjects are to obey, and not dispute  
A Will so pure, a Power so absolute.  
In vain alas deluding Priests pretend,  
That they their Worship to th' Almighty send.  
That all the Honour to the Image paid  
Is thro' the Marble up to Heav'n convey'd :  
Then *Dan's* and *Bethel's* Calves would be excus'd,  
Which by the Tribes were for Devotion us'd.  
They mighty Zeal to *Jacob's* God express,  
To honour him proclaim'd a solemn Feast;  
And Worship by the Calves to Heav'n address  
When *Aaron* by the murm'ring *Hebrews* sway  
A Crooked God of molten Ear-rings made,  
'Twas reer'd in Honour of th' Almighty Hand,  
That brought their Youth from *Egypt's* cruel Land.  
Yet in the sacred History you read  
How God incens'd condemn'd the impious Deed.  
When you Devotion to an Idol show,  
And on the Altar od'rous Incense throw,  
You make the Heathen Worshipper believe  
That you and he like Adoration give :  
You thus confirm the Pagan Votary  
And not asserting God, your God deny.  
The Mind by Words and Actions is express'd,  
And secret Reservations in the Breast  
Whereby you think to save your Innocence  
Make Hypocrites, and add a fresh Offence.



The jealous God will not his Honour part,  
Nor share with Idols a divided Heart.  
'Tis not enough to own him in your Breast,  
He must in publick boldly be confest.  
Th' eternal Mind no prudent Neutral knows,  
We for his Cause declare, or are his Foes.  
The Managers who cautious Measures use,  
And fain would neither Sin nor Suffering chuse  
Who like a crafty Statesman to provide  
For his own Safety fawns on either Side.  
These men th' Eternal's Jealousy provoke,  
At these his Vengeance aims the deadliest stroke.  
The Hypocrite defeats his own Design,  
Splits on the Rock he labours to decline.  
He can't himself by base Compliance save  
The Secret to be safe, is to be brave.  
We are to fiery Tryals brought to prove  
Our stedfast Faith, our Courage, and our Love.  
To shew th' Heroic Confessors are fit  
With Glory crown'd on Heav'nly Thrones to sit.  
To draw amaz'd Spectators to believe  
That Cause divine, that could such Courage-give.  
You know, if you in Heart a Christian are,  
Our Heav'nly Founder often did declare  
The Marks that must his faithful Friends approve  
Are patient Suffering and their mutual Love.  
His Precept, and Example form'd his Friends  
For all the Sorrow that his Cause attends.  
He oft foretold them their approaching Fate  
And what they must expect from Tyrants Hate.



He set the price, and told what Heav'n would cost,  
 And what to gain that Kingdom must be lost.  
 And this the constant Martyrs understood  
 Who swam to Heav'n thro' a red tyde of Blood.  
 Some were with Wounds, and cruel Scourging try'd,  
 Some in the Flames with God-like Courage dy'd.  
 Some were on Racks and ~~Wheels~~ in pieces drawn,  
 Some ston'd to Death, and some asunder Sawn.  
 To some a Refuge from the Tyrant's Sword,  
 The Dens of milder Beasts did oft afford.  
 They oft Celiv'rance nobly did refuse,  
 And Vertue when 'twas least inviting chuse.  
 Conscious what Blifs and Life Eternal meant,  
 The best Reward of hours divinely spent,  
 And what a Heaven 'tis, to be Innocent;  
 They could the World with brave Neglect despise,  
 And the vain Joys which charm deluded Eyes.  
 They with the just did rather Sufferings bear;  
 Then guilty Pleasures with th' unrighteous share.  
 They laid down Life in Vertue's just Defence,  
 Dear Life, but not so dear as Innocence.  
 But *Merula* could these blest Saints have taught  
 Their Torments to escape without a Fault.  
 The specious Arguments which you advance  
 Will make them Martyrs to their Ignorance.  
 Had those blest Men your nice distinctions known,  
 They to the Idol might have Worship shown;  
 For if their inward Thought did not consent,  
 The Guilt no farther than the Body went;



And thus their Innocence had been secure,  
 And while the Knee had err'd, the Heart been pure.  
 Those who alledge we cannot form a Thought  
 But by some Image thro' our Senses brought;  
 And therefore we th' Almighty must conceive,  
 By some idea which the Senses give,  
 Will soon th' erroneous Argument detect,  
 When on their own Conceptions they reflect.  
 Sense do's, 'tis true, it's Object first enjoy,  
 And that first Object do's our Thoughts employ.  
 All Knowledge previous to the acts of Sense  
 And in-born Notions, are a vain Pretence.  
 But then, 'tis true, that when our Minds embrace  
 Those Images which thro' our Senses pass,  
 They stop not there, but quickly higher go,  
 And on themselves reflecting Know they Know.  
 They their own Actions oft review, and thence  
 Conceptions form above the Sphear of Sense.  
 They by their Operations must conclude  
 They are with Life, and Thought, and Choice endu'd,  
 And hence the Intellectual World is known,  
 While we conceive their Nature by our own.  
 Then climbs the Mind to the first glorious Cause,  
 And his bright image by this Model draws.  
 Freedom of Choice, pure Intellectual Light,  
 Power Independent, Goodness Infinite,  
 To form the great Idea we unite.  
 All other Images for him design'd  
 Debase the Glory of th' Eternal Mind;





Degrade his high Perfections, and infuse  
Unworthy Thoughts, and Vulgar Minds above.

He ceas'd. Fair *Merula* reply'd. Your Breast  
Is, as I fear'd, too strongly Prepossest,  
To be with new tho' truer Lights impress'd.  
When to Dispute a Woman takes the Field,  
No Man believ'd he can't in Honour Yield.  
I am not here a Match, the Righteous Cause  
From my Defence great disadvantage draws.  
But now if *Clovis* who's in Reason strong,  
Wise in Debate, and Eloquent of Tongue,  
Would change the Scene, and plead my Cause, how clear  
How pure, he'd make my Innocence appear?  
Such is your force in Reasoning, such your Art  
That Error you to seeming Truth convert.  
The strangest Paradox sustain'd by you  
Even to Sagacious Minds appears as true.  
But why, alas, should *Clovis* thus Employ  
Such noble Gifts their Owner to destroy?  
If Reason can't let Love your Breast incline,  
Oh, Pity your sad face, or Pity mine.  
What Words shall tell, what Accents shall relate,  
If you are gone, my Lamentable State?  
What will become of wretched *Merula*,  
What shall I do, whither my Self convey?  
What can my tedious Life afford to please,  
What can assuage my Grief, or Sorrows Ease?  
I must to unfrequented places creep,  
And seek out secret Corners where to Weep.



I must complain to Woods, and Winds, and Air,  
Conscious, alas, in vain of my Despair.  
Forlorn, helpless, ruin'd, sore distressed  
With mighty Woe, and Life it self Opprest,  
I must behind you stay, and make my Moan  
To Gallic Tyrants, or to Lords unknown.  
Oh, let the dear Engagements of our Love  
Dissolve your Heart, and your Compassion me  
Your warm Affection once to me express,  
And thought me fair, pretended so at least.  
What dear, engaging, tender things you said,  
Which in my Breast the glowing Passion fed?  
What Pleasure in my Presence did you show,  
And how was I still pleas'd to see you so?  
And do's my Presence now so much offend,  
That you to part for ever, thus contend?  
Or if your Love continue, can you go  
And leave me in so sad a Scene of Woe?  
But if from me you can so easie part,  
Let these your tender Children melt your Heart.  
Think how much Woe these Infants must attend,  
Without a Father, and without a Friend.  
See that dear Boy, how the sweet Creature stands?  
How just like you, he moves his little Hands  
See your own Shape, your very Eyes, and Face,  
He has your Air, your Step, and every Grace.  
Then, *Clovis*, on his Sister cast your look,  
In whom you once such wondrous pleasure took.  
How oft you kiss'd and Danc'd her on your Knee,  
And said you lov'd the Child, because she look'd like me.



These are next you, of all my Joys the chief,  
But if you die will give me no Relief;  
But minding me of you, revive my Grief.  
When on them I shall look they'll but invite  
New floods of Tears, and fresh Complaints excite.  
Can't these endearing Pledges of our Love  
Dissolve your Heart, and your Compassion move?  
Can you the sweet Delight chuse to forsake,  
And from the helpless Babes their Father take?  
Think how their Lives they must in Sorrow spend;  
Who will you leave your Orphans to defend?  
You know your Foes will labour to Oppress  
Your helpless Widow, and your Fatherless.  
Can such a Father e'er Unnatural prove,  
Cruel to be tender, and forget to Love?  
Can you lay by th' Indulgent Parent's care,  
And leave these Babes abandon'd to despair?  
At such Reflections do's not Nature start,  
And try at every Spring to touch your Heart?  
Do's not soft Pity's fire begin to burn,  
Do not your yearning Bowels in you turn?  
In such a case Breasts arm'd with temper'd Steel  
And Hearts of Marble, should impression feel.  
Then on her bended Knees she fell, and fast,  
All drown'd in Tears, his Fetter'd Limbs embrac'd.  
And thus she cry'd, here ever will I stay,  
Here will I lie, here beg, and weep, and pray,  
And strive in Sighs to breath my Life away;  
Till Clovis shall our heavy Doom retrieve,  
And say he do's at last consent to Live.



Then the sad Mother to her Children said,  
Come, Children, help your Father to persuade  
Your Accents full of Grief, and free from Art,  
Will penetrate the most obdurate heart.  
Your tender Cries will sure his Soul incline,  
Your Prayer will more successful prove than mine.  
The Children mov'd to see her in distress,  
Burst out in Tears, and the sad Scene increas'd  
They did about their Father cling, and cry  
With mournful Voice, why Father will you dy?  
This tender sight did Pious *Clovis* move;  
And in his Breast his mighty Passion strove.  
Paternal Pity pain'd his lab'ring Soul,  
And made his Bowels in Convulsions roll.  
Deep Groans he in his Agony did fetch,  
And all his heart-strings felt the utmost stretch.  
Striving his Passion to suppress he stood,  
At last broke out in Tears and wept aloud.  
Now Father's, Mothers, Childrens Cries unite,  
And in each others Breasts fresh grief excite.  
Confed'rate Sighs and Tears conspire to show  
A perfect triumph of Victorious Woe.  
Yet constant *Clovis* still maintain'd the Field,  
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with force refus'd to yield.  
So when a noble Oak that long has stood  
High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood  
Is shock'd by stormy Winds, he either way  
Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.  
His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighb'ring Ground,  
And makes a heaving Earthquake all around.



Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defys,  
 His Roots still keep the Earth, his head the Skys.  
 So did great *Clovis* in the Tempest rock,  
 And firmly so withstood the Dreadful shock.  
 But when the Fury and the boiling Tide  
 Of his Tumultuous Passion did subside,  
 Good Heav'n he cry'd:—this is too much to bear,  
 In such a Str—what Mortal Force can steer?  
 Nature Extended lys upon the Rack,  
 And all her shatter'd Frame begins to Crack  
 Th'impetuous Stress of Passion bears me down,  
 And the high-tyde dos sinking Reason down.  
 To bear this mighty weight Heav'n grant support,  
 All Tortures after this will be but Sport.  
 The Bitterness and Sting of Death is gone,  
 When t'is sad part is past, this Suffering done.

He paus'd, and then to *Merula* he cry'd,  
 You now your utmost Strength and Skill have try'd.  
 You've chang'd indeed th' Attack with Wondrous Art,  
 Quitting your Reason to engage my Heart.  
 You Wisely your Artillery apply'd  
 To the most tender, and defenceless side.  
 You did discreetly think the task not hard  
 To gain the illman'd Post, which Passions guard.  
 You thought to win me by your Artful Prayer,  
 Because I lov'd you and I thought you Fair.  
 'Tis true when you your Innocence maintain'd  
 By no Defection, no Rebellion stain'd,



You shone Illustrious in your Heav'nly Sphear,  
And lovely as a *Seraph* did appea.  
But now your Crime your beauteous Eyes disarms  
Losing your Piety, you lose your Charms.  
O'er your bright Form a Night of Guilt is spread,  
And hangs in *Syagian* Clouds around your head.  
Like a fallen Angel *Merula* has lost  
The charming Graces which her Form could be  
Which now no longer can afford Delight,  
But like the Sun Eclips'd dos all affright,  
And with a dying Splendor pains our sight.

Think not that I could Ease and Life refuse,  
And Ignominious Death and Torment chase,  
That I of Bosom Friends could farēwel take,  
And Children dearer than my Life forsake,  
Did not th' Almighty this hard task Enjoyn,  
And lend the mighty Aid of Grace Divine.  
Down to the Yoke I struggling nature bend  
Rather than his Supream Command offend.  
I am not fond of Shame, nor do I take  
Pleasure in Torment, for the Torment's sake.  
I do not Court the Cross, nor Wrongs invite  
Nor in Distress, and Ruin take delight.  
I in Obedience, not in Pain rejoyce  
And rather Suffring make, than Sin my Choice.  
Nor may our transient Sorrow be compar'd  
With that bright Crown, that shall our Love Reward,  
With Heav'n's transporting, and unmeasur'd Bliss  
And Life Eternal in Exchange for this,



'Tis for the Prize we chuse th' Painful Race,  
 And for the Crown that we the Cross embrace.  
 Here on a dark and dangerous Sea we steer  
 Tost on th' uncertain Waves of Hope and Fear.  
 Oft dash'd on Rocks, oft in wild Tempests lost,  
 Oft chas'd by *Corfairs* to an unknown Coast,  
 And shall th' affrighted Voyager recoil  
 When Heav'n in Pity to his Fears and Toil,  
 Shall kindly tow him to the happy Strand,  
 And on the Shores of Light the shatter'd Vessel Land?  
 Would Trav'llours fry'd with *Lybias* burning Heat  
 Faint with their Labour, Hunger, Thirst and Sweat,  
 Complain if one in Pity would Convey  
 Them to their wish'd for home a shorter Way:  
 Men who from Heav'n derive their noble Birth  
 Cast on a Forreign Climate live here on Earth;  
 Where the wild Natives with loud Clamor chase  
 To Woods and Caves the mild and God-like Race  
 They are insulted, vext, pursu'd and spoil'd,  
 Both for their own and Master's sake revild.  
 And should not these be willing to retreat  
 From such a rude, inhospitable Seat?  
 Should Strangers us'd so ill, and so Opprest  
 Be courted to their Home and to their Rest  
 Should such as these at their departure grieve,  
 And drag'd, like ingring *Lot*, this *Sodom* leave  
 What dismal Seats the dying Saints forsake,  
 To what a Blissful Place their Flight they take?  
 There where th' Almighty's Beatific view  
 Will crown their Wishes and their Hopes out-do.



Where Joys and Pleasures shall their Breasts extend,  
Pleasures unmixt, and Joys that never end.

But now Revolted *Merula* reflect  
On that vast Woe which Rebels must expect.  
Who to appease a Man their God Incease  
To scape Man's wrath provoke Omnipotence:  
Who on Almighty Goodness can't rely,  
But from their Saviour's bloody Banner fly,  
And to preserve their Lives their Faith deny.  
Their timorous flight no Safety can afford,  
They fly to meet a more destructive Sword.  
What if by Guilt they shun a Mortal Foe;  
They run but on his Arms, whose surer blow  
Can wound and sink them to the Shades below:  
Where they Alternate Death must still repeat  
In Piercing Cold, or unextinguish'd Heat.  
Where mighty Vengeance they must ever bear  
O'erwhelm'd with Wrath, and torn with wild Despair.  
Besides when Men from fiery Tryals run,  
They meet worse Torments here, than those they shun.  
Does not their Guilt their trembling Souls affright,  
And place th' Almighty's Terrors in their Sight?  
Outrageous Conscience dos th' Apostate tear  
With inward Whips, and Stings him with Despair.  
Oh, *Merula*, say, did you never find  
Such Horror, such Remorse within your Mind?  
Did ne'er your Fears of Heav'n your Peace molest,  
No gripes or inward Pangs torment your Breast.



And was not that a far more painful Rack,  
 Than those which Tyrants skill'd in Torment, make?  
 Say, are you not with Consternation struck;  
 When on your Self deform'd with Guilt you look?  
 Do's not your secret self-reven'ging thought  
 Afflict your Soul, and lash you for your fault?  
 An angry Judge your tender Saviour's made,  
 Of whom you were aham'd, now are you not afraid  
 Your thoughts of God must have Amazement bred,  
 You must his lifted Arm and Vengeance dread.  
 More had the Hero said, but that he saw  
 A suddain Storm of Grief in *Merula*.

Her troubled Locks strange discomposure shov'd,  
 And floods of Tears down her fair Bosom flow'd.

A while she staid to give her Passion Vent,  
 And when her Anguish had its fury spent:  
 She cry'd, my heart do's with this Language melt  
 'Tis true, those Stings, those Torments I have felt  
 Which you describe, too well alas, I know  
 What Horrors from a Guilty Conscience flow.  
 I dare no more assert my Innocence,  
 My Mind inlighten'd owns the black offence.  
 To Save my Life and Sufferings to evade,  
 I have my God deny'd, my Faith betray'd.  
 'Tis true, when Idols I did first adore,  
 I ne'er design'd by that compliance more,  
 Then gaining time till I could my retreat  
 From *Gallia* make, to seek some peaceful Seat,  
 Where I might find you, and your Love enjoy,  
 And undisturb'd my future hours employ.



But now I see by your Glistening Light  
 I'm both Idolater, and Apocrite:  
 How black and dismal do my Crime appear?  
 How sharp the Stings of raging Conscience are?  
 Who can the Pangs and deadly Anguish bear?  
 O let my head a weeping Fountain grow  
 And from my Eyes let mournful Rivers flow.  
 Let me dissolve to Tears, let every Vein  
 A stream of Water, not of Blood contain  
 And thro' all the winding Channels to my Eyes -  
 Let the exhausted Stores of Moisture rise  
 Let no sufficient Treasures be deny'd  
 To feed the Flood, but Everlasting Tide.  
 Let Love's strong Flame by its Celestial Art  
 To fill my Eyes, dissolve and melt my Heart,  
 As Central Fire advances wat'ry Steam  
 Which from the Mountains spring in Crystal Streams.  
 Rivers and Seas I want for my Relief,  
 To Ease, and Vent unutterable Grief.  
 I, that my Tears may to a Deluge grow,  
 Will break my Stores up, my Ally's of Woe.  
 Descend my Tears, in Cataracts flow down,  
 Me, and my load of Guilt together drown.  
 Let mighty Torrents from my Eye-balls roll,  
 Fit to dilute th' Almighty's wrathful Bowl.  
 Lord, strike this Marble Heart, thy powerful Stroke  
 Will make a Flood gush from the cleaving Rock.  
 O draw all Nature's Stores up, and drain  
 My Magazines, which liquid Stores contain.



Their Errors he forgets, revokes their Doom  
 And leads his rescu'd Soul to Triumph home.  
 Your humble Sorrow give even Angels Joy,  
 Who to protect you will their Care employ  
 The way to your Peace which you demand  
 is plain, you must the fiery Trial stand  
 You must your God before the World confess,  
 And publick Shame, for publick Crimes express.  
 We must without debate, without delay,  
 Boldly advance where Conscience leads the way  
 Obeyance only can our Peace secure:  
 No thing is safe long, that is not pure.  
 You must Obey even at your blood's expense,  
 You must to Life prefer your Innocence.  
 Regard the Joy that is before you set,  
 View but the Prize, and you will ne'er retreat.  
 You can't too dear Immortal Glory reap,  
 What e'er you give, the purchase still is cheap.  
 In Vertues Cause whate'er your offerings are,  
 Heav'n is oblig'd your Losses to repair.  
 If you with publick Fortitude will own  
 Your Saviour's Cause, you win the promis'd Crown.  
 This Favourite Intercessor can alone  
 Fit Merit plead th' Almighty to atone.  
 Only his Blood can purge your guilty Stain,  
 Without this Aid, your Tears descend in vain.  
 Would you succeed in Christian Warfare, joyn  
 Sincere Obedience to Belief Divine.



My Guilt with hideous Crys do's me pursue,  
 O, let me make the Poets Fable true;  
 To shew the grisly, formidable Shape,  
 And from the Monster's Fury to escape,  
 Melting in Tears let me a River grow,  
 And in a swift, continuing Water flow.  
 What method is there, *Clover*, to decline  
 The black, impending Storm of Wrath Divine  
 What Balm can my tormenting Pain appear?  
 What cure can ease my wounded Spirit here?  
 How to my troubled Breast shall I restore  
 That Heavenly Peace which I enjoy'd before?  
 Oh, what can smother th' Almighty's frowning Brow,  
 Arrest his lifted Hand, and make him drop the blow?

She ceas'd. And *Clover*, paus'd a little space,  
 While sudden Tears of Joy ran down his Face.  
 Then spoke the Confessor. Now you appear  
 Fair as before, and are to me as dear.  
 Now you regain your Form, and lovely Charms  
 And as before are welcom to my Arms.  
 Heav'n will embrace you too, now you return  
 And your late fall with pure Contrition mourn.  
 Heav'n's always ready to afford Relief  
 To pious Sorrow and ingenuous Grief.  
 When Penitents with self-displeasure burn,  
 And to themselves, and to their God return.  
 Th' Almighty mov'd with Pity will not stay,  
 But will advance to meet them on their way.



He ceas'd. And thus did *Merula*  
 Oh, let not Heav'n its promise fail;  
 And I with Courage will the Cross embrace  
 And stare the King of Terrors in the Face.  
 Both by your words I have example fir'd,  
 And with fresh power deriv'd from Heav'n, inspir'd,  
 Back to the Field from whence I fled I'll come,  
 And with new Life the Christian War resume.  
 Faint from my painful Course I once withdrew,  
 But now re-~~new~~ invited back by you.  
 I will no more refuse the Christian Yoke,  
 Nor him forsake, who never has forsook.  
 From this vile World together we'll retire,  
 And in Heav'n's Cause together will expire.  
 With equal swiftness we'll a breast with fly,  
 And hand in hand ascend th' Empyreal Sky.

Here he embrac'd her in his Arms, and said,  
 Now all my Cares and anxious Thoughts are fled.  
 Kind Heav'n assist, that we may steadfast prove,  
 And then Reward the labour of our Love.  
 Then he with God-like Language did proceed  
 The sacred flame within her Breast to feed.  
 How nobly he describ'd the bright Reward,  
 Th' Eternal Joys for Conquering Saints prepar'd!  
 What high and great Idea's did he draw  
 Of future Bliss, then cry'd, oh *Merula*,  
 These glorious Triumphs will our Sufferings Crown,  
 And these blest Joys will quickly be our own.







To part with Life for your Religion;  
And do's the Will for full perform<sup>ance</sup> reply;  
Me therefore in Compar<sup>ison</sup> he has deny,  
From his high<sup>est</sup> Throne, your sufferings to prevent.  
Let your Friends wil<sup>l</sup> safely you convey,  
Then boldly follow where I lead the Way.

He said, and soon the Content Clovis found  
His Feathers loos'd, and fallen upon the ground.  
One child the Father, one the Mother took,  
Who at the wonderous Stranger's Presence shook  
With Fear and Amazement, without delay  
They follow, and their Heavenly Guide obey.  
Th' advancing Seraph touch'd the Prison Door  
With the bright Rod which in his hand he bore.  
Th' obsequious Gares obey'd, and open flew,  
Leaving them free their Safety to pursue.  
Whom to transport the Angel did convey,  
Where strong entrenchments Valiant Britons lay.  
That done, thro' all theinous Fields of Air,  
To his Celestial Seat he anxiously pair.



## KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK IX.

These Things in *Gallia* past. The King the while  
 Pour'd to Sea from Cold *Pomona's* Isle.  
 Lovely *Aurora* did serenely rise,  
 And with her *Footsteps* markt the Sky.  
 When with his Men, and Arms, and war-like store  
*Arthur* embark'd to make *Newstrian's* shore.  
 The howling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,  
 And the Ships their Spacious wings display'd.  
 They soon'd away before the moving Wind,  
 And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.  
 They cut the Ocean, while *Officious* Gales  
 Swell'd the Capacious Bosoms of their Sails.  
 Thrice interchangably the Night and Day  
 Had from the Air each other chas'd away,  
 When now arriving on the *Newstrian* Strand  
 The pious *Arthur* safely came to Land.

Many glad Troops, soon as the welcome Fame  
 Of their great Monarch's safe Arrival came,  
 Sent by the Chiefs, Impatient of delay,  
 Pour'd from his Camp to meet him on his way.  
 And when they saw the Hero from afar  
 Advancing like the Poets God of War,



High in the Air they the loud Sound rung,  
 And all the Heav'ns with Acclamations rung.  
 The wild, Tranports of Youth did run, and shout,  
 Each other hug'd, and leap'd, and flew about.  
 His Chariot Wheels on which the Colours hung,  
 Midst loud applauses slowly roll'd along,  
 With so much Joy King *Arthur* was receiv'd,  
 And thus attended to the Camp arriv'd.  
 Where to his high Pavilion soon they bring,  
 Rich Wine, and Meats, Refreshments for their King.

His Supper ended, *Arthur* did relate  
 How he in Peace had seen *Romania's* State  
 And what amazing Dangers him befall,  
 Caus'd by the Malice of the Prince of Hell,  
 Both on the Waves and in *Pomona's* Ills,  
 All which he vanquish'd with unwearied toils.  
 Then did he hear his Chiefs Narration make  
 How all things past, since he did first forsake  
*Lutetia's* Field, *Brittania* to compose,  
 Leaving the *Franks* to quell Domestic Foes.  
 For *Solmar's* fall he did his Grief express,  
 And prais'd the pious *Clovis* steadfastness.  
 Then he declar'd to all his fixt intent  
 That when t' atone th' Almighty they had spent  
 Th' approaching Day in Fervent Praise, and Prayer,  
 To the proud Foe he would advance the War.

The rising Sun the Throne of Night invades,  
 With thick Darkness, and entrench'd in Shades;



His radiant Troops break thro' th' Horizon's Line,  
And on the Heav'nly Plains triumphant shine.  
And now appear'd the Sacred resting Day,  
When Christians publick Adoration pay  
To Heaven, and fervid with Devotion raise  
In rapt' his Hymns their great Creator's Praise  
And then with awful Reverence and Fear,  
From Sacred Priests Divine Instruction hear.  
The Captains warm'd with their Religious flame  
Soon to their Monarch's high Pavilions came,  
To address with humble Prayer his Almighty  
And his unbounded Power, and Rule to own.  
They did his Justice and his Love assert,  
And by Confessions labour'd to avert  
His Judgments, and his Anger to Acone,  
Caused by the Land's Offences, and their own.  
They cast upon his Providential Care  
The high Concerns of this Important War,  
And with an humble Confidence rely'd  
For Victory on his Almighty Aid:  
Trusting that Heav'n would ever have  
To the just Man, and would his Foes reward.  
When thus the Britons had their God ador'd,  
His Goodness prais'd, and future Aid implor'd,  
They sat prepar'd to hear his Heav'nly Word.

Then Caledon arose with solemn Air,  
And to instruct them did himself prepare.  
He Albion's Rights still labour'd to defend,  
And pure Religion's Empire to extend.



The finest Clay and pure Ethereal Fire  
 Dispens'd with double Bounty did conspire  
 To make a Man, that should the World surprise,  
 A Genius near of Kindred to the Skys.  
 A Genius so sublime, so rich, and vast,  
 As all but famous Tylon far surpass.  
 He did with zeal true piety promote,  
 For Publick Good he Preach'd, and Pray'd, and Wrote,  
 All the great Ends for which his Monarch fought.  
 Prodigious was the Compass of his Mind,  
 Was as his Love, which too in Human  
 He Libion's Good, not Fame or Riches sought,  
 Generous, and open-heart to a fault.  
 An unexhausted Magazin his Brain  
 Did all the Treasures of the Schools contain.  
 He shew'd as oft as he Religion taught  
 Such Enlaccs, such Fecundity of Thought,  
 Such Luxury of Sense, such Strength and Art  
 As soon subdu'd the Hearer's yielding Heart.  
 How Wise, how Good, how Good must he appear  
 Who was to Zal and to Tylon dear?

The famous Priest th' attentive Audience taught,  
 And from the Sacred Oracles he brought  
 What in their minds Conceptions Just and Right  
 Of the first Glorious Being might excite.  
 What might Create Dependence on his Power,  
 And by engaging Heav'n make Conquest sure.  
 And thus his Wise Instructions did Commence  
 With Zal Divine, and rapid Eloquence.



The Pagan World ev'n in its darkest Night,  
Receiv'd from glimmering Nature so much Light,  
That by that Candle of the Lord they found  
They were by Duty, and by Int'rest bound,  
The World's high Moderator to adore,  
And their Dependance on his Care to own.  
With solemn Worship they invoc'd his Aid  
Before their War-like Efforts they display'd.  
To take the Field they from the Altar rose,  
And from their Temples march'd to meet their Foes.  
To render Heav'n Propitious to their Arms,  
Christians are oblig'd to perform Ceremonies  
Of pure Devotion, who more clearly know  
What Blessings from Divine Assistance flow.  
The Lord of Armys in the Battel stands,  
And Victory always watches his Commands.  
Without his Favour and propitious Aid,  
Armies in vain defend, in vain invade.  
The Turns of Empire, and th' Events of War,  
Result from his Supream, directing Care.  
Those who the Self-existent Cause conceive,  
And all his Glorious Attributes believe,  
Who own his Greatness, and unbounded Power  
To crush his Foes, and Vot'ries to secure ;  
His Justice, that with Threats the Bad deters,  
And great Rewards on Upright Men confers,  
His unchang'd Love and Truth that never errs :  
His Faithfulness, that ne'er forsakes his own,  
But stands as fix'd as his Eternal Throne,



That to his Servants still he Succour brings,  
 Gather'd Beneath his kind protecting Wings  
 Those Saints who such a Deity conceive,  
 With strong Devotion arm'd, will ever strive  
 With Heav'n, and first begin their Conquests there,  
 Before on Earth they undertake a War.  
 Success and Triumph, never to the side  
 Till Heav'n engages on, can be deny'd.

Who has an Arm like God? who with his Word  
 And dreadful Voice, can Thunder like the Lord?  
 He walks array'd with Majesty and Light,  
 Hid by excess of Glory from our sight.  
 He casts his Terrors round on every side,  
 Observes the Great, and Laughs to see their Pride.  
 He frowns them to the Dust, their Power defeats,  
 And tramples down th' Ambitious from their Seats.  
 He girds up the Ocean in his hand,  
 And binds the Billows in with Cords of Sand.  
 He broke th' Abyss up for the watry Stores,  
 And plac'd before the Waves his Rocky Doors.  
 He markt out for them their appointed Seat,  
 And said, Come hitherto, and then retreat.  
 He in a Ballance weighs the lofty Hills,  
 And stooping down with Ease takes up the Isles,  
 Which torn up from their Roots appear so light,  
 That when he poises them, they lose their weight.  
 By him the spacious Heav'ns are over-span'd,  
 And the Sea's lost when held within his hand.



How swift his flaming Carts of Lightning fly,  
Shot from the gaping Engines of the Sky?  
His Voice of Thunder do's his Wrath proclaim,  
And shakes affrighted Nature's rocking Frame.  
Whene'er he bows the Heav'ns, and thence comes down,  
He makes the Mountains tremble at his Frown.  
The Rocks are rent where e'er his Terrors go,  
Hills melted down like Wax before his flow.  
He from their Seats with Ease the Mountains turns,  
And in his Wrath aspiring Hills o'eturns.  
He makes the Earth wap from its ancient place,  
And wreits its reeling Pillars from their Base.  
By him rebuk'd, the Sun withdraws his Light,  
And Stars lie hid, seal'd up with sudden Night.  
He the wide Heav'ns transparent Curtain spreads,  
And on the Sea's unstable Billows treads.  
He gives *Arcturus*, and *Crown* Light,  
And bids the *Pleiades* adorn the Night.  
Hell all its dark Dominions to him shows,  
Death and Destruction their sad Spoils disclose.  
He rais'd the Southern Spheres, and bid them row!  
In unmolested Order round their Pole.  
His Word suspends the Earth, and stretches forth  
Above the empty Void, the Frozen North.  
The Constellations shine at his Command,  
He form'd their radiant Orbs, and with his Hand  
He weigh'd, and put them off with such a Force  
As might preserve an Everlasting Course.  
This mighty King, whose Universal Sway  
This, and the spacious Worlds above, obey;



Encompass'd with a vast Abyſs of Light,  
And mounds of Glory of exceſſive height,  
Do's ſtill unſeen, and unmoleſted dwell,  
Conceal'd in Splendor Inacceſſible.  
With perfect Wiſdom he all Nature guides,  
And Empires to precarious Kings divides.  
Who while he pleaſes wear th' Imperial Crown,  
And when he pleaſes lay their Scepter down.  
Princes by Him, and mighty Monarchs Reign,  
Juſtice Decree, and all their Laws ordain.  
He firſt unſheaths the Sword, then bids it go,  
And make a ſinful Land Heav'n's Vengeance know.  
The glittering Spoiler not to be withſtood,  
Triumphs in Wounds, and Death, and reeks in Blood.  
Enthron'd, on ſlaughter'd Heaps the Tyrant reigns,  
And ſpreads with ghawly Spoils the Crimſon Plains.  
Where the red Glutton labours to all wage,  
With bloody Riot his infatiate Rage.  
Thus while the high Divine Commiſſion laſts,  
Realms to Deſtruction doom'd, th' bright Deſtroyer waſts.  
But when th' Almighty bids the Spoiler ſtand,  
He ſtops his Courſe, and owns the great Command.  
He choaks th' Infernal Throat of Howling War,  
And the black Mouths of Horror and Deſpair.  
All Martial Noiſe, Uproar, and Tumult, ceſſe,  
Huſht by the ſoft melodious Voice of Peace.  
Long war-like Spears are chang'd for Shepherds Crooks,  
And Swords and Shields for Scythes and pruning Hooks.  
The Woolly Flocks again adorn the Hills,  
And Rural Care the buſy Vally fills.



The grisly Hapes of Death and Terror gone,  
New Life and Joy the smiling Regions crown.  
So when a black Tempestuous Night is past  
In which loud Winds have lofty Towers detach'd  
The Mountains rent, and laid the Forest vast,  
This strife the Morn composes with her Charms,  
And all the fighting Elements disarm.  
A joyful Peace succeeds this Stormy War,  
And calms the troubled Empire of the Air.  
The Sun's bright Beams the reeking Meads adorn,  
And chearful Lab'rs to their toil return.  
He in set bounds do's wild Ambition keep,  
And to her say's, as to the raging Deep,  
Here stop before the Bars which I have laid.  
Here shall thy proud insulting Waves be staid.  
They strive in vain these Banks to overflow,  
Thus far they shall, but shall no farther go.  
The Fate of Empires flow from his Command,  
And all the Hearts of Kings are in his hand.  
Which by his skill are guided and inclin'd  
Ends to promote those Princes ne'er design'd.  
Sometimes he raises by a mighty hand  
Tyrannic Monsters to Supream Command,  
At once to rule, and scourge a Sinful Land.  
Who like the Prince of Darkness to assuage  
Infernal Malice, and to cloy their Rage  
Furys and bloody Ministers employ  
Mankind with various Torment, to destroy.  
These mighty *Nimrods* eager of their Food  
Hunt down Mankind and bath themselves in Blood.



Kingdoms with Desolation they deface  
And in their Rage extirpate *Adam's Race*.  
Then if the Guilty their Defection mourn,  
And back to *Verue's Heavenly Path* return,  
If humble Prayer and penitential Crys  
With sacred Violence invade the Skys,  
Which are the only Gyants that assail  
The Throne of Heav'n, and in the War prevail,  
For Heav'n and Earth together shall repent,  
This of its Guilt, that of the Punishment;  
Th' Almighty's Bowels mov'd within him turn  
And in his Breast mild flames of Mercy burn.  
His Heart with soft Compassion melted flows  
And he Decrees to ease that Nation's Woes.  
Then do's he cause some Hero to arise,  
Some mighty Leader, Valiant Just and Wise,  
Some *Moses, Joshua, Jephtha, Constantine,*  
Some pious *Hercules* of Race divine,  
Some *Arthur*, or some Branch of *Arthur's Line*.  
For this great Race with numerous Heroes stor'd,  
Always some great Deliverer will afford.  
These he enjoys the Monsters to invade,  
And to support them gives his constant aid.  
These from the Earth Tyrannic Spoilers chase,  
The great Reproach and Plague of Humane Race.  
These Ministers of Heav'n midst loud applause  
Restore Religion, Right, and antient Laws.  
Then fruitful Peace spreads out her brooding Wings,  
And her bright train of Blessings Justice brings.



Ali freed from Violence and War-like noise,  
Beneath their Fig-tree and their Vine rejoice.

These *Hero's* from above derive the Fire  
And Force Divine, that dos their Breasts inspire.  
The God-like Vigour and th' Immortal Ray  
That breaks so brightly thro' their purer Clay  
Kind Heav'n bestows ; to form a noble Mind  
For great Events and mighty Deeds design'd.  
And from the glorious Fountain whence it came,  
Divine Supplies must feed the *Hero's* Flame.  
And when their Arms attempt Illustrious Deeds,  
Assisted from above their Sword succeeds.  
Their Safety springs from Heav'n's peculiar Care,  
And from its Aid their Laurels gain'd in War.  
The Lord of Hosts dos in the Battel spread  
His spacious Shield above his Favorite's Head.  
He in the Army's Front dos still appear,  
And shakes from far his vast Almighty Spear.  
He whets his glittering Sword, prepares his Bow,  
And shoots his fatal Shafts amidst the Foe.  
What certain Triumph may those Chiefs expect,  
Whose Arms Omnipotence dos thus Protect?  
The strong the Battel, and the Swift the Race  
May often gain, but not of Right, but Grace.  
He often his controuling Power to show,  
Bestows the Victory on the Weak, and Slow.  
He often in the subtile Net ensnares  
The crafty Statesman, which himself prepares.



He turns their Counsels into Follies, .  
 And makes the Wise their Ignorance Confess,  
 Some slight, but unexpected Incident  
 Cast in by him, shall all their Schemes prevent.  
 Proud Monarchs, who on numerous Troops rely,  
 And neighboring States united force defy,  
 He's often pleas'd as Captives to bestow  
 On their much Weaker, tho' successful Foe,  
 He do's their Pride by their Detest abraid,  
 And shows no Power is great without his Aid.

The Fall of Kingdoms is by him decreed,  
 And from his Will Events of War proceed,  
 He strikes Amazement thro a Camp, and then  
 Shrubs on the Hills appear like Armed Men —  
 A Flight of Birds, or else a murmuring Breeze  
 Shaking the tops of neighboring Mulbry Trees,  
 When Consternation has prepar'd the Ear,  
 Like mighty Hosts upon their March appear,  
 Or rapid Torrents which from Mountains gush,  
 Or raging Armys that to battel rush.  
 They think the Earth, so far perswades them, feels—  
 Steeds tramping Hocks, and azen Chariot Wheels.  
 When none pursue th' affrighted Cohorts fly,  
 Fear finds them Wings, that found the Enemy.  
 Against themselves he can their Swords employ,  
 And by their mutual Wounds an Host destroy.  
 He can their stoutest Chiefs and Legions scare,  
 With clouds in Warriours shape, and Steeds of Air,  
 With glaring Meteors, and Fantastic War.



A flight mistake can valiant Troops defeat,  
Or groundless Fame obliges them to retreat.  
He can his Stars his glittering Host above  
Draw out in bright Array, and make them move  
In radiant Lines of War to Charge the Foe  
And on them deadly Influence to throw.  
All his Arm'd Elements in Battel stand  
Eager to engage, and fight at his Command.  
His Airy Troops, Winds, Rain, and Snow, and Hail,  
Heav'n's signa' giving, the trembling Foe assail.  
He by a thousand ways can make appear  
How weak Man's Power, how vain his Counsels are.  
He can of Insects raise a mighty Host  
That shall invade his Foes best guarded Coast.  
These wing'd Battalions muster in the Sky,  
And rang'd in Battel round his Standard fly.  
Raw Vapours he can Lift Corruption Arm,  
And raise from every Hedge a war-like swarm.  
With Worms and Flys he can Commissions trust,  
And for new Levys can impress the Dust.  
He can of Frogs a creaking Army form,  
That shall their Bulwarks Scale, their Castles Storm,  
That through their Cedar Palaces shall stalk,  
And thro' their Rooms of State in Triumph walk.  
All these the Lord of Nature can employ,  
And by their force his haughty Foes annoy.  
But this he need not do, unless to show  
How many ways he can destroy the Foe.  
For he in Angelic Armys can Command  
Who to observe his nod, Obsequious stand,



Arm'd with Celestial Swords all Bright and keen,  
 As that which o'er *Jerusalem* was seen,  
 When in the Arm the fierce Destroyer stood  
 Reeking in Slaverter, and distain'd with Blood.  
 There on the Eve, when the high Orders giv'n,  
 Can draw down all th' Artillery of Heav'n:  
 They such destructive Weapons can Employ  
 As in a moment will Great Hosts destroy.  
 Believe that Heav'n engages on your Side;  
 Will aid your Arms and humble *Gallia's* Pride.  
 Believe your Swords drawn in the Almighty's Cause,  
 Will Conquest Win, and meet a loud Applause.

Great *Armacan* whose Breast Prophetic Fire  
 Descending from above did oft inspire,  
 Whose venerable Words our Isle believ'd,  
 And as divine Predictions still receiv'd,  
 A famous Prophecy has left behind  
 Of Woes against *Lutetia's* Sons design'd.  
 Wherein it clearly do's appear that you  
 Are rais'd by Heav'n *Lutetia* to subdue  
 Your certain Hopes of Conquest to create  
 At large the Prophecy I'll now relate.

Make hast, to all the loftiest Mountains fly,  
 From whose aspiring Tops amidst the Sky,  
 You may the Regions all around survey,  
 Aloft the waving Banner there display.  
 Aloft th' Almighty's Royal Standard rear,  
 Spread out the War-like Ensigns thro' the Air,  
 And let the bloody Flag denounce the War.

Then



The glorious Leader grasps his Sword and Shield,  
And with his war-like Myriad takes the Field.

Oh! Mour *Lutetia*, let thy sorrows grow  
Boundless and vast, as thy approaching Woe.  
Break open all thy secret stores of Grief  
Exhaust thy Weeping Springs, hope no Relief,  
Torments pursue thee which exceed Relief  
Let Grief and Anguish reign with wile's sway;  
For this proud City is thy dismal Day,  
This is thy Fatal and Surprizing Hour  
When Heav'n will vast destruction on thee pour.  
These storms of Vengeance which the Skys o'erfi read  
Shall be discharg'd on thy aspiring Head.  
These mighty Preparations all are made  
With dreadful War thy Empire to invade.  
Now Sorrows unexpressible are felt,  
And in their Breasts the Hearts of Warriours melt.  
Chastly Distraction do's each Soul possess,  
And strange Amazement all their looks confess.  
Never such wild and hideous shapes of Fear,  
Never such firm'd Horror did appear.  
The miserable World could never show  
So exquisite a Grief and such excess of Woe.  
Gigantic Terrors, Anguish and Despair,  
And shiv'ring, howling Fears the City scare.  
What Agonys of Grief *Lutetia* shows  
Suddain, and strong as Womens Labour-Throws!



How she bewails her Fate, and well she may,  
For now draws nigh th' Almighty's wrathful Day.  
How sad a Day? what Storms of Vengeance rise?  
What black Destruction gathers in the Skies?  
Oh, inauspicious Day! amazing Sight!  
Oh, Day more dreadful than the blackest Night!  
See, how th' Almighty comes, with how much haste  
He marches on to meet a wretched Fate?  
Mark, in his Eyes what vengeful Fury glows;  
What angry Clouds hang on his frowning brows?  
How keen his Sword? how terrible his Shield?  
What temper'd Lightnings does the Conquerour wield?  
How valiant his Host? how bright their Armor shines?  
How long the Order of th' Embattled Lines?  
How great this Day is when, with Sword in hand,  
Th' Almighty marches to destroy thy Land;  
Thy lofty Walls, *Lutetia*, to surround,  
And level thy proud Turrets with the ground?  
Th' affrighted Stars retreat into the Sky,  
And from Heav'n's brow and cutmost Frontier fly,  
Unable to preserve their Posts, and view  
The bloody Labour ready to ensue.  
The Planets starting at the dismal Sight,  
Forake their Orbs, and wander far in Night.  
The Sun so long to woful Sights inur'd,  
Owns this is worse than e'er he yet endur'd.  
For he no sooner from the East displays  
O'er all th' Etherial Fields his golden Rays,



But strait he startles, and do's backwards run,  
And of its Light demands the sickning Moon.

Against th' Unconquer'd Almighty do's declare,  
Against th' wicket he advances War.  
He'll from the Earth this insidious Race destroy,  
And with their Slaughter will his Fury cloy.  
He'll give his ravening Sword their Flesh for  
And make his thirsty Arrows drunk with Blood.  
He from their Thrones will haughty Princes thrust,  
And roll their awful Purple in the Dust.  
The Proud and Mighty who the Earth Oppress,  
His Justice by their Ruin shall Confess.  
Such Universal Woe, such Misery,  
Such shall th' unheard of I esolati be,  
That Men with strict enquiry must be sought,  
Grown scarce, as Gems from farther India brought.  
Precious and rare as *Ophir's* Golden Car,  
Or purest Pearl from wanton *Asia's* Shore.  
How hard 'twill be to find a Man's abode,  
And when 'tis found he'll be with Wonder shew'd,  
The strangest Savage that frequents the Wood.  
With Nails overgrown, wild Looks, and matted Hair,  
He'll sculk in Caves, or wander in Despair.  
And if by chance a roaming Beast of Prey  
Shall meet him in his solitary Way,  
He'll wonder at a Monster so unknown,  
And yield himself by the Man-Beast out-done.



When God in Fury wields his deadly Sword,  
Nature to see the Terrors of it's Lord,  
Amaz'd, and frighted to its Centre, she  
Forgets her Duty, and her Course forsake.  
His Wrath o'erturns the Mountains, rocking Heaps,  
And the fear'd Earth from its strong-Basis leaps.  
The trembling World's distorted Pillars crack,  
And high above prevailing Chaos back,  
The Poles stand up to point out Nature's Wreck.  
As when a Roe do's o'er the Hills appear,  
Chas'd by the Dogs, and his own swifter fear,  
O'er Woods and Lawns he trips, light as the Wind,  
And leaves his Foes, - tho' not his Fears behind.  
So shall thy Sons to Foreign Climates take  
Their hasty flight, and thy vex'd Soil forsake.  
In distant Realms they'll thy Destruction mourn,  
But ne'er to this accursed Land return.  
As scatter'd Sheep without a Shepherd stray,  
Expos'd to every Ravening Beast a Prey,  
So shall thy Children o'er the Mountains roam  
Naked, Distrest, without a Guide or Home.  
None to the straggling Fugitives shall show  
The least Compassion to assuage their Woe.  
A thousand ways they'll from Destruction fly,  
And by a thousand various Terrors dy.  
Those who remain about her shall afford  
A bloody Harvest to the raging Sword.



All her Adherents in this fatal Hour,  
Which either lov'd her Cold, or fear'd her Power,  
In her Distress Lute must forlorn forsake,  
Left of her Cup of Vengeance they partake.  
Those who before her Majesty ador'd,  
Proclaim'd her Praise, and her Aid implor'd,  
Of her Destruction shall Spectators stand,  
And point, and say, is this the fruitful Land?  
This the great City so ador'd of late  
What an amazing Turn is this of Fate!  
Where are her Walls and lofty Pillars? where  
Her Towers that shone so glorious in the Air?  
Where all her gilded Battlements and Spires  
Whose Height and Light out-vy'd the Heavenly Fires?  
Where is her Tyrian Pomp, her Robes of State?  
Where the high Courts where she in Judgment sat?  
Those who enslav'd themselves for Gallic Gold  
Betray'd their Trust, and native Country fold,  
Who still with zeal her Praises did proclaim,  
And with their Guilt advanc'd *Lutetia's* Fame,  
Shall in *Lutetia's* Desolation fall,  
While they in vain for her Protection call.  
How will the envious Race with Malice-burst,  
How will th' Anointed of the Lord be curst  
By their black mouths, when with his mighty Host  
He marches on to proud *Lutetia's* Coast?  
What anguish will they feel? what shiv'ring Fear  
When they the *Briton's* mighty Triumphs hear?



When he shall pull their *Gallic* Idol down  
And spreading, Laurels shall his temples Crown.

The Lord of Hosts shall call his Armies forth  
Enroll his Troops and Muster in the North.  
He shall his Warriors from *Britannia* bring,  
Led on to Triumph by their mighty King.  
With these the War-like Nations shall combine,  
That come from *Boa's* Banks, and drink the Rhine.  
This valiant Host the Almighty will engage  
On *Gallia's* Soil to execute his Rage.  
Vigorous then I Labs and roughly great their Mind,  
Patient of Labour, and for War design'd.  
All great in Arms, all men of mighty Name,  
Not Wealth and Spoil but Conquest is their Aim.  
The nobly flight rich *Ophir's* Golden vein  
And look on Silver Heaps with just disdain.  
These to *Lutetia's* Walls their Arms advance  
To humble and correct her Arrogance.

The tender Offspring of the World shall dy,  
And dash'd to pieces on the Pavement ly.  
Th' Inexorable Sword around shall rage  
Without destruction made of Sex or Age.  
The fierce Destroyer shall thy Nobles meet,  
And lay thy Youth in heaps in every street.  
Children shall trembling to their Father fly,  
And at his feet shall by the Javelin dy.  
Scar'd Infants cling about the Mothers neck,  
And on the Invader look with Horror back,



But stab'd within the Arms they fill with blood  
 The Parent's Bosom whence it lately flow'd.  
 Affrighted Maids th' insulting Foe to shun  
 To fleeing Mothers slier Protection run  
 But neither earnest Cries, nor Youthful Charms  
 Can melt th' Invader, and Arrest his Arms.  
 The Cruel, Dead, and Unrelenting Spear  
 Shall not Compassion's tender Accents hear,  
 Or mov'd by Mercy, Youth or Beauty spare.  
 Thou mighty City, Gaul's Imperial Head  
 Which hast so Wide thy Fame and Conquests spread,  
 And in proud Triumph Captive Princes led,  
 Which as an Empress hast been long renown'd,  
 Enrich'd with Spoils, which Power and Plenty crown'd,  
 Thy Day's at hand, thy fatal Hour is come  
 That brings at last th' Irrevocable Doom.

The British King his Royal Standard rears,  
 See where his Host upon the Hills appears.  
 He shall abate thy Pride, thy Slaves release,  
 Revenge her Wrongs and give *Europa* Peace.  
 He shall thy strong and deep Foundations raze,  
 And on thy Ruins build Immortal Praise.  
 Thy lofty Towers that with Majestic Pride  
 In Height and Glory with each other vy'd  
 Which their aspiring Heads before did thrust  
 Amidst the Clouds now hide them in the Dust:  
 They in their broken Arms each other take,  
 And ghastly Friendship in Destruction make.



High Roofs of Cedar from *Syria* brought,  
 Statues all by ancient Masters wrought,  
 Dishes of massy Silver high emboss'd,  
 And Marble Pillars from *Ausonia's* Coast  
 Tables inlaid amazing to behold,  
*Mycenian* Furs, and *India's* purest Gold,  
*Sydonian* Luxury, and wealth Immense  
 Engorg'd with wondrous care, and vast expence.  
 These mingled by *Lutetia's* fall shall meet,  
 And spread with noble Rubbish every Street.  
 In after times thou'lt be with wonder show'd  
 Magnificent in heaps, in ruin proud.  
 Twill Learning be thy Monuments to know,  
 And those thought Wise who by Remains can show.  
 Grave Antiquaries shall the Traveller lead  
 Around the Heaps, and on thy Reliques read.  
 They'll point, and to th' admiring Stranger cry,  
 See, yonder where those lofty Ruins lie,  
 There stood *Lutetia's* King's Imperial Seat,  
 Amazing then, now in Destruction Great.  
 Delicious Gardens on th' inclining Side  
 Of that fair Hill display'd their flow'ry Pride.  
 What Labyrinths of everlasting Green,  
 What lovely Walks adorn'd that Heav'nly Scene.  
 Fountains of wondrous Art did ever flow,  
 And high into the Air their Waters throw.  
 Statues that Skill Inimitable show'd  
 In beauteous order on the Terras stood:  
 They stood indeed but yet such Life did show,  
 Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.



How sweet a Shade Confederate Trees did spread,  
Raising to Heav'n but one continued Head.  
There a Canal, a noble Flood contain'd,  
Which from reluctant Nature Art had gain'd,  
Where Boats of Pleasure pass'd along the Shores  
With Silken Pendants, and with gilded Oars.  
Elastic Engines wrought with wondrous Skill  
And mighty Cost, rais'd Waters to the Hill  
Which first the Fountains fill'd, and then below  
Did all collected in the Channel flow.  
Now, as you see, the wild neglected Field  
Do's only Thorny Shrubs and Thistles yield.  
Now view the Relique, of that pompous Arch  
Thro' which King *Salm* did in Triumph march.  
Upon the Stones you may with Horror see  
Th' Inscriptions, and audacious Flaspheemy  
With which to flatter his enormous Pride,  
Court Sycophants their Monarch Deify'd.  
There see the Baths and Aqueducts, and there  
See where the Dome its lofty Head did rear.

This shall, proud City, be thy dismal State,  
The next to *Sodom's* and *Gomorrab's* Fate :  
The Shepherd's shall not here their Tents extend,  
Nor in their Folds their bleating Flocks defend.  
The Savage Kind shall their old Haunts forsake,  
And in this wilder Seat their Refuge take.  
The Serpents in thy Cedar Rooms shall ly,  
And o'er thy Heaps shall hissing Dragons fly.



In thy gilt Rooms shall sit the ill-boding Owl,  
 And Wolves within thy Palaces shall howl.  
 About thy Streets the raving Bear shall stray,  
 And in thy Courts her unshap'd Whelps shall lay.  
 The Lyon shall possess thy Prince's Throne,  
 The next Apartment shall the Panther own.  
 The Tiger here his Residence shall make,  
 And there the Leopard shall his Lodging take.  
 The Bittern midst thy mossy Heaps shall cry,  
 Vultures and all the Pyrates of the Sky,  
 To this amazing Wilderness shall fly.  
 All Beasts and Birds of prey shall hither come,  
 That beat the Air, or thro' the Forest roam:  
 A dire Convention, yet a milder Race  
 Than what before possess this Cruel place.

Now, Valiant Britons, you may clearly see  
 Your Arms are meant in this great Prophecy.  
 You are th' Almighty's Chieft, his Chosen Host  
 By him drawn out to invade *Lutetia's* Coast.  
 Success and Triumph to your Arms belong,  
 Play but the Men, and for your God be strong.  
 Now let your Valour and resistless Sword,  
 Shew that you fight the Battel of the Lord.  
 Who in Compassion to *Pritannia's* Fate,  
 The Mighty *Arthur* rais'd to save her State.  
 He, by this God-like *Moses* set you free  
 From your hard Tasks, and Marks of Slavery.  
 And by a thousand various Wonders wrought,  
 The *British* Youth from heavy Bondage brought.



See where your war-like *Jessu* ready stands,  
To lead your Troops to Vanquish Pagan Lands.  
Advance then to Correct the Gallie Pride,  
*Arthur* has God, and Victory on his side.

He ceas'd. The Captains to their Tents retir'd,  
With *Caledon's* Seraphic Tongue inspir'd,  
A martial Heat did in their Bosoms glow,  
And all impatient seem'd t'engage the Foe

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King



## KING ARTHUR.

## BOOK X.

**S**oon as the rising Sun's victorious Light  
 Had Scal'd, and pass'd the gloomy Mounds of Night.  
 The *British* Partys who to beat the Road  
 And gain Intelligence were sent abroad,  
 Returning to the Camp did Tydings bring,  
 That as Commanded by the *Gallie* King  
 His Cavalry advanc'd at distance lay,  
 Off from the Foot, and *Arbel* did obey.  
*Clotar* himself did with the Foot remain,  
 Which lay encamp'd on rich *Literia's* Plain.

Then did King *Arthur* let his Captains know  
 That he the Horse would Lead and Charge the Foe,  
 Commanding that the Foot with utmost speed  
 Should onward march to share the glorious Deed.

Great *Arthur* with Heroic Ardor warm'd  
 His Weapons took and for the Battel Arm'd.  
 Round his strong Legs he made his Pieces fast  
 With Silver Studs, and Golden Buttons grac'd.  
 Then did he lace his polish'd Helmet on  
 Which with distinguish'd wondrous brightness shone.  
 A noble Plume did his high Crest adorn,  
 Fair as the Morning Star, or as the Morn.



A Purple Scarf, like mine *Aurora's* pride,  
Enrich'd with Golden Tassels grac'd his Side.  
Next, like the Moon at full, his spacious Shield  
Blaz'd on his Arm and razed all the Field.  
As Forges full of melted Oar by night  
Appear at distance to the Travellers sight,  
Where brawny Smith beset with Smoke and Sweat,  
For Ships of War unweildy Anchors beat.  
So did the Warriour's Burnish'd Buckler glow,  
And such fierce Light did from the Metal flow.  
His mighty Fauchion which of all the Field,  
Two of the strongest Chiefs could scarcely weild,  
Whose fatal Edge so many Heros felt,  
Hung down suspended in his glorious Belt.  
Then his long Spear he took which in his hand  
When firmly grip'd shook-like an Osier wand.  
As when a *Cyclops* with his ponderous Sledge  
On the hard Anvil strikes a flaming Wedge,  
When he designs the malleable mass  
Shall into some Capacious Caldron pass,  
The fiery Dust at every blow that flies  
And glaring Light vex the Spectator's Eyes.  
The Briton's Arms shone thus excessive bright,  
Darted keen Glances and unequal Light,  
And tho' his Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight.  
While thus the Monarch Arm'd, his noble Steed  
Sprung from *Britannic* mixt with *Thracian* Breed,  
Praunc'd in the Negro's hand, and tost around  
His generous Foam that Whiten'd all the ground.



In his hot Mouth he champs the Golden Bit,  
 And paw'd the Vally with his thundering Feet.  
 The King advanc'd, and in his Martial Heat  
 Mounting the Steed, and leaping cross the Seat  
 Such was the clanking of his Arms as made,  
 By the surprize his starting Friends afraid,  
 The fiery Peast impatient of the Rein,  
 Curveted, Bounc'd, and Bounded o'er the Plain.  
 The Eagle scarcely flew so swift and strong,  
 When she to Heav'n, as ancient Poets sung,  
 From *Aetna's* Caves, and *Vulcan's* fiery Store  
 Hot Thunderbolts, and vengeful Lightning bore.  
 Thus the swift Courser past, and thro' the Air  
 Did on his back the glorious Tempest bear.

Next *Ofor* General of the *British* Horse  
 In order follow'd, *Arthur's* rapid Course.  
 Then Noble *Clovis* warm with martial Heat  
 Advanc'd his great Atchievements to repeat.  
 Now all the Squadrons from the Camp were pour'd,  
 All bold in Arms and to the Field dur'd.

The Trumpet's cheerful Voice the Region fills,  
 Redoubled by the Rocks and echoing Hills.  
 The Heav'ns with Arms and war-like noise resound,  
 And fiery Coursers shake the trembling Ground.  
 Thick Clouds of Smoke and Foam around e'm fly,  
 And rising Fogs of Dust obscure the Sky.  
 Soon *Albion's* Monarch with his speedy Course  
 Came within prospect of King *Clotar's* Horse.



The numerous Squadrons rang'd in Battel stood,  
 And look'd at distance like an Iron Wood.  
 As when a gathering Tempest do's arise  
 With fullen Brow, and slowly mounts the Skys,  
 The Stygian Vapours from their Caves repair  
 To the black Rendezvous amidst the Air.  
 Th' embattled Clouds in gloomy Things ascend,  
 And cross the Sky their dreadful Front extend.  
 So thick the *Franks* appear'd along the Plain,  
 Ready th' invading *Briton* to sustain.  
 A Grove of Lances o'er the Region spreads,  
 With Bucklers intermixt and burnish'd Heads.  
 As when some famous Master Engineer,  
 Such as great *Ricar* and *Becano* are,  
 A Triumph for some Conqueror do's prepare.  
 Bright Rockets, Serpents, Stars of Nitre rise,  
 And mingling Fires Inlighten all the Skys.  
 Proud *Pyramids* aloft to Heav'n aspire  
 Adorn'd with Wreathing Flames, and Laurels all of Fire.  
 So now the Air shone bright with Helms and Spears,  
 With Corslets, Shields, and plated Quirassiers.

*Arbel* who neer was Conscious yet of fear,  
 Soon as he saw the *British* Troops appear.  
 Pleas'd with th' important Danger of the day  
 Resolv'd th' advancing *Briton's* Course to stay;  
 And as a prudent Gen'ral did prepare  
 His numerous Squadrons to receive the War.  
 He rode thro' all the Regiments and Ranks  
 To animate and cheer th' Embattled *Franks*.

Then



Then the great Leader in the Center stood,  
And to the Troops around him cry'd aloud,  
On you, brave Men, Your Prince has still rely'd,  
Sare of your Faith and Courage often try'd.  
What mighty Warriors have you overcome?  
What Captive Princes brought in Triumph home?  
What wonders have your Arms in Battle done,  
What weakn'd Spoils from vanquish'd Nations won?  
You've by the glorious Fields which you have fought,  
Not only kept what your great Fathers got,  
But have by humbling Neighb'ring Monarchs-Pride,  
Extended *Gallia's* Empire far and wide.  
You have the Power of distant Kingdoms broke,  
And on their Necks impos'd the *Gallic* Yoke.  
You have your martial fame and terror spread,  
And all *Europa's* Youth your Ensigns dread.  
What Heroes ever could your Arms resist?  
When have your Squadrons fought, and Conquest mist?  
*Arthur*, 'tis true, did once some Troops defeat,  
But must not think his Victory to repeat.  
The plying Infantry by giving Way,  
The great Disorder caus'd that lost the Day.  
You never were engag'd, you ne'er could show  
The Fire with which you us'd to Charge the Foe.  
*Clotar* on you his Cavalry relies,  
And by your Arms the *British* Power defys.  
'Tis by the Cavalry the *Franks* have done  
Their mighty Deeds, and gain'd their chief Renown.  
Your Valour must determine *Gallia's* Fate,  
You are the Bulwark, that protects her State.



Who can withstand, brave Men, the fatal Sword  
Of Vet'ran Troops to Conquer long inur'd :  
What Danger is so great, what Task so hard  
That can the Triumphs of such Troops retard &

Scarce had he ended when his Courser's Flanks  
The Briton gor'd, and Sprung amidst the Ranks.  
His first projected Spear *Bermundo* flew,  
Piercing his Cuirass, Shield, and Body thro'.  
Drunk with the Wound which inwardly did bleed—  
The giddy *Frank* sat tottering on his Steed.  
The Courser's Reins fell from his feeble hand,  
Then down he headlong fell, and prest the Sand.  
Next to the fight strong *Osbal* did advance,  
But in his Breast receiv'd the Briton's Lance.  
As Thunder struck from Heav'n, the mighty *Gaul*  
Fell down, and shook the Vally with his fall.  
The Conq'ring Briton o'er his Body rode,  
And deep into the Sand his reeking Entrails trod.  
Stout *Monlac* next stood in the Briton's way,  
And proudly hop'd the Victor's Course to stay.  
Thro' his right Eye the Monarch's Weapon past,  
And pierc'd his Skull which Steel in vain encas'd.  
He tumbled from his Seat, and on the ground  
He felt his Life departing from his Wound.

Then by *Garontes* cast a mighty Spear  
Cut thro' the downy Bosom of the Air :  
Against the Conquering King it took it's Course,  
But in his Buckler spent it's dying Force.



*Garontes* wheeling off had strait retir'd,  
But that the King with Indignation fir'd,  
Flew to the Charge, and with an oblique Stroke  
His mighty *Fauchion* thro' the Helmet broke.  
He did his Mouth from Ear to Ear divide,  
And from the Wound gush'd out a reeking Tyde.  
His sever'd Jaw depending ghastly shew'd,  
And from his Throat he Cough'd up Teeth and Blood.  
He fell, and while he lay in torturing Pain,  
Hot Couriers trod to Mire his Head and Brain.

*Onvil* advanc'd the *Briton* to repel,  
But on his Crest the mighty *Fauchion* fell.  
The noble stroke did the strong Captain stun,  
Who dropt his Sword, and Shield, and in a Swoon,  
A while lay senseless on his Courser's Main,  
Then fell, and lay stretcht out amidst the Slain.

*Martel*, who still the hottest Battel fought,  
And from the Combate frequent Laurels brought,  
Advanc'd the Monarch's progress to arrest,  
And hurl'd his massy Spear against his Breast.  
On *Arthur's* temper'd Shield the Weapon brok :  
In pieces flew, and lost the furious stroke.  
The King incens'd, flew on to engage the Foe,  
And at his Neck discharg'd a mighty Blow.  
Off leap'd the Head, and murr'ring flew away,  
Then gasping in the Dust, and twinkling lay.  
So swiftly did the sev'ring *Fauchion* go,  
So quick, so strong, so suddain was the Blow,  
That still the Trunk, tho' of the Head depriv'd,  
Preserv'd its Seat, and scarce the loss perceiv'd :



A while a ghastly Prospect there it staid,  
And from the Neck the bloody Fountains play'd,  
Which high into the Air their Purple Streams convey'd,  
Then down it tumbled, and amidst the Dead,  
Lay at a distance from the sever'd Head.  
Next *Oroban* who grew in Battel bold,  
Because the *Augur* when consulted told,  
That from the War he should Victorious come,  
And chase from *Gallia's* Coast the *Britons* home;  
Oppos'd the King, but th' unexpected Steel  
The wounded *Frank* did in his Bosom feel.  
Approaching Fate he did in vain resist,  
Dying he fell, and curst the lying Priest.

The Monarch then sprang forward to Assail,  
*Lansac*, confiding in his Coat of Mail.  
The Fauchion thro' the Coat soon passage found,  
His Shoulder cleft, and made a ghastly Wound.  
The fainting *Gaul* fell headlong from his seat  
And lay extended at the Courser's feet.  
Then thus the Pious King the *Frank* bespoke,  
At last thy Crimes have met th' avenging stroke.  
How many Christians has thy Savage hand  
Rack'd and destroy'd, pleas'd with thy Lord's Command?  
No Torments, no Destruction could assuage  
Thy thirst of Blood, and Persecuting Rage.  
Think on the Arts thy Malice did invent,  
T' afflict the Poor, and vex the Innocent.  
Now thou must suffer for th' atrocious Guilt,  
For all the Blood thy impious hand has spilt.



Then his bright Spear he thro' his Body thrust,  
Spur'd on his Steed, and crush'd him in the Dust.

*Torbet* stood next, distinguish'd from the rest  
Both by his gaudy Arms, and Priestly Vest.  
But when he saw th' advancing Conqueror near,  
And ready to discharge his massy Spear,  
He from the Invader turn'd his Courser's head,  
And from the dreadful danger would have fled.  
But then despairing to escape by Flight,  
And yet affraid to undertake the Fight,  
Trembling and Pale with fear himself he threw  
At *Arthur's* Feet, and thus for Life did sue.  
Pity, great Prince, as well as Courage show,  
And turn from *Torbet's* head your fatal Blow.  
My Death alafs can nō Applauses move,  
Nor can my worthless Life e'er Dang'rous prove.  
A Priest I am, but never did perswade  
With Fire and Sword the Christians to invade  
I ne'er did *Clotar's* Cruelty Commend,  
But thought such Deeds Heav'n's Vengeance would attend.  
I still Compassion to the Sufferers shew'd,  
And ne'er my hands in Christian Blood embu'd.  
He said. The King the trembling Coward left  
By his own Fears almost of Life bereft.

Then *Bramar* trusting to his mighty Force  
Came boldly on t' oppose the Monarch's Course.  
Proudly he rein'd his generous, milk-white Steed  
As *Thracian* bold, swift as *Iberian* Breed.



The Briton's Spear aim'd at his shining Crest,  
 Missing the Rider Struck the bounding Beast,  
 And entring deep lay buried in his Chest.  
 He on his hinder Feet himself did rear,  
 And with the foremost paw'd, and beat the Air.  
 Then on the ground he fell, and with his fall  
 The groaning Courser crush'd the war-like Gaul.  
 Arthur advanc'd, and gave the fatal Wound;  
 The Weapon fixt the Body to the ground.  
 At Dagbert next, and Marodel he flew,  
 The first his Spear, the last his Fauchion flew:  
 This split the Brain, that with a furious stroke  
 The Warriour's Ankle-bone to Splinters broke.  
 Then Cossan, Aldar, Molan, Sarabel,  
 Aranda, Clobar, and Elviran fell.  
 As when loud Boreas blows his stiffest Gales,  
 To swell some War-like Ship's expanded Sails,  
 Driv'n with the furious Wind the Vessel braves  
 The foaming Troops, and thick-embattled Waves.  
 O'er Billows thronging Heads the Victor rides,  
 Cuts thro', and all the watry Host divides.  
 With equal Force the Valiant Briton flew  
 Amidst the Ranks, and charg'd as swiftly thro'.

Ofor mean time broke thro' th' opposing Franks,  
 And bravely plung'd amidst the thickest Ranks.  
 Great Shabron's Head his fatal Fauchion cleft,  
 And on the ground th' expiring Pagan left.  
 To engage the Briton Rimond did advance;  
 But in his Buckler broke th' unprosperous Lance.



*Ofor* incens'd advanc'd to Charge the Foe,  
 Pois'd his long Spear and pierc'd his Body thro'  
 The *Pagan* sinking backward lost the Rein,  
 The affrighted steed ran wild across the Plain  
 And dropt the dying *Frank* amidst the Slain.  
 Next the brave Warriour did his Javelin throw  
 Into *Alna's* Breast, which thro' it mist the Foe,  
 The glittering point his Steed's right Eye-ball past,  
 And stuck within the bloody Orbit fast.  
 High in the Air he rose, then to the ground  
 He backward fell, expiring with the wound.  
 Struck Breathless with the Fall, the noble *Frank*  
 Lay with his Shoulders on the Courser's Flank.  
 Quick to the ground the *Briton* from his Seat  
 With ardor leap'd, his Conquest to compleat.  
 He laid his left Hand on the Warriour's Crest,  
 And with his right Hand smit'd him in the Breast.

Then *Andolan* of *Amro's* noble Line  
 Born on the flowry Banks of Silver Sein,  
 Spur'd his hot Steed, and griping fast his Spear,  
 Ran at the *Briton* with a full Career.  
 Illustrious *Ofor* ne'er to fear in Arms,  
 To engage the *Frank* his Courser onward spur'd.  
 Then with a mighty shock the Coursers met  
 Dismounting both the Riders from their Seat.  
 So when two Ships their Contest to decide  
 In rude Rencounters meet upon the Tide,  
 No more the Sailors can their Decks maintain,  
 But with the Shock are forc'd into the Main.



Their feet recover'd, soon the Champions drew  
Their flashing Blades, and to the Combate flew.  
Forwards stretcht out they did their Bodys lend,  
And with uplifted Shields their Heads defend.  
Vast strokes were now discharg'd on either side,  
Strokes that with ease would unarm'd Limbs divide.  
Their Armour was deform'd with numerous dints,  
And their bruis'd Bucklers shew'd the Fauchions prints.  
For Conquest long the Captains did contend,  
And in vast strokes their Martial Vigour spend.  
Still both the Combatants maintain'd their ground,  
Neither had given, nor yet receiv'd a Wound.  
At last their Strength with equal honour spent,  
To end the noble Combate both consent.  
The valiant Chiefs in friendly manner part,  
Praising each other's Strength, each other's Art.  
The generous *Briton* to the *Gallic* Lord  
Did for a present give a famous Sword.  
The Haft an Agate was from *Indie* brought,  
Where inlaid Trees, and Birds by Nature wrought  
Appear'd distinct and fair, as Ants and Bees  
Kill'd and Entomb'd in drops from Amber Trees.  
With their best Skill *Iberian* Masters made  
Of purest temper'd Steel the faithful Blade.  
The ample Scabbard which the Sword did hold,  
Shone bright with glitt'ring Gems and Studs of Gold.  
This Sword *Nazaleoa* from rich *Casnar* won,  
When he the *Saxon* flew with great renown,  
And his rich Spoils midst loud Applauses brought  
From the fam'd Battel at *Gallena* fought:



The Sword *Nazaleod* to great *Ofor* gave  
Whose Arms did once his Life in Battel save.

The noble *Frank* a Saddle did present  
Glorious with Gems, with Work magnificent.  
The Pommel was an Ivory Lyon's Head  
That fiercely grin'd, as those in *Lybia* bred.  
The Seat rich Crimson Velvet cover'd o'er,  
Like that exported from *Liguria* Shore.  
Th' embroader'd Skirts were all with Gold besmeir'd,  
Where Figures wrought with curious Art appear'd.  
A Leopard's Skin ch' appending Hanging was  
From *Afric* brought, and grac'd with Silver Paws.

Elsewhere Brave *Clovis* did the Foe pursue,  
And first his massy Spear at *Orten* threw.  
The temper'd Shield could not its Force Arrest,  
It pass'd the Plys and pierc'd the Warriour's Breast.  
The secret Springs of Life the Weapon found,  
And broke them open with a fatal Wound.  
The Spear fixt in his Breast, some time he hung,  
And with his left hand to the Saddle clung,  
But with his Right held fast the Courser's Main  
And thus a while his Body did sustain.  
But Death untrung his Nerves, and loos'd his hold,  
Then in the Sand th' expiring Captain roll'd.  
Then with his Battel a great *Clovis* flew  
At *Maronac*, and cleft his Shoulder thro'.  
Down on the Ground the Arm dis-joynted dropt,  
As a great Limb falls from a Poplar lopt.



Strait the dismember'd *Frank*, a fearful Sight,  
 Wheel'd off in vain to save his Life by Flight.  
 Warm streams flew out from every fever'd vein  
 And mark'd with cracks of Blood the Dusty Plain.  
 Debauch'd of his Strength the feeble *Gaul*  
 At last unheeding from his Courser fall.  
 Cold Death forbade his lab'ring Heart to beat  
 And in his blood suppress'd the vital Heat.  
 Then *Carobel* the hardy gave his name  
 By ~~learned~~ Arts, and Skill in Nature's Fame,  
 Bold too in Arms, and to the Camp assur'd,  
 Fell in *Lucretia's* fields by *Ezobis* Sword  
 Thro' Helm and Skull the Fruchion passage found,  
 Cleft thro' the Brain, and ruin'd with the Wound  
 The curious Imagry by Fancy wrought,  
 All Mem'ry's Cells, and all the Moulds of Thought.  
 Next *Alloman* lay dead, *Lug Amun's* Pride,  
 And beauteous *Ormal* stretch'd out by his Side.

*Capellan* also signaliz'd his Arms,  
 And boldly prest amidst the *Galic* Swarms.  
 He flew at *Lucan* with a full Career,  
 And thro' his Bosom past his fatal Spear.  
 His second *Fromel* kill'd, the next he threw  
 Young *Lamar* pierc'd, the next *Obella* flew.  
 Then his Projected Dart transfixt the Head  
 Of *Grutar's* Steed, which on the spot lay dead.  
 Across the Beast on which before he rode  
 Ghastly with Gore and Dust the Warriour strode



With his strong Arm he did his Spear present,  
And with his burnish'd Shield his Head defend.  
A while he strove, and bravely kept his ground,  
Till the fierce Briton's Spear at its passage found  
Thro' Helm and Head, and then with Death oppress'd  
He fell, and lay across th' extended Beast.

While Valiant Clovis so much Honour won,  
Elsewhere like Wonders were by Lucius done  
First in his way by luckless Fortune stood,  
Young Medolan of Traitor's hot Blood.  
The Javelin thro' his Belly made its way,  
And in his wounded Entrails buried lay.  
The Youth, so much he was to Arms inclin'd,  
Left unenjoy'd his beauty's Bride behind;  
He's now embrac'd by Death's unwelcome arms,  
And to another quits her Maiden Charms.  
Brave Arcan burning with a Martial Flame,  
To aid his wounded Brother swiftly came;  
But felt the Briton's Steel within his Veins,  
Which thro' his Arm forc'd the Warriour's Reins.  
Upon his Seat he could no longer stay  
But fell, and cross his dying Brother lay.  
Their mournful Friends look'd on, but were afraid,  
So great the Peril was, to give them Aid.  
So when a Lyon roaming o'er the Lawns,  
Descrys the Thicket where the tender Fawns  
The Doe as she believ'd safely lay,  
In do's he leap, and tear the panting Prey:



The late High Priest who dur *Lutetia* made  
 With equal Cruelty, and equal Et de.—  
 He with Angelick skill did soon prepare  
 A priestly Shape, and Reverend R. oes of Air.  
 He *Lucas*'s Looks and Prefence did assume  
 Ent'ring with Pontifical Port the Room.

Then thus the Prince of Hell the Priest address.  
*Falmida* from the Regions of the Blest,  
 From Gods, and God-like Heros I descend  
 To show the way *Lutetia* to defend.  
 With generous, open Arms you Hope in vain  
 King *Arthur*'s Strength, and Courage to sustain.  
 No *Gallie* Chiefs, such mighty Arms can weild,  
 None such a Sword, or such a spacious Shield.  
 This day his Arms with Spoils and Heaps of Dead  
 I have all thy bloody Fields, *Lutetia*, spread.  
*Arbel* in whom you chiefly did confide,  
 By *Arthur*'s Weapon soon lamented dy'd.  
 The *Gallie* Troops to Conquest long inur'd  
 Are now dismaid, and dread at *Briton*'s Sword.  
 He will advance *Lutetia* to assail,  
 Will her strong Towers, and lefty Bulwarks scale.  
 And shall, *Lutetia*, be the Conqueror's Prey.  
 Shall *Gallia*'s Princes *British* Lords obey?  
 Shall all our Sacred Priests, and all our *Cats*  
 Chas'd from their Temples leave their rich abodes?  
 Shall their high Groves by Christians be prophane  
 Their Shrines defil'd by an unhallow'd hand?



Shall our high Domes with wealthy Gifts adorn'd  
 Be all to Heaps of mingled Ruins turn'd?  
 Shall scoffing Christians spurn with impious Feet  
 Our scatter'd Images thro' every Street?  
 Shall Holy Fragments, Limbs, defac'd Remains,  
 And Trunks of Gods dismember'd riped the Plains?  
 Her Yoke on *Gallia's* Neck shall *Albion* lay,  
 And make the Mistress of the World obey?  
 Must *Gallia's* Youth of Empire long possess  
 Be led in Triumph, be with Chains oppress?  
 Must her great Chiefs and Princes be destroy'd,  
 Or in base tasks, as Captives, be employ'd?  
 With ignominious Labour forc'd to groan  
 While drawing Water, Hewing Wood and Stone?  
 Shall these sweet Rivers, this delicious Soil  
 Enrich the pamper'd *Briton* with their Spoil?  
 Must *Gallia's* Sons their Fields and Vineyards dress,  
 And their rich Wine for a proud Stranger press?  
 Yet this must be, this is the dismal Fate  
 Which now impends o'er high *Lutetia's* State,  
 If from amidst her Sons she not select  
 Some, who her Power and Greatness to protect,  
 Dare strike one noble Stroke, one Effort make  
 With secret Arms King *Arthur* to Attack.  
 Remove the *British* King at any rate,  
 One single Blow secures the *Gallic* State.  
 Such Deeds our Order always did commend,  
 This Maxim we as Sacred still defend,  
 That Means are hallow'd by their Pious End.



This only Means within your Power remains  
 To save *Lutetia* from Inglorious Chains.  
 Go then, *Palmida*, and the King prepare  
 To make on *Arthur's* Person Secret War.  
 But time to gain, and *Arthur* to amuse,  
 First by an Ambassy demand a Truce:  
 If he agrees that Arms a while shall cease  
 Commence a Treaty to concert a Peace.  
 Do you, with what the *Briton* offers, close,  
 Nor any Terms, tho' most unjust, oppose.  
 If this be manag'd right, and by Degrees  
 You all things yield that will the *Briton* please,  
 You will have time to form the great Design  
 And cross the Snare, which *Arthur* can't decline.  
 Then may the Porryard in a valiant hand  
 From hostile Arms set free the *Gallic* Land.  
 No other Means you can securely trust,  
 What's Necessary is with Statesmen just.  
 Some may perhaps against the Deed declaim,  
 But all to save a State would do the same.

This said, the Prince of Hell without delay  
 Dissolv'd his Airy Form and flew away.  
*Palmida* hence reviving Hopes conceiv'd,  
 And by the Counsel *Orgal* gave, believ'd  
 There ill affairs might be at last retriev'd.  
 The Barbarous Priest on his dire purpose bent  
 To find King *Clotar*, to his Palace went,  
 To whom the Priest the Project did impart  
 At which a Generous, Noble Mind would start;



Would be with Horror, and Amazement seiz'd,  
 And know how much the black Design displeas'd.  
 And yet without Reluctance he agreed  
 Without delay to effect th' Atrocious Deed.

*Imida* from the Gallic King with  
 The Bloody Undertaking to pursue.

Soon as *Aurora* with her dawning Ray  
 Began to smile, and propagate the Day.  
*Clotar* five Lords to *Albion's* Monarch sent,  
 Who to obey their King's Instructions went.  
 They with attending Heralds took their way  
 To the high Camp where *Arthur's* Forces lay :  
 There they arriv'd, while he in Songs of Praise  
 And fervent Prayer did with his Captains raise  
 Th' Almighty's Power, and Providential Care  
 To which he ow'd his Laurels won in War.  
 The Solemn Worship ended, *Arthur* sat  
 Within his Tent in his rich Chair of State ;  
 The *Franks* advanced their Message to relate.

Then *Orobac* their Chief first silence broke,  
 And bowing low, the Monarch thus bespoke.  
*Clotar*, great Prince, to put a happy end  
 To this destructive War do's condescend  
 To ask a Treaty may Commence for Peace,  
 Mean time that Arms on either Side may cease.  
 Blood to prevent our Monarch will withstand  
 No Terms which *Arthur* justly can demand.



You oft declare, that 'tis not War you seek,  
Which you pursue, but Peace and Publick Good.  
You would poor Captives from their Chains release,  
And give afflicted Kingdoms Rest, and Ease.  
You publish, that you Arms you hither brought,  
These glorious Ends in *Gallia* to promote.  
These Ends King *Arthur* quickly may enjoy,  
And need no longer Force and Arms employ.  
All publick Grievances shall be redrest,  
Nor shall the Christians longer be Opprest.

He said. The *British* Monarch thus reply'd ;  
I yield that Arms shall cease on either side :  
And to the Treaty which you ask, consent,  
Th' Effects of hostile Fury to prevent.  
I would to all in Sufferings, Pity show,  
I would remove, but not encrease their Woe.  
My thoughts to *Clotar's* Throne did ne'er aspire,  
His injur'd Subjects Freedom I desire.  
Let him his Empire undisturb'd enjoy,  
But let him not his Arms, and Snares employ,  
His Subjects, and his Neighbours to destroy.  
Let all the Towns and Castles be restor'd,  
Which he has forc'd unjustly by the Sword  
From weaker Neighbours, to their Rightful Lord.  
Let him his Christian Fugitives recall,  
To all the Rights they once possess'd in *Gaul*.  
And let him place for Caution in their hand,  
The Towns and Forts they did before Command.  
Let him the *Gallic* Liberty restore,  
And vest the Senate in its ancient Power.



This done, the *King* repass the Seas,  
 And give this Kingdom Liberty and Peace.  
 For six days space *Excellency* Mens suspend,  
 Your Prince's final Answer to attend.  
 He said; And rose from his high Chair of State:  
 The *Franks* return'd his Answer to relate.

Mean time *Palmida* about'd to engage  
 Fit Instruments to execute his Rage.  
 Nor was it long before the Men were found,  
 For *Clotar's* Guards with Murders did abound.  
 Men who his Barb'rous Orders understood,  
 Steadfast in Guilt, and long inur'd to Blood:  
 Men who distinguish'd Cruelty had shown,  
 Men with Inhumane Tasks Familiar grown  
 Ready to act the most Unnatural Deed,  
 From all Remorse, and all Reluctance freed.  
 Yet these th' Infernal Enterprise declin'd,  
 Until their Order was by *Clotar* sign'd.  
*Palmida* left the *Russians* to project,  
 And fix the Means, their Purpose to effect.  
 These various Ways and Methods did debate,  
 How *Arthur* to Assault to Save their State.  
 Some Poison, some the Ponyard'd suggest,  
 As what would gain their Bloody Purpose best.  
 Some warmly pleaded for an Ambuscade,  
 Whence issuing out they might the King invade.  
 Some gave Advice, that with a vast Reward,  
 They should attempt to gain *King Arthur's* Guard.



Others of different Judgments die  
That all, themselves Detesters shoul  
That in the Camp they might a Season watch  
In which the bloody Task they might dispatch  
These Ways rejected, ~~was~~ at last agreed,  
They would accomplish their Atrocious Deed,  
When both the Monarchs from their Camps shou  
To Ratify the Peace with Solemn Vow.  
Then some as Heralds dress'd, and some as Priests,  
Should wait on Clotar to the Publick Lists;  
And all short Swords and Poyards should prepare,  
And hide beneath their Robes the Barbarous War.  
And while King Arthur did his God invoke  
To bind the Treaty, they should strike the Stroke.

The Franks mean time who did the Peace promote,  
Had their Transaction to an Issue brought.  
All things the Briton ask'd the Franks agreed  
That from his Arms *Lutetia* might be freed.  
The Term which Clotar's Orators desir'd  
For Arms to be suspended was expir'd,  
When a fixt Day the Monarchs did propose,  
Wherein with sacred Rites, and Solemn Vows  
They would themselves to strict observance bind  
Of all things promis'd in the Treaty sign'd.

And now the Night approach'd which did prec  
The Day appointed for the bloody Deed.  
When Derodan who by his King's Command,  
Before the Battel with a chosen Band



T' attack a Br                      was detach'd,  
 His Expedition                      dispatch'd ;  
 Return'd, and with his Men rejoyn'd the Host,  
 Gnev'd, and enrag'd to find the Fattel lost.  
 He for his Sature, and his Strength was known,  
 And for his Courage oit in Combate shown.  
 None for the *Gallic* Interest did reveal  
 Or for the *Pagan* Altars warmer Zeal.  
*Palmida* to the Valiant Man address'd,  
 And with the Language of a Crazy Priest,  
 His Rage against King *Arthur* did Excite,  
 And shov'd it vain to meet his Arms in Fight.  
 Then by degrees *Palmida* did relate  
 How to compose the War, and save the State,  
 A brave Design was by a Party laid  
 With secret Arms King *Arthur* to invade.  
 The Reverend *Ruffian* then the Soldier prest  
 T' embark in this Design and lead the rest ;  
 And promis'd for Reward he should not miss  
 Promotion here, hereafter Endless Bliss.  
 The generous Captain tho' amaz'd to hear  
 Such words from one of Holy Character,  
 Yet seemingly consented, and suppress'd  
 The generous Indignation in his Breast.  
 The Priest retir'd, and valiant *Deridan*  
 With horror seiz'd, thus to himself began.

In what dire Crimes will Sacerdotal Rage,  
 And eager Bigotry Mankind engage ?



Shall I this desperate, black Design pursue  
And in a Monarch's Blood these hands employ?  
Hands that did ne'er a destined weapon sway  
Ne'er flew a Blow but in a generous way  
That none but in the Field have e'er destroy'd,  
Shall they in Murthering Princes be employ'd?  
If so, what Vengeful Plagues must I expect  
Against this Head what Bolts will Heav'n direct  
For various Gods I offer up my Vows,  
And Murther none of all those Gods allows.  
Let Pontifical Biggots still contend  
That we our State, and Altars to defend,  
May any way, and any Weapon chuse,  
In any hallow'd Poyson, or Stiletto's use.  
That we the Christians progress to arrest  
May leave the Ponyard in their Monarchs Breast.  
Such Priests, and such dire Maxims I abhor  
Nor would the Gods pleas'd with such Deeds adore.  
Th' Immortal Powers I always understood  
Were Merciful, Beneficent, and Good;  
Swift to relieve our wants, to punish slow,  
Who perfect Justice in their Empire show.  
Such Cruelty, and Treacherous Violence  
Those pure and Righteous Beings must incense.  
I'll for our Altars, and my Country wield  
All honourable Arms in open Field.  
To save this Realm undaunted I'll oppose  
The greatest Dangers, and the Fiercest Foes:  
But I detest this Ignominious Deed  
No Prince by me Perfidiously shall bleed.



Then Uriel by a high Order to obey,  
His immortal Wings on high display,  
And from the Empyrean Furrets down the Sky  
To valiant Derodan did swiftly fly  
The Radian Envoy quickly did prepare  
A youthful Shape, mild Eyes and Cheeks of Air,  
Then did he Silence break, and thus began,  
You bravely have exprest, undaunted Man,  
Your just Abhorrence of the black Design  
In which a Band of bar'rous Franks combine.  
But from the Heav'nly Regions I descend  
To let you know that here you must not end  
You must the dark Confed'rary disclose  
To save the Monarch from Clandestine Foes.  
If Arthur's blood is by the Ruffians spill  
By not preventing it, you share the Guilt.  
Heav'n has by valiant Derodan decreed,  
To disappoint the black, Inhumane Deed.  
Go then and let that Prince his Danger know,  
Let him his Safety to thy Vertue owe.  
That said, the Cherub from the place withdrew,  
And to the Seats of Peace and Pleasure flew.  
The Starry Stranger gone, the Frank revol'd  
The Message in his Mind and soon resolv'd  
To pay obedience; then with eager Zeal  
He went th' Important Secret to reveal.  
Conducted by the Stars uncertain Light  
He at the Briton's Camp arriv'd by Night.  
The watchful Out-guards who oppos'd his way  
To the great Arthur did the Frank convey.



Admitted to his Presence *Derodan*,  
First low Obisance made, and then began.

Hither I come great Arch to *Arch*  
A black Design that do's your Life respect.  
A bloody Band with Hellish fury fir'd  
Against your Royal Person have conspird:  
I *Gallia's* Gods and Goddesses adore,  
And with th' advancement of *Lutetia's* power:  
But can't believe that for Religion's sake,  
I with the Poyard may a Prince attack.  
Th' Immortal Powers to serve Religion's Cause  
N'er gave Command to break thro' Nature's Laws.  
Horridous Outrage, Murther, Violence,  
Thou us'd to serve the Gods, the Gods intense.  
When therefore by *Palnida* prest to joyn  
With bloody Men engag'd in this Design,  
~~My~~ *Zeal* the barb'rous motion did detest,  
And various Passions streve within my Breast.  
While with my thoughts Opprest, a glorious God  
Descended to me from his high abode.  
He seem'd *Apollo* by his Beamy Face,  
His blooming Beauty, and his Youthful Grace.  
Then did the bright Divinity direct,  
That hasting to your Camp I should detect  
The horrid Plot against your Life design'd,  
And now I must perform the task enjoyn'd.  
Then did the valiant *Frank* the King instruct  
Who were the Chiefs, that did th' Affair conduct.



And here, and how, and when they can agree it  
 To wreak their Malice by th' inhumane Deed.  
 Then said, do you, great Prince, due Vengeance take,  
 And for their hidden Crimes enquire  
 I, that my Message may Belief obtain,  
 Well under Guard within your Camp remain;  
 That if my Words are like your Vengeance hand,  
 May Death inflict, such as my Crimes demand.

The pious *Arthur* prais'd the generous Zeal  
 Which mov'd *Frank* this Treach'ry to reveal.  
 And gave Command he should Rewards receive  
 Such as great Kings do to great Merit give;  
 If the Succeeding Morn should clearly shew  
 The Plot discover'd by the *Frank*, was true.  
 Now had the Sun disclos'd the Mountains heads,  
 And pour'd warm glory on the reeking Meads.  
*Clotar* arose, and soon with eager speed  
 Came mounted on his *Mauritanian* Steed,  
 Attended with th' Assassins some as Priests,  
 Some habited as *Heralds* to the Lists.  
 Ensigns of Peace and Piety they bore,  
 But treach'rous Arms beneath their Vestments wore.  
 The Armys on the Plain drawn in Array  
 On either Side did at a distance stay.  
 Except the Troops who with their Shields recin'd  
 And Spears erect the *Palisade's* lin'd.

Next *Albion's* King advis'd with God-like Grace  
 Born on a Courser of *Eborac* Race.



The *Franks* with Vnder and with Fear behold  
 His Martial Port, and Arms adorn'd with Gold.  
 All by their Looks their inward Joy declare  
 That now he came to Peace, and not for War.  
 The Terror of *Lutetia* brightly shone  
 In Armour last, so well in Battle known.  
 Advancing near to *Clotar* thus he says  
 Have I in vain on *Clotar's* Vows rely'd?  
 'Tis hard, to think a March should agree  
 To Assault my Life by Barb'rous Treachery.  
 That with Assassins *Clotar* should combine  
 Approve, Abet, and Aid their black Design.  
 This on a Prince so great a Stain would prove,  
 Rivers cannot cleanse, or Time remove.  
 Yet, valiant *Franks*, and faithful *Britons*, know  
 That one who seems a brave and generous Foe,  
 Has unconstrain'd, unsought, unask'd, declar'd  
 That *Clotar* has Perfidious Arms prepar'd.  
 That these who Heralds and as Priests appear,  
 Beneath their Robes short Swords and Poyards wear.  
 That these are Veteran Luffians in disguise,  
 Intending to Assault me by Surprise  
 When I dismount, and to the Altar go,  
 To Ratify the Peace by solemn Vow.  
 I doubt not neither wholly disbelieve  
 The Charge, nor to it wholly Credit give.  
 But if unjust these Accusations are,  
 Then let the Search their Innocence declare,  
 But if their Guilt will not the Search abide,  
 The Charge is then too plain to be deny'd.



He said. King *Clotar* all enrag'd to find,  
 That *Briton* knew the Treachery design'd,  
 Exclaim'd, *How long, to Franks and Britons*  
 To break the Treaty what mean Arts are try'd?  
 What wild Suggestions, what vile Shifts are these,  
 Which *Arthur* uses to retard the Peace  
 And does the *Briton* thus his Faith betray,  
 Yet by malicious Accusations lay  
 On us the Guilt, 'tis plain his hostile Mind  
 Is not to Peace, but to the Sword inclin'd.  
 Since *Arthur* still on Blood and Slaughter bent,  
 Eludes the Treaty *His Arms consent*.  
 The Guilt he has suggest'd *is* *his* own;  
 No Prince to purge himself should offer more.

He said; and drawing off his Treacherous Band,  
 Rejoyn'd his Army, whither his Command  
 Did with Precipitation leave the Plain,  
*Lutetia's* Bulwarks and strong Walls to gain.  
 To mine the Ramparts some Battalions flew,  
 The rest themselves within *Lutetia* threw,  
 Resolv'd the mighty City to defend,  
 On which the fate of *Gallia* did depend.  
 Mean time King *Arthur* did his Army head,  
 And to th' Attack the eager *Britons* led.

The *Gallic* Lords *Lutetia's* Works to Guard,  
 Against th' Invader all this *is* had prepar'd.



## KING ARTHUR

## BOOK XII.

**N** E'en time the *Galtic* Monarch sore distressed;  
 With dreadful Thoughts and anxious Care  
 Sought rest in vain upon his downy Bed,  
 With Tyrian Purple and fine Linnen spread.  
 From side to side he did in Torment roll,  
 But turn'd in vain to Ease his restless:  
 Short were his Slumbers, often would he start,  
 And wildly stare, while with her painful Dart,  
 Insulting Conscience stab'd him to the heart.  
 Ten thousand Horrors did his thoughts affright,  
 And ghastly Figures pass'd before his sight.  
 Distracting Agonys and wild Despair;  
 Did from their roots his guilty Heart-strings tear.  
 Sometimes he thought he heard the dismal cry  
 Of suffering Prisoners begging leave to dy.  
 He saw extended Märtyrs on the Rack,  
 And thought he heard their tortur'd Members crack.  
 He saw poor Widdows delug'd in their tears,  
 And Crys of helpless Orphans fill'd his Ears:  
 Widdows and Orphans which the Russian's hand,  
 Had thro' all *Gallia* made at his command.  
 The Ghosts of those he murder'd fill'd the place,  
 And threatening stood, and star'd him in the Face.



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Around his Bed dire Apparitions walk'd,  
 And *Stygian* Terrors thro' the Apartment stalk'd.  
 Then starting up and leaping from his Bed,  
 Thus to himself the restless Monarch said.  
 What Tragic Scenes before my eyes appear,  
 What inward Whips my tortur'd Bowels tear?  
 Fierce Vipers twist their Spires about my Heart,  
 And Bite, and Sting, and Wound with deadly smart.  
 With more than *Atlas* weight my Soul's oppress'd,  
 And raging Tempests beat along my breast:  
 Corroding Flames eat thro' my burning veins,  
 And all within I feel Infernal Pains.  
 As oft as *Arthur* has my Troops assail'd,  
 His Arms by Heav'n assisted have prevail'd.  
 The Victor of our Out-works is possist,  
 He next *Lutetia* from our hands will wrest.  
 Must *Gallia's* Empire fall by *Arthur's* Sword,  
 And *Clotar's* house obey a *British* Lord?  
 Must Tributary *Gallia* be condemn'd  
 To serve a Prince which I so much condemn'd?  
 Forbid it all ye Gods, that such a Fate  
 Should e'er befall the high *Lutetian* State.  
 If Heav'n will not assist, I'll try if Hell,  
 But from these Gates the *British* King rebel.

He said. And on his insidious Purpose bent,  
 Attended only with *Palmida* went,  
 To find the ~~same~~ Enchantress *Maneton*,  
 His Dignity conceal'd, his Name unknown.



When they had found her, to the Sorcerers,  
Thus did the *Gaillic* King himself express.  
Wiseſt of Women, whose controuling ſway,  
The dark Dominions of the Dead obey:  
Whose Charms can all the Nations move that dwell,  
Thro' all the ſpacious Continent of Hell  
Who can departed Men reſtore to Light,  
From the low Shades and dark Abyſs of Night.  
At your Command th' awaken'd Dead will read  
Their Tombs, and thro' the cleaving Ground aſcend.  
We may, if you with potent words are pleas'd  
To bring them up, conſerſe with Friends deceas'd.  
Now mighty Woman, I your Aid implore,  
You'll find me grateful, pray exert your Power.  
Your Force let all th' Infernal Regions know,  
And bring back hither from the Shades below  
A faithful Friend, whoſe preſence I deſire,  
Whoſe wiſe Advice, my preſſing Wants require.

Then did th' Enchantreſs bid him name his Friend,  
Whom he deſir'd ſhould from beneath aſcend.  
*Bellcoran* is the Man, the King reply'd,  
Who did the *Gaillic* Arms and Councils guide.  
Then did th' Enchantreſs with accuſtom'd care,  
Her noxious Herbs and Magic Drugs prepare.  
She fetch'd white Poppys, Henbane, Aconite,  
Bald Toad-ftools, Savine Tops, all which by Night,  
The wandring Sorcerers was us'd to cull  
In neighb'ring Mountains, when the Moon was Full.



All these she stamps, with more of Magic use,  
 And from the Mass prest out the potent Juice.  
 The green Enchantment in a Caldron flow'd,  
 To which she pour'd a Bowl of humane blood.  
 Then did the Sorceress in the Center stand,  
 And drew dire Circles with her Magic Wand:  
 She mutter'd with her Voice mysterious sounds,  
 And terms with which the Hellish Art abounds.

Nature molested, felt the powerful Charm,  
 And various Terrors did the World alarm.  
 The starting Planets from their Orbits flew,  
 The labring Moon sick and uneasie grew,  
 And far from sight the wandring Stars withdrew.  
 Hoarse Thunder murmur'd with a hollow sound,  
 And heaving Tempests bellow'd underground.  
 Contending Elements with horrid Fight,  
 Did vex the Air, and guilty Minds affright.  
 Clouds, Hurricanes, and Lightning did conspire,  
 To pour down Floods of Rain, and Floods of Fire.  
 Dun, Dusky Demons troubled all the Air,  
 And Ghosts were heard to groan in deep Despair.  
 Around the house, tremendous to behold,  
 Vast Dragons flew, prodigious Serpents rowl'd,  
 And treble-headed Hell-hounds yell'd and howl'd.  
 The Pavement trembled, and the Dwelling shook,  
 And thro' the King a shiv'ring Horror struck.  
 Then did th Enchantress to the Monarch cry,  
 I from beneath a God ascending Spy.



And must King *Arthur* with a Victor's Prize,  
 Thro' high *Lutetia's* Streets in Triumph ride?  
 And great *Lutetia* from her Empire fall,  
 And weign Lords insult the Captive *Gaul*?  
 And shall the proud Oppressors mock our Cries;  
 And whom they fear'd and envy'd, now despise  
 Shall *British* Masters to enrich their Isle,  
 Freight their proud Navys with *Lutetia's* Spoils?  
 O *Gallia*, this! this is thy heavy doom!  
 Unless some unexpected Succours come.  
 In these extream Affairs, thus sore distressed,  
 In such a trait, and with such danger prest,  
 I am constrain'd to call thee from thy Rest.  
 My Prayers are fruitless to the Gods, in vain  
 I've Rams and Bullocks at their Altars slain.  
 The Gods are Deaf, their Oracles are Dumb,  
 No Powers invoc'd to our assistance come.  
 Of Heav'n forsaken, whither shall I go?  
 The Gods have all deserted to the Foe.  
 In this Distress, *Bellicoran*, Counsel give,  
 What means can *Gallia's* sinking State retrieve?  
 By what sure Methods may the Gods be brought,  
 To fight for *Gallia*, who for *Gallia* fought?

He ceas'd: And thus *Bellicoran* did reply,  
 In vain, O Prince, to Magic Arts you fly,  
 To gain those Succours which the Gods deny.  
 In vain your Charms the Courts of Death invade,  
 Hell cannot give, if Heav'n refuses Aid.



Their Presence if Celestial Gods deny,  
 No friendly Helps their absence can supply.  
 Since Heav'n forsakes you, no Infernal Power,  
 No Humane Force your Empire can secure.  
 No means are left to prop your sinking State,  
 Your Doom's decreed by never changing Fate.  
*Lutetia's* Crimes which righteous Heav'n provoke,  
 Bow down her neck beneath the *British* Yoke.  
 Your Cruelty, O King, and thirst of Blood,  
 Your Persecution of the Just and Good,  
 Your Pride, Ambition, Breach of Solemn Vows  
 Are more destructive than your Foreign Foes.  
 These among Domestic Enemys betray,  
*Luresia's* Empire to the *British* way.  
 These furious War with *Gallia's* Monarch wage,  
 And angry Heav'n against your sins engage.  
 Who can a Realm from Wrath Divine protect,  
 And save a Monarch whom all Gods reject?  
 Plainly I speak, the Dead will flatter none,  
 From thee the Kingdom's rent, the Scepter gone,  
 And Pious *Clovis* shall ascend thy Throne.  
 By *Arthur* rais'd, he *Gallia* shall command,  
 And Rule with just and equal Laws her Land.  
 Thus Heav'n Decrees thy Punishment at last,  
 This is thy Fate irreversibly past.  
 No more, O King, shall I arise to thee,  
 But thou to morrow shalt descend to me.

He said. And from the Apartment did retreat,  
 And thro' the Ground sunk to his *Stygian* seat.



The King, as if with Thunder-struck, fell down,  
And Breathless lay extended in a swoon.

Sorcerers to whom the King appear'd  
disturb'd and mov'd by what he heard,  
Stream'd many, and fetch'd reviving Essences,  
Rich Spirits, Od'rous Balamis, and with these  
She rub'd his Nostrils, Temples, and his Neck,  
Till he awaken'd, and began to speak.

Then *Marston* the Monarch did constrain,  
With Wine and Meat his Spirit to sustain.  
That done the troubled King the Enchantress left,  
Of all his Hopes, and all support bereft.  
He to his Palace came when dawning Day  
Began to spring, and streak the Eastern way.  
Wild was his Aspect, pale as Death his Air,  
And on his Brows sat Fear and Despair.  
Distracted Gestures, and deep sighs confess'd,  
The inward pangs and torments of his Breast.  
Conscience enrag'd a fierce Ravager,  
Than ravening Vultures, Did his Bowels tear.  
Around his Veins envenom'd Adders clung,  
And to the Heart the torcur'd Monarch hung.  
Vengeance Divine upon his Soul was pour'd,  
And unextinguish'd Flames his Life devour'd.  
Now on the Bed his restless Limbs he threw,  
Now started up, and round th' Apartment flew  
Oft in a threatening Posture did he stand,  
And on his mighty Fauchion lay'd his hand.  
Sometimes he Curs'd, Blasphem'd, and Rave'd aloud,  
Then on a faddain, Mute and Stupid stood.



At last he gave in these expressions vent  
To the sad Thoughts, that did his Soul torment

From mine rent ! the Scepter gone !  
How shall ascend the Throne !

Prevent Powers, this cannot be:

Can Heaven to such unrighteous Deeds agree.

Belshazzar says it, he must be believ'd,

A heavy Doom, and ne'er to be retriev'd.

And his God sav'd *Clotaris* from my Hand,

That he might *Gallia* in my Lead Command?

Curst be the Fatal Inauguration Day,

Which to my Eyes did the first Light convey.

Curst be the luckless Hour in which I brook

My Infatuated, and the Victim forlook.

O think it not, Celestial Power, a Crime,

To raze that Day in all Records of Time.

Let it for ever perish, let it sink

That fastens it to Time, and let it sink.

Let this unhappy Day return no more,

But let the Year in passing leap't o'er.

Let it be sunk, let it for ever Sleep

Swallow'd and lost in vast Duration's Deep.

But if this Day in turn must be restor'd,

Let it for Clouds of Darkness be ador'd.

Let not a glimpse of Light, no chearful Ray

Distinguish from the Night this dismal Day.

Let it by no good Omen be endor'd,

Let no reviving Sounds of Joy be heard.



That his valiant troops should do the same,  
And burn the Gate down with devouring Flame.  
The British Youth their Valiant Prince obey'd,  
And Trees and Timber to the Gate convey'd,  
Where soon they rais'd a thick and lofty Wood,  
Which they call'd Pile, *Lutetia*, so  
Quickly the lighted Trees began to Choke  
The Heav'ns around with tow'ring Flame, and Smoke  
Fast to the Gate th' incumbent Plague adher'd,  
Which soon but one vast glowing Cole appear'd.  
The ruddy Conq'rour with refulgent Arms  
Climbs up the Towers, and all the Town alarms.  
From the high Gate the melted Iron flow'd,  
And on the ground a pondrous Deluge glow'd.  
The fierce Invader fasten'd on the Walls,  
And from the cleaving Stones broke mighty Scales;  
With ravening Teeth it tore vast pieces out,  
And raging, threw the Fragments round about.  
The Fire with such Success the Gate assail'd,  
O'er Oaks, and Stones, and Bars of Brass prevail'd.  
Some *Franks*, dismay'd to see the Burning spread,  
Left the high Walls, and from its Terror fled.  
Some to the ground from the high Turrets came,  
Smother'd with pitchy Smoke, and fry'd with Flame.  
Some, who to quench the Burning, forward rush'd,  
Were by the falling Heaps in pieces crush'd.  
For the high Towers, the Gate, and shatter'd Wall,  
In mingled Ruin now began to fall.  
The cracking Structure, crackling Flames, and Cries  
Dreadful to hear, distract'd all the Skies.

Thus



Thus did the lofty Gate the Flames of  
And on the ground in smoking Rubish lay.

The Streets were open to the Briton's view,  
To guard the Breach The Fall Squads flew.

Then Dion Artur Waving o'er his head  
High in the Air, *Caliturno*, said.  
Come, follow, Briton, where I lead the way,  
These Walls no longer can your progress stay.  
Then with an ardor wholly Arthur's own,  
Such as before was ne'er in Battle shown,  
Up the high Breach the fearless Monarch rose,  
Resolv'd to cut his passage thro' his Foes:  
To whom his glorious Arms more dreadful shone,  
Then all the impetuous Flames before had done.  
He did with Ease o'er the high Ruins leap,  
And rode with mighty strides from Heap to Heap.  
The Briton thus advanc'd, on the other hand  
The Franks drew up his fury to withstand.  
*Marac* did first the Briton's course resist,  
Threw his bright Javelin, but the Warrior mist.  
Then his vast Spear the mighty Monarch cast,  
Which all the folds of the thick Buckler past.  
Thence thro' his Skull it passage did obtain,  
And pierc'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain;  
Where the melodious Strings of Sense are found  
Up to a due and just extension wound;  
All run'd for Life, and fitted to receive  
Th' harmonious strokes which outward Objects give.



Soon as th' *Helvetian* Champion fell, the rest  
 Forsook the Breach with panic Fear possess'd  
 The Conquering *Briton* march'd undaunted down,  
 At a wav'd his flowing Sword within the Town.  
 The *British* Youth the King's Command obey'd,  
 Onward they came *Lutetia* to invade,  
 And o'er the Breach their Ensigns they convey'd.  
 Here did the *Franks* a stout Resistance make,  
 And boldly Charg'd the Foe, to beat them back.  
 Long did their Troops a bloody Fight maintain  
 And many Chiefs were wounded; many slain.  
 While on the Foe the Pious *Briton* prest,  
 He struck his Javelin thro' *Paimida's* Breast.  
 Next at his feet lay great *Gwarden* slain,  
 Thro' his right Eye the Weapon pierc'd his Brain.  
 Then *Gyon*, *Beumont*, and brave *Harlam* dy'd  
 By *Arthur's* Arms, and many Chiefs beside.  
 Broad *Caliburno* mighty Slaughter made,  
 And high in heaps the *Gallic* Cohorts laid.  
 Limbs, sever'd Heads, dismember'd Trunks around  
 With Helms and Bucklers mixt, o'erspread the ground.  
 As when a loud Autumnal Tempest moves  
 Th' inclining Pines, and shakes the Golden Groves,  
 The Leaves and Fruit from bending boughs fall down  
 In yellow Showers, and all the mountains Crown.  
 So thick a long the Streets the *Pagans* lay,  
 Where the destroying *Briton* made his way.



Mean time King *Clotar* his Battalions brought,  
From distant Parts where he before had fought.  
Urg'd with resistless Fate, and wild with Rage,  
He wav'd his Fauchion eager to engage.  
King *Arthur* seeing *Clotar* from afar,  
Advanc'd with martial Joy to meet the War.  
The *Franks* and *Britons* did their Ranks divide,  
And thow'd a vast Concern on either side.  
As when two Lyons eager to possess  
The howling Empire of the Wilderness  
Rush to decisive War on *Lybia's* Plains,  
They lash their Sides, and shake their Tawny Main.  
Then grin, and roar, and from their raging Eyes  
Send out fierce streams of Fire amidst the Skys.  
Death and Defiance in their looks appear,  
And all the Forest seems to shake with Fear.  
With no less deadly Looks, with such a Rage  
The mighty Foes for Conquest did engage.

The *Gallic* King with Fury onward prest,  
And aim'd a mortal stroke at *Arthur's* Crest.  
His faithful Shield the Fauchion's progress staid,  
Which in the Plate a deep Impression made.  
The Pious Prince enrag'd, against the Foe  
From his strong Arm discharg'd a dreadful Blow.  
It beat against his head his spacious Shield,  
His Eyes grew dim, and back the Monarch reel'd.  
But he recovering soon his Feet and Sight,  
Return'd with Fury to renew the Fight.



The War was terrible, and either Ioe  
 Did mighty skill in Arms and Courage show.  
*Lutetia* Towers did with the Strokes resound—  
 And the pale Cohorts trembling stood around.  
 So when two Eagles on the Ainy Brow  
 Of some high Rock, their Strength and Courage show  
 In single Fight—the Feather'd Foes employ  
 Beaks, Pounces, Wings each other to destroy:  
 Woods, Valleys, Mountains, Shores, and ecchoing Rocks  
 Ring with the War, and feel the furious strokes.

The *Frank* observing that his Arm did weild  
 His Sword in vain against King *Arthur's* Shield.  
 Retreating, to the ground did downward stoop,  
 And heav'd a mighty Rocky Fragment up.  
 Then did the furious Warriour forward step,  
 And hurl'd with both his hands the pondrous Heap.  
 The *Britons* trembled when they saw the Stone  
 With such a Force against their Monarch thrown.  
 O'er *Arthur's* Shoulder flew the flinting Rock,  
 But as it past a craggy Corner struck  
 The Shoulder's point, and his bright Armour bruis'd,  
 Which in his Flesh a painful Wound produc'd.  
 His Friends grew pale to see that Shoulder hurt,  
 Which did their Empire, and their Hopes support.  
 The Pious Monarch did the Wound neglect,  
 And for one Mortal Stroke did all his might collect,  
 Like some Celestial Sword of temper'd Flame,  
 Down on the *Frank* keen *Caliburno* came.



It fell upon his Neck with vengeful Sway,  
And thro' the shrinking Muscles made its way,  
The Head reclin'd, on the right Shoulder lay.  
Down fell the *Frank*, disabled by the Wound,  
Weltring in Gore, and raging, Bit the Ground.  
The Pious Prince did o'er the Warriour stand.  
Bright *Caliburno* flaming in his hand.  
And thus the *Frank* bespoke : Ambitious Prince,  
Justice Divine do's now Mankind convince,  
That Heav'n, tho' patient, do's not still neglect  
To crush Oppressors, and th' Opprest protect.  
What Seas of Blood hast thou in pastime shed ?  
What Rapine has thy Lust of Empire fed ?  
How hast thou Ravag'd, Ruin'd, Spoil'd, Undone  
The Realm of Neighbour Princes, and thy own ?  
Thy Friends thou hast betray'd, surpriz'd thy Foes,  
And broke the Sacred Bonds of solemn Vows.  
*Europa's* wasted Realms proclaim aloud,  
Thy Thirst of Empire, and thy Thirst of Blood.  
Long have the Nations round adrest the Skies,  
For Bolts and Vengeance, with Confederate Cries ;  
And Heav'n at last with the just Prayer complies.  
This said, the Monarch with a second Blow  
Struck off his Head, and spurn'd the Vanquish'd Foe.  
The *Britons* rais'd to Heav'n a joyful Shout,  
The *Franks*, dismay'd with Ignominious Rout,  
Began to fly ; the King their Squadrons chas'd,  
And o'er their slaughter'd Heap Victorious pass'd.



So when a Shoal of flying Fish have spy'd,  
 By the Reflection from his glitt'ring Side,  
 A swift Finn'd Dolphin striking thro' the Tyde;  
 They fly with all the speed that deadly fear  
 Can give, to scape the glorious Ravager:  
 The noise of clashing Arms, amazing Cries,  
 And horrid Clamours, rend th' astonish'd Skies.  
 Anguish, Despair, Distraction, ghastly Fear,  
 In all their frightful Forms, and Looks appear.  
 Thro' every Street ran down a Sea of Blood,  
 Shields, Heads, and Helms lay mingled in the Flood.  
 The King prest onward with resistless Force,  
 Nor dar'd they make a Stand to stay his course:  
 As when to Plant some Island new, found,  
 Men Fire the Woods to free th' unwholsome Ground,  
 The lawless Flames born by Impetuous Winds,  
 Burn down the ancient Oaks, and lofty Pines.  
 They clear the Region, and enrich the Soil  
 With heaps of Ashes, and the Forest's spoil.  
 So did th' invading Monarch make his way,  
 So thick the Spoils behind the Conquerour lay.

The *Franks* at last, seeing *Lutetia* lost,  
 That nothing could resist the *British* Host,  
 By prudent *Clodion's* Counsel made a stand,  
 Threw down their Arms, and did their Lives demand.  
 Then *Clodion* thus the *British* King bespoke:  
 We your Compassion, mighty Prince, invoke.  
*Lutetia's* yours, we your Imperial Sway  
 Will, as your Subjects, or your Slaves, obey.

Your



Your raging Troops, Victorious King, restrain,  
And save the *Gallic* Youth who yet remain.  
Our Wives, our Maids, our Babes for Pity cry,  
Your Justice will not let the Guiltless dy.  
From the destroying Sword their Lives secure,  
And let your Mercy Triumph o'er your Power.

said. The King did with Compassion melt,  
In his Breast relenting Mercy felt.

Enough of Blood he cry'd, the Sword forbear,  
Th' Oppressor's Slain, let us the Subject spare.  
The *British* Youth the King's Command obey'd,  
And Soon the progress of the Sword was stay'd.

Thus in despite of all th' Efforts that Hell  
And Earth could make the *Briton* to repell,  
With vondrous Toyl, and mighty Fortitude,  
The valiant King the haughty *Frank* Subdu'd.



# The INDEX.

## THE INDEX,

EXPLA I N G

The Names of Countrys, Rivers, and Rivers, &c.  
mention'd in this BOOK.

### A.

*Abas*, a River in West-  
England.

*Abum*, the River Humber.

*Alaunus*, a River in North-  
umberland.

*Alba*, Mountauban in Lan-  
guedoc.

*Alba*, the River Elbe: It runs  
thro' Germany, and falls into  
the Sea near Hamborough.

*Albion*, Britannia or Great  
Britain.

*Aldualis*, a River that has its  
Rise from Mount Jura, and  
falls into the River Arar or  
Seon in France.

*Alpistogians*, a People in  
Savoy and Piedmont.

*Alpes*, or Alpine Mountains,  
those which part Italy from  
Germany and France.

*Antona*, which the Additions  
to Camden supposes to be the  
Lower Avon.

*Aquitania*, the Sea  
that washes the Shores of  
Aquitain, now Guienne, a  
large Part of France.

*Aquæ Solis*, the City of Bath.

*Arabia*, a Country of Asia, be-  
tween Judea and Egypt.

*Arar*, the River Seon, which  
runs into the Rhone at Ly-  
ons in France.

*Arausio*, the Town of Orange.

*Aurica*, suppos'd to be Jerby in  
Germany.

*Artois*, Arbois in Burgun-  
dy.

*Arcadia*, a Country in the Mid-  
dle of Peloponnesus, or the  
Morea.

*Assyria*, a large Country in Asia.

*Atlantic Ocean*, it lyes on the  
West of Spain and Africa.

*Atlas*, a high Mountain in Mau-  
ritania.

*Atrebatians*, People of Berk-  
shire.

*Avon*, the River Nyn in  
Northamptonshire, or Avon  
in Warwickshire.



# The INDEX.

Augusta, the City of London.  
 Augustodunum, a City of the  
 Aulicars, between the  
 Loire and the Seon.  
 Coma, Italy.  
 Axona, a River of France,  
 call'd the Dîne or Aîne.

Æ.

**Æ**tna, a burning moun-  
 tain in the Island of  
 Sicily.

B.

**B**abylon, Old Babilon  
 stood in Caldea, the Ri-  
 ver Euphrat's ran thro' it  
 City.  
 Belgians, Inhabitant of  
 shire, the South of  
 Wiltshire, and the Isle of  
 Wight, &c.  
 Bellovasians, People of Be-  
 vois in France.  
 Boiatum, Bayonne, of  
 Guyenne in France, on the  
 Confines of Spain.  
 Branonium, or Branovium,  
 the City of Worcester.  
 Brechinia, Brecknockshire in  
 Wales.  
 Breviodunum, a Town near the  
 Mouth of the River Sein in  
 France.  
 Brigantes, Inhabitants of York-  
 shire, Lancashire, the  
 Sloppe of Durham, We-  
 morland, and Cumberland.  
 Brigantium, Briancon, a Town  
 in Dauphine in France.

British Sea, washes the South-  
 Shores of England.

Bromagis, People of  
 Brisis, a River of the Coun-  
 try of the Varsais, near the  
 the ins, People of Switzer-  
 land, this Country lies between  
 the Rhine and the Rhone.

C.

**C**alidonians, People that  
 inhabited Part of Scot-  
 land.

Calcaria, Tadcaster, or Ake-  
 ford in Yorkshires  
 Camels, a Mountain in Somer-  
 setshire, where remains the  
 the Inscriptions of a Camp, call'd by  
 the Inhabitants, King Ar-  
 thur's Palace.

Campania, in the Kingdom of  
 Naples.

Cingians, the Adairs to Cam-  
 berland, they inhabited So-  
 mersetshire, and the North  
 Part of Wiltshire.

Catalaunians, they inhabited two  
 Cities in France, one in  
 Champagne call'd Chaalons,  
 the other in Burgundy.

Cattieuchis, or Cattieuchis  
 People of Bucking-  
 hamshire, Bedfordshire, and  
 Hartfordshire.

Carcaßum, Carcasson in Lan-  
 guedoc.

Cenonis, Falmouth Haven.

Charybdes, a Gulph of the Sci-  
 cilian Sea, over against Scylla.  
 Cim-



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*The INDEX.*

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Verometum, Burrow Hill in  
Leicestershire.

Vogesian Hill, now call'd Vauge,  
that parts Lorrain from Bur-  
gundy and Alsace.

Voluba, an old Town on the Ri-  
ver Vale, on which Fal-  
mouth stands.

U.

**U**Rbigenians, Inhabitants  
of Part of Helvetia, or  
Switzerland.

Ufa, River Duze.

Uzella, Evil-mouth in Somer-  
setshire.

W.

**W**ESTERN World, Ameri-  
ca

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F I N I S.

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